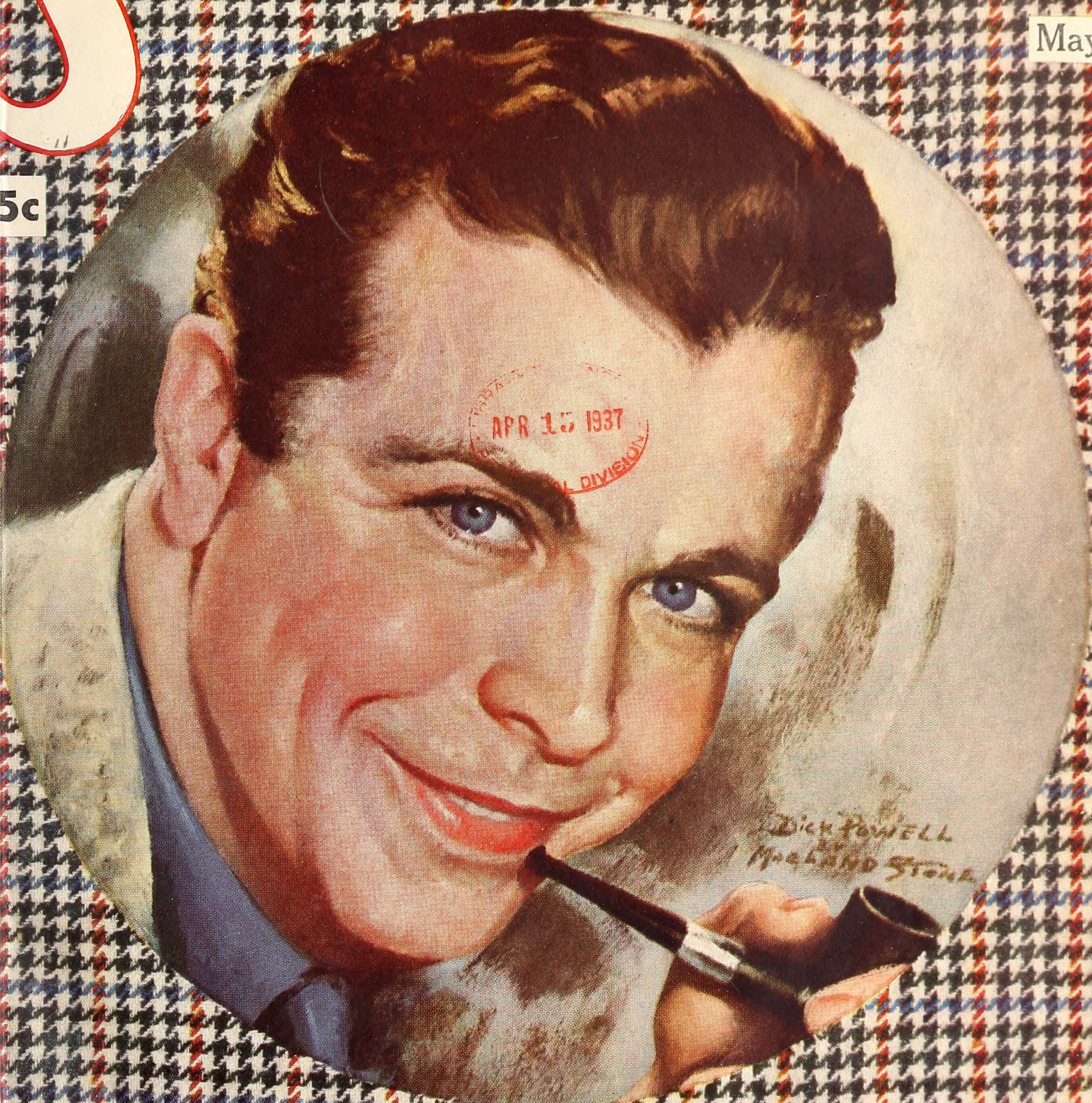


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SCREENLAND

May

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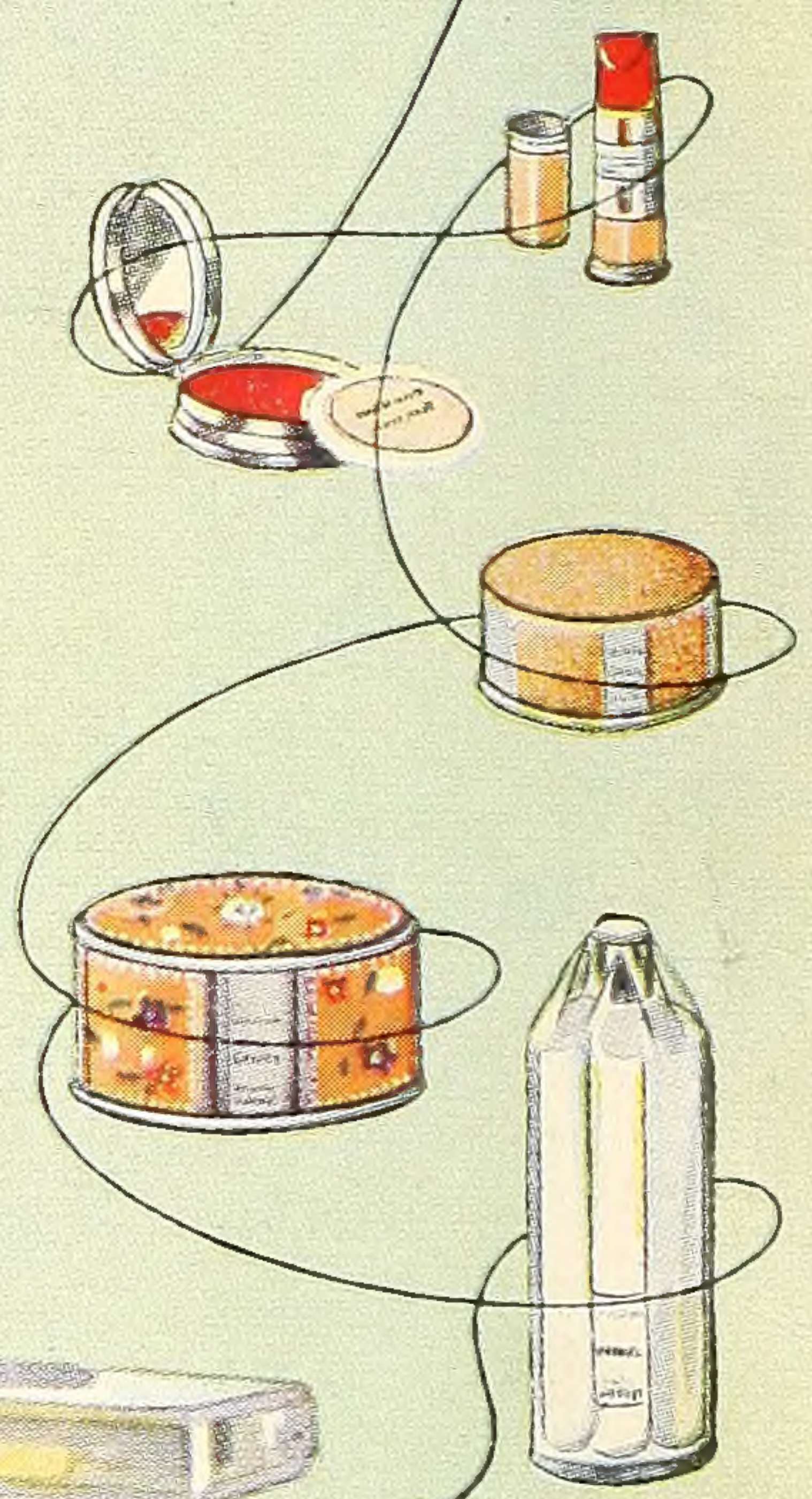
What Marriage Means to Dick Powell
Gable and Taylor Rivals?
Read the Real Truth!

PN1993
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"INCANTEVOLE!"
Enchanting! It's the word for it in Venice —where music and moonlight and the fragrance Gemey blend in a magic spell!

WORLD
PREFERRED
*in a single
thread of
Fragrance*
Gemey



The Glamour Ensemble in fragrance Gemey: Lipstick 75¢ • Tablet Rouge 75¢
Face Powder \$1 • Dusting Powder \$1 • Cucumber Lotion \$1



Fragrance Gemey (Jem-may') in crystal clear dressing table flacons, \$2.50 \$4.50 and \$15.

Look in tonight with the moonlight on Singapore or Samarkand, on the rippling waters of the Grand Canal or the dusky Vale of Kashmir. Find romance and youth and beauty in any land. And you find, too, the magic that is fragrance Gemey.

What is the secret of this perfume that has charmed its way around the world? Why is it high in the favor of lovely women everywhere? Now in

America you may know! For Richard Hudnut presents, at your favorite perfume counter, a complete glamour ensemble in fragrance Gemey. There are powders and scents, rouges and lipsticks, eau de cologne and enchantments for the skin and hair. Through them all is woven this single thread of fragrance . . . one young and joyous perfume in all your beauty essentials . . . that the world may know as you!

RICHARD HUDNUT
New York Paris

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Berlin Vienna Capetown Sydney Shanghai
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6167

**Lovely lashes demand her attention
but not a second for her tender gums**



**How often such neglect leads
to real dental tragedies...
give your gums the benefit
of Ipana and Massage.**

LET her labor over her lashes until she is late for the show...let her spend time and money on her favorite brands of cosmetics and cold cream. But will someone please tell her about her *dull, dingy* smile—a smile that distorts a face even as beautiful as hers?

Yet she *could* have—*can* have—teeth that sparkle with brilliant whiteness...

a smile both good-looking and lovely to look at. But not until she knows the meaning of that tinge of "pink" on her tooth brush—knows it and *does something about it!*

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

"Pink tooth brush" is a distress signal. When you see it—*see your dentist*. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender because of our modern soft foods—gums that need more work—and, as your dentist will so often advise, gums that need the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

62

For Ipana with massage is designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Those lazy gums quicken as new circulation wakens in the tissues. The gum walls themselves gain new health, new firmness.

Play safe. Even before you see that tinge of "pink," schedule yourself for this modern dental health routine as one sensible and effective way to help the health of your teeth and gums. Your smile will be brighter, more attractive and appealing—*and safer!*

Remember

a good tooth paste,
like a good dentist,
is never a luxury.



I P A N A
Tooth Paste



Preview of their first picture together!

How Bob loves—and how Jean loves it!...It's a merry mad farce in the M-G-M "Libeled Lady" manner—which means high-powered romance mixed in with the laughs!...Here's the merriest of Springtime pictures!



Bob is assigned by the sheriff to guard Jean's personal property...that's when the fun begins!



He masquerades as her butler, so her high-toned society friends won't suspect she's flat broke...



Who should Jean's honor-guest be but Bob's fortune-hunting brother, who thinks Jean is an heiress!



Bob's the boy to clear up complications—so he becomes Jean's personal property, Item No. 1

J E A N

R O B E R T

HARLOW · TAYLOR

in
"Personal Property"

with **Reginald Owen**

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.

Directed by **W. S. VAN DYKE**

The Hit-Director of "After the Thin Man"
"San Francisco" and others



SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

May, 1937

Vol. XXXV. No. 1

As Rare As A Garbo Autograph!

That's the best description we can give you of our forthcoming feature on Fred Astaire! The interviews granted by the great dancing star are as scarce as Greta's signatures—but SCREENLAND has the inside track, as usual, on which one of Hollywood's best writers speeds right in to the Astaire "presence" and swings out again with the most amusing, and definitely authentic story Fred has ever given. The new Astaire-Rogers musical romance, "Shall We Dance?," will be hitting the screens just about the same time as our exclusive "scoop" feature will be hitting the news-stands in the June issue of The Smart Screen Magazine—on sale May 4th.

In the extremely unlikely event that there may actually be one or two persons **not** interested in Fred Astaire, we'll add that there are other "scoops" in the May issue—more than one story they said we "couldn't get," but of course, SCREENLAND always gets its scoop! You'll read some fascinating features in this big Spring number—remember, the June issue, on sale May 4th.

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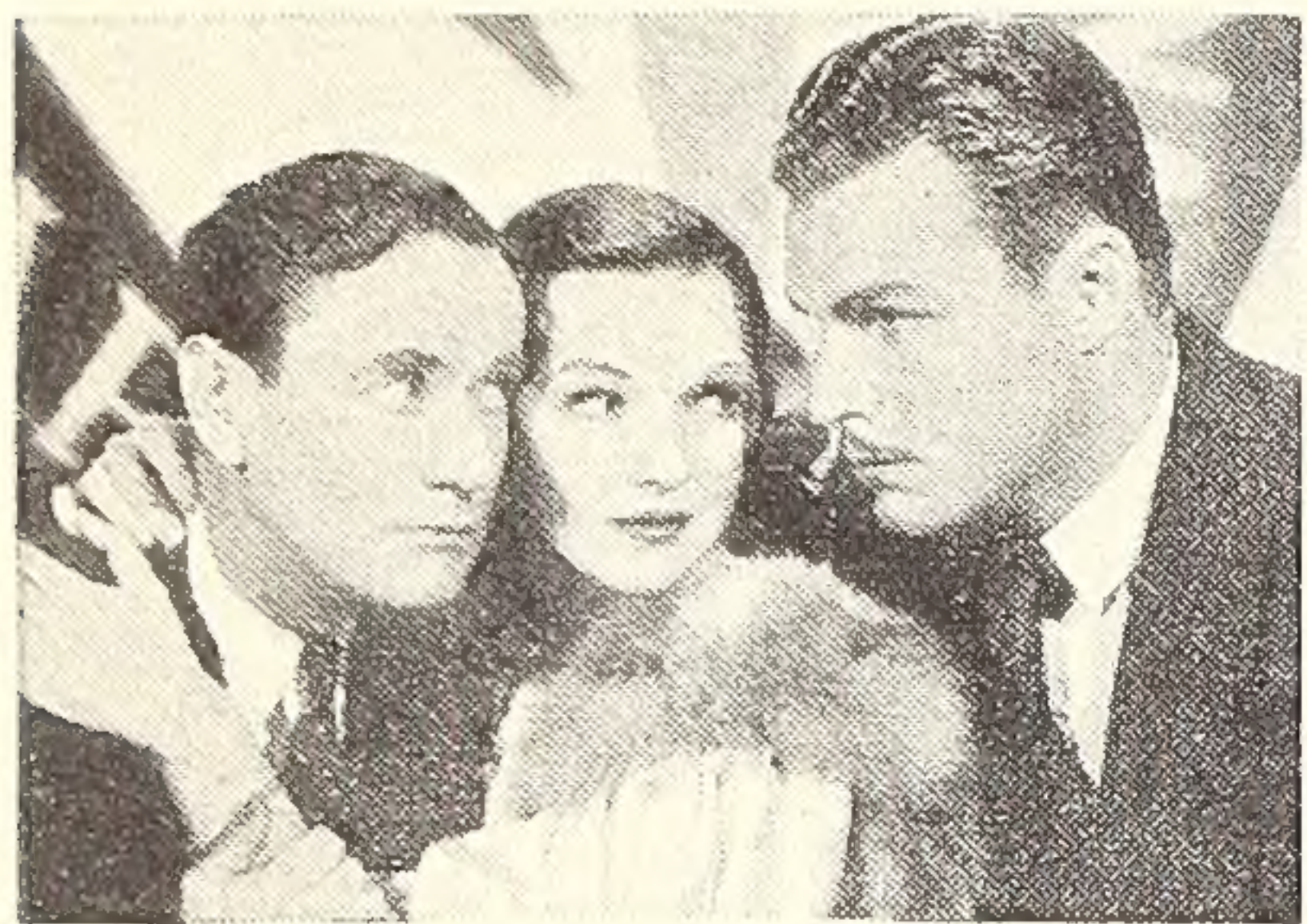
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Sea Devils

(RKO-Radio)

Cut to the pattern of "Cockeyed World" and such previous McLaglen films, with Preston Foster as Victor's sparring partner. There's a swell comedy start, an overstrained and muddled dramatic middle, and a very exciting finish—spectacular in showing rescues by the Coast Guard. McLaglen is the non-com in the Guard; Foster the girl-in-every-port sailor type. Ida Lupino is McLaglen's daughter. The acting is fine.



Murder Goes to College

(Paramount)

Lynne Overman is finally given a break by Paramount, and he more than lives up to his opportunity. As the flatfoot who promotes himself a job solving a mystery surrounding the death of a college professor, Overman displays fine acting talents in what shapes up as a rather good part. Larry Crabbe, Astrid Allwyn, Marsha Hunt, and Roscoe Karns round out a nicely balanced cast. You'll find it pleasing.



Time Out for Romance

(20th Century-Fox)

Michael Whalen and Claire Trevor again teamed (and very successfully), in an unpretentious but highly amusing story about a runaway bride who hitch-hikes her way into the heart of a chap driving to California in a caravan of new cars. Story lines get tangled a bit, but it's no matter; the romance is pleasing, and this makes good entertainment. Joan Davis, Bennie Bartlett, Chick Chandler and others, good.



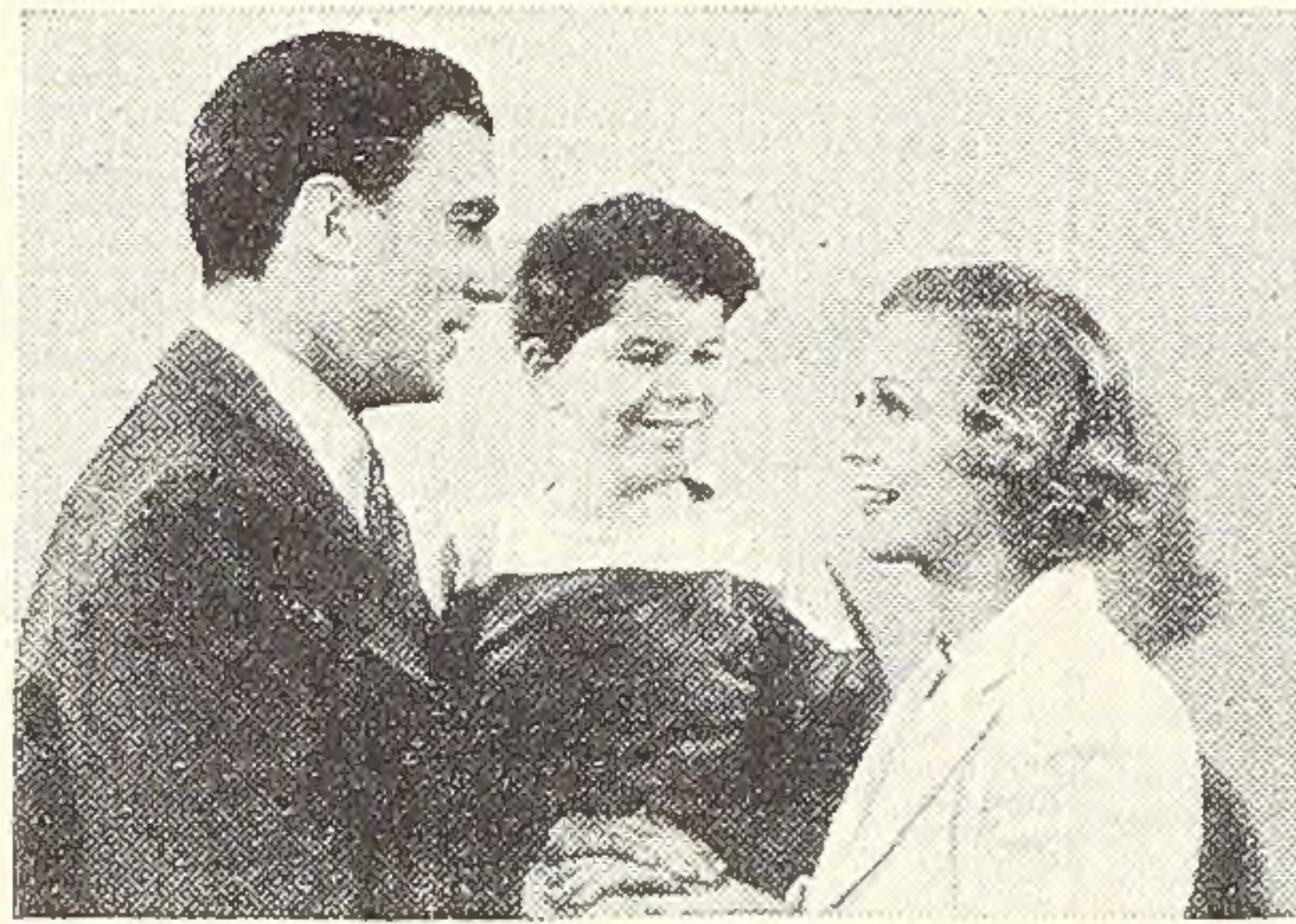
The Man Who Could Work Miracles

(Korda-United Artists)

Droll fantasy written for the screen by H. G. Wells, and diverting in a way very different from the usual film entertainment, and worth seeing on that account. Roland Young, supported by an all-English cast, does a capital job of acting as the retail clerk who suddenly is endowed with the power to perform miracles, and finds the power far too great for his peace of mind. Not exciting, but clever and unusual.

TAGGING the TALKIES

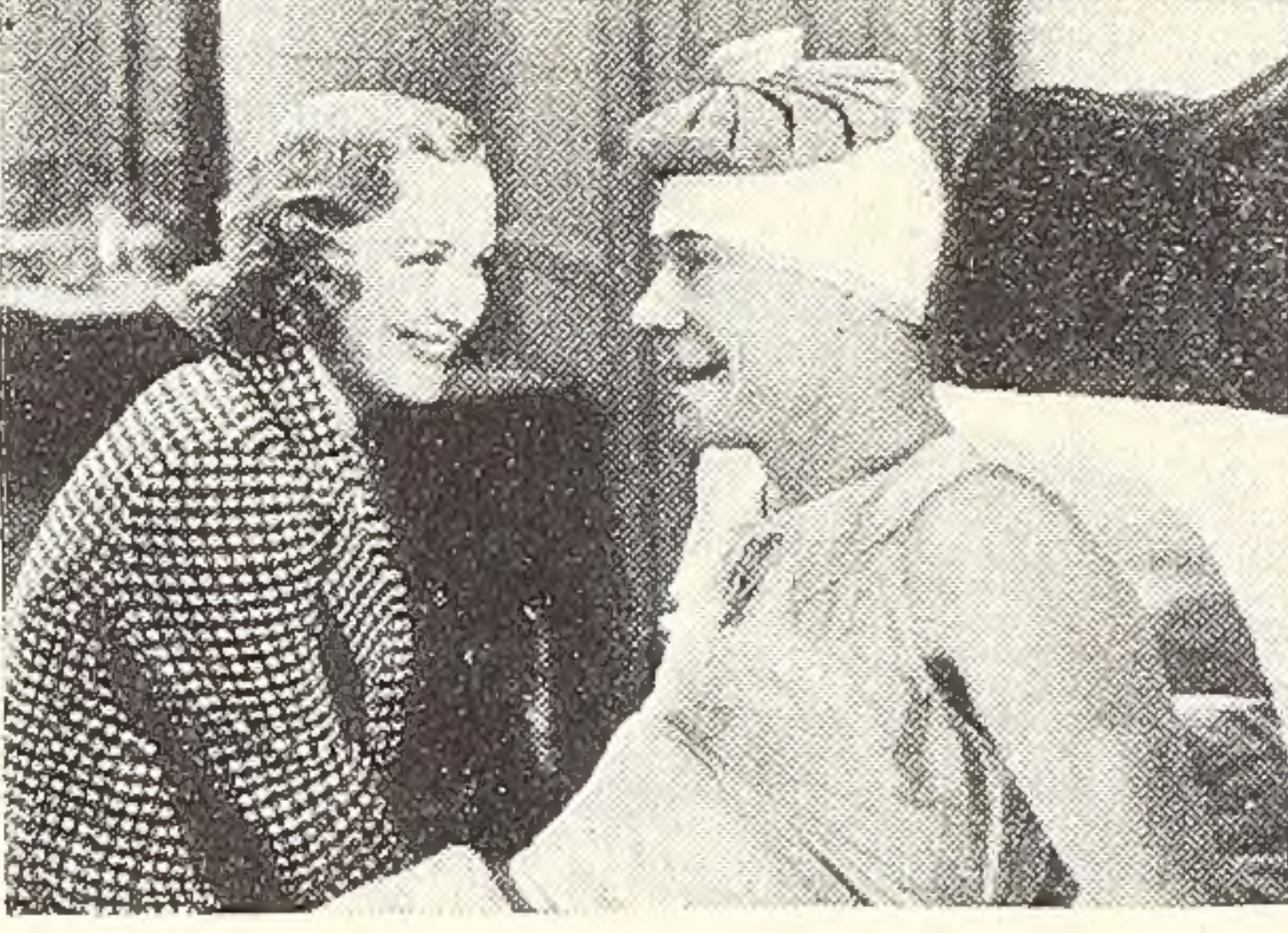
Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53



Girl Overboard

(Universal)

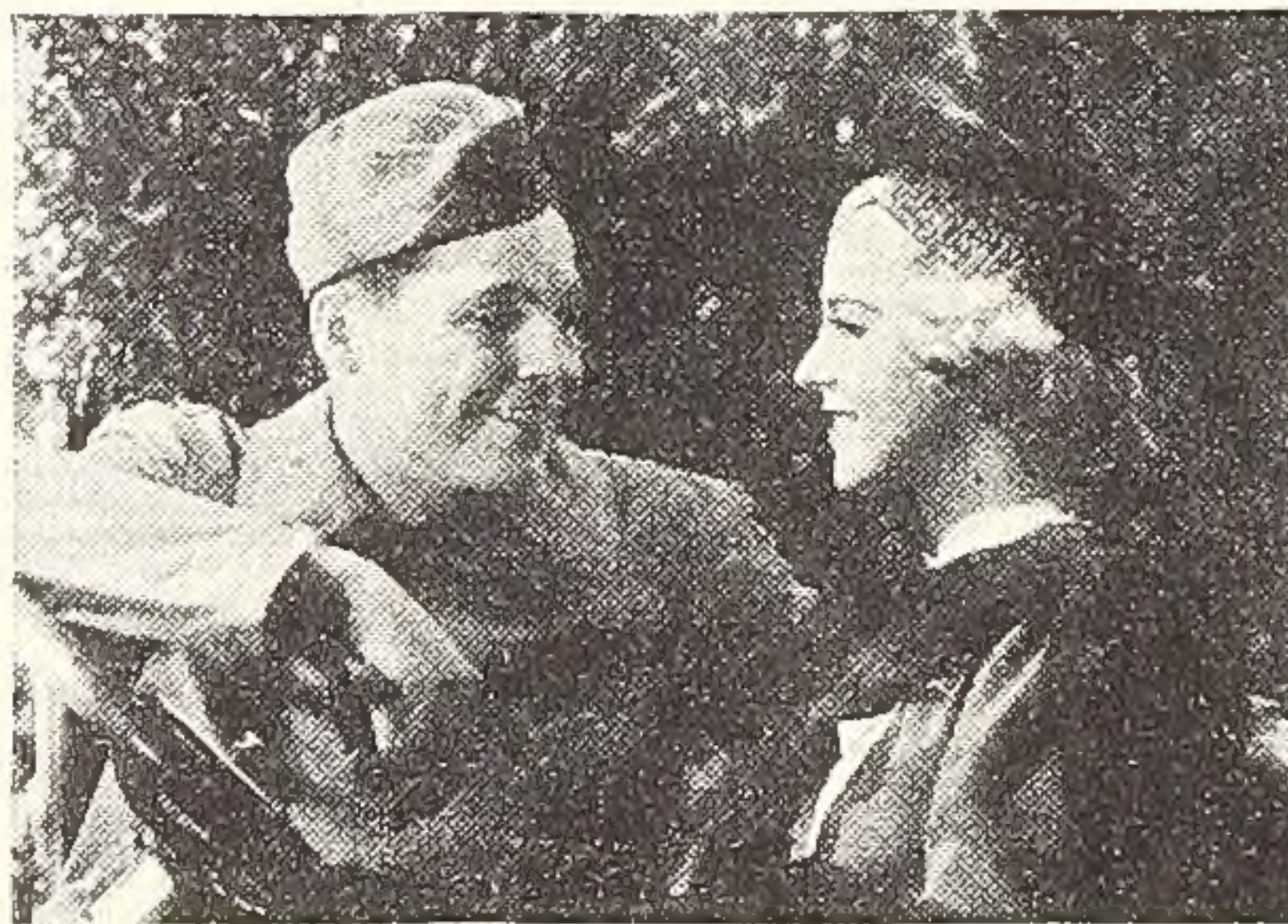
This has its moments—dramatically that is—while Gloria Stuart as an innocent suspect of murder plays tenderly and with charm. Nice, restrained, polished acting is offered by Walter Pigeon, district attorney who harbors Gloria, ignorant at first she is wanted for a crime, after she has helped save his son in a fire aboard ship. Billy Burrud is the boy, and he plays the part in his usual sure way. Routine movie fare.



When's Your Birthday

(RKO-Radio)

If you like Joe E. Brown, you'll be thoroughly satisfied with this, his newest riot of fun—incidentally his first under the RKO banner. The story, running true to the star's type, is all about Joe's extravagant adventures while working his way through an astrological college—if you can imagine! You'll like Marian Marsh, Fred Keating, Maude Eburne, and Suzanne Karen in their parts too. Laughs here.



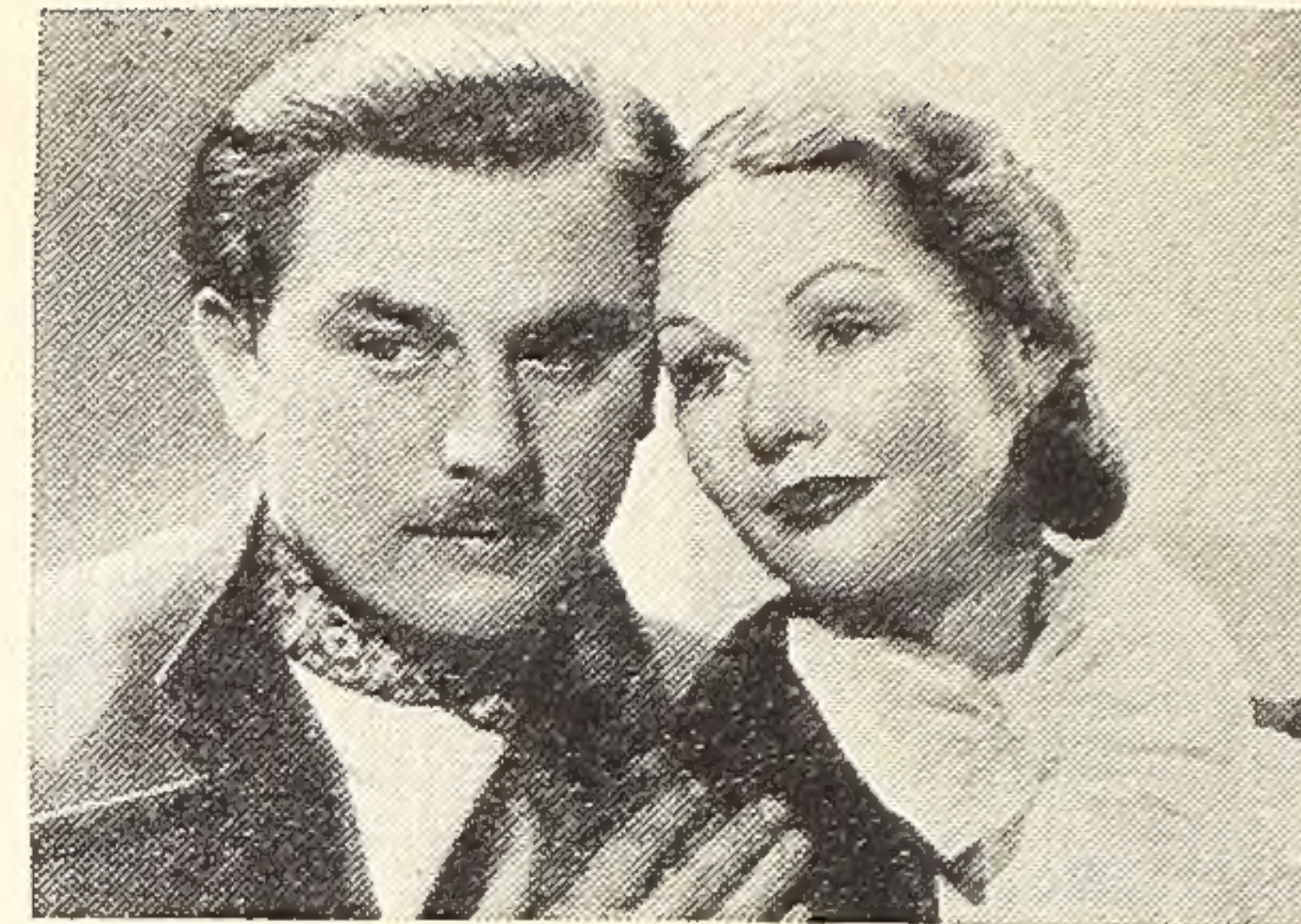
23 1/2 Hours' Leave

(Grand National)

Douglas MacLean achieves a life-long ambition—to produce the film that established him as a silent screen star—with this fairly amusing comedy of World War days among the dough-boys. It should please you if you have the average film-goer's taste for humor and romance. James Ellison sings a couple of good songs and gives a nice interpretation in the leading rôle. Terry Walker plays opposite him nicely.

Michael Strogoff

(RKO-Radio)



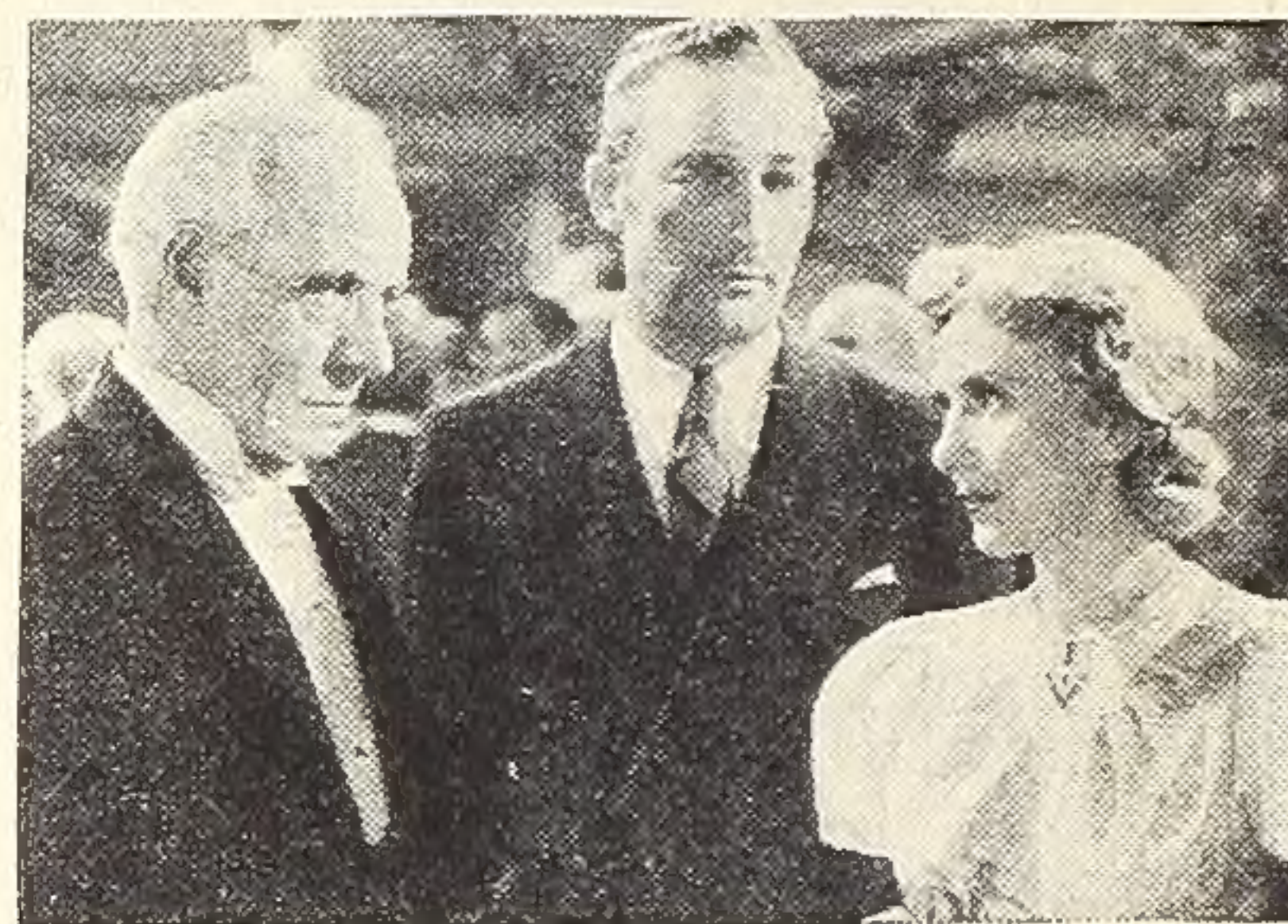
Jules Verne's thrilling fiction about the young Russian officer who braves death to defeat enemies of his Czar, retold in exciting and spectacular style. Anton Walbrook, Continental star, makes his Hollywood début, proving an actor of skill and personal magnetism. Elizabeth Allan, Fay Bainter, Margot Grahame, Eric Blore, and particularly Akim Tamiroff as the villain, are noteworthy. See it if you like action



John Meade's Woman

(Paramount)

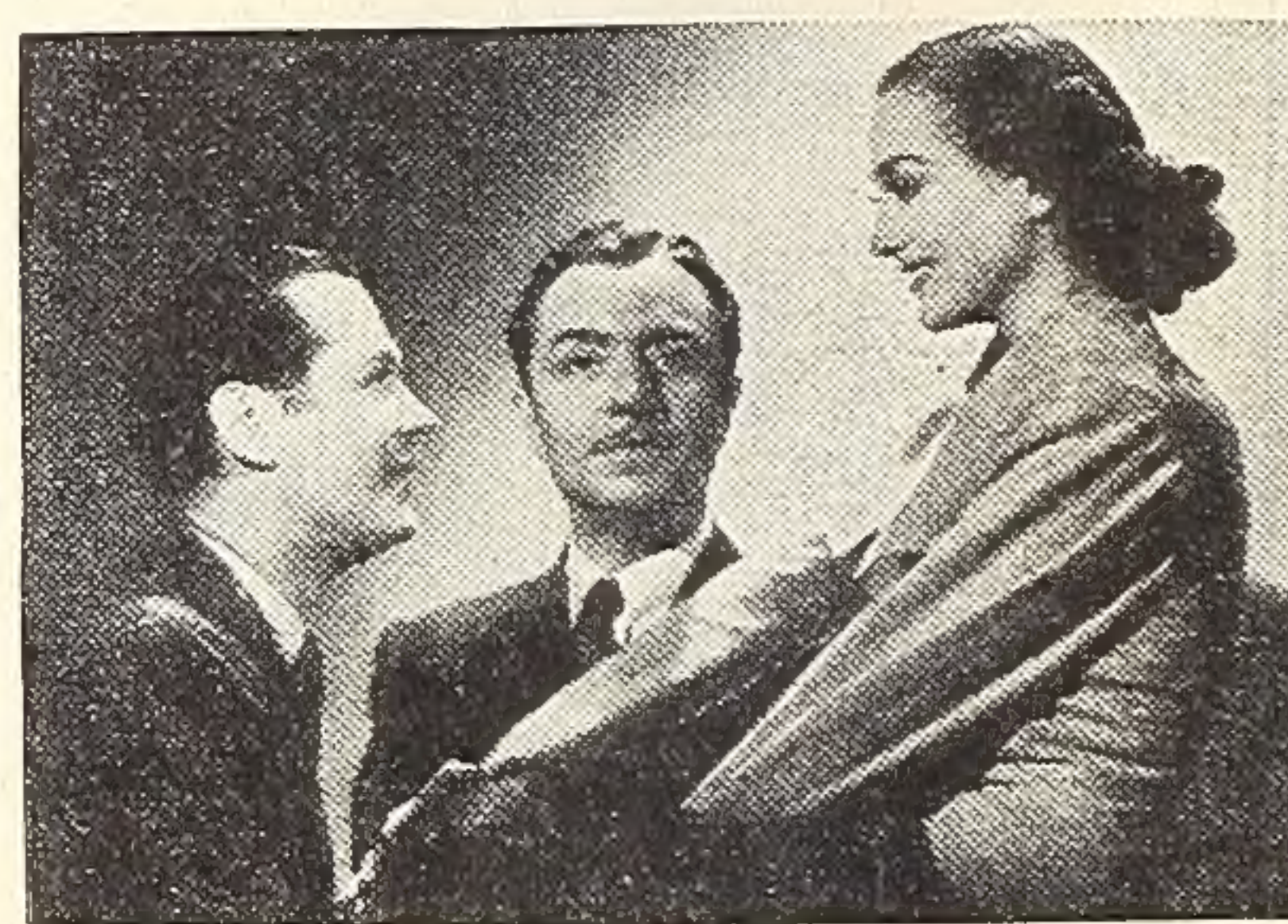
Edward Arnold as a ruthless lumber magnate gives a truly sincere interpretation; Francine Larrimore is brilliant in her film début, proves a definite screen bet; George Bancroft as Arnold's pal has his best part in a long while. But, alas, the story is not up to the measure of this fine acting, and while the film is fairly satisfactory from an audience-interest standpoint, it should have been far, far better.



Outcast

(Paramount)

There seems to be a cycle of films attacking superstition and bigotry. In this entry to the field it's a doctor who suffers because of ignorance and erroneous viewpoint. Warren William, as the doctor, is good, as is Karen Morley in the rôle of enemy and sweetheart. But Lewis Stone's is the outstanding acting contribution here. John Wray, Esther Dale, Jackie Moran and others supply good support. Fair.



The Last of Mrs. Cheyney

(M-G-M)

Maybe we remember too vividly the previous telling of this story of the lady crook who sacrifices all for love of a rich nobleman. Or maybe we like Joan Crawford when she's not being so elegant. At any rate, this lacks conviction and lustre. The three-star combination of Joan, William Powell and Robert Montgomery is bound to interest, though as things go Frank Morgan and Jessie Ralph take the honors.

How Career Girls overcome the greatest handicap to success

BUSINESS . . . the stage . . . teaching . . . other professions . . . each is a field sizzling with fierce competition in which no quarter is asked and none given.

Who has the better chance of getting ahead — a girl whose breath is sweet and fresh or one whose breath is a continual offense to others?

* * *

Be Ever On Guard

Common sense gives you the answer. Today only the dull and stupid fail to recognize the threat of halitosis (bad breath) and the harm it can do. The fastidious, the intelligent appraise it for what it is — a constant menace that may be present one day and absent the next. They are continually on guard against it.

There has always been one *safe* product especially fitted to correct halitosis pleasantly and promptly. Its name is Listerine, and it is the pleasantest tasting, most delightful mouth wash you can use.

When you rinse your mouth with Listerine here is what happens.

Four Benefits

- (1) Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.
- (2) Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.
- (3) Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.
- (4) The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Imitations Fail

Many imitations of it have failed either because they could not do what Listerine does; because they did not meet standard requirements for an antiseptic; or because they were too strong, too harsh, or too bitter to be tolerated.

Of the imitations that remain, a very large number lack Listerine's speedy action and efficiency.

Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, use Listerine. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend. *Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

For HALITOSIS

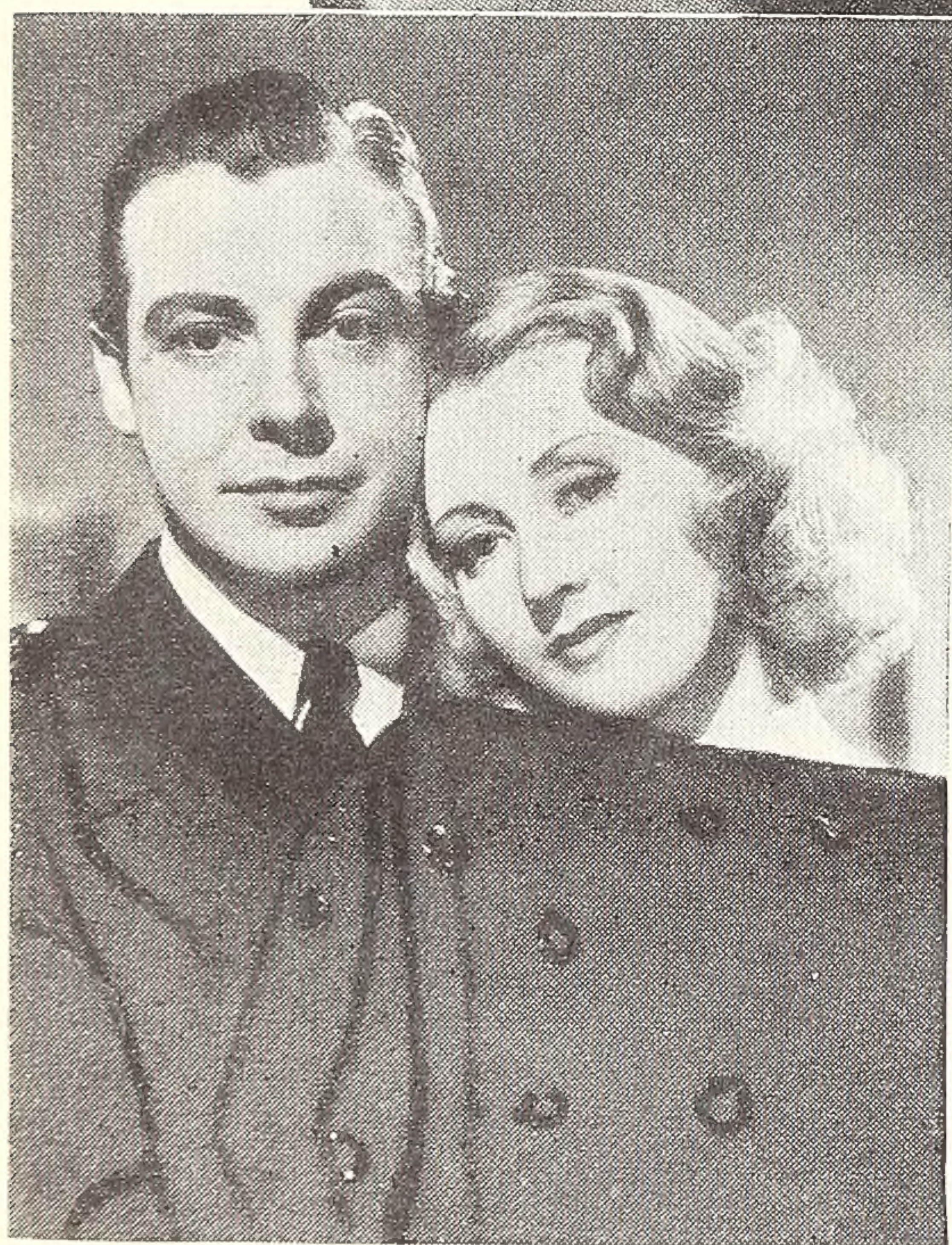
use LISTERINE



SCREENLAND Honor Page

Greet Fernand Gravet, gay and gallant star of "The King and the Chorus Girl," who brings a grand new brand of romantic humor to the screen

As dapper and debonair as the Duke of Windsor, to whom he bears a rather startling resemblance, Fernand Gravet is Europe's latest gift to Hollywood, accepted with thanks! Left, with his co-star, Joan Blondell.



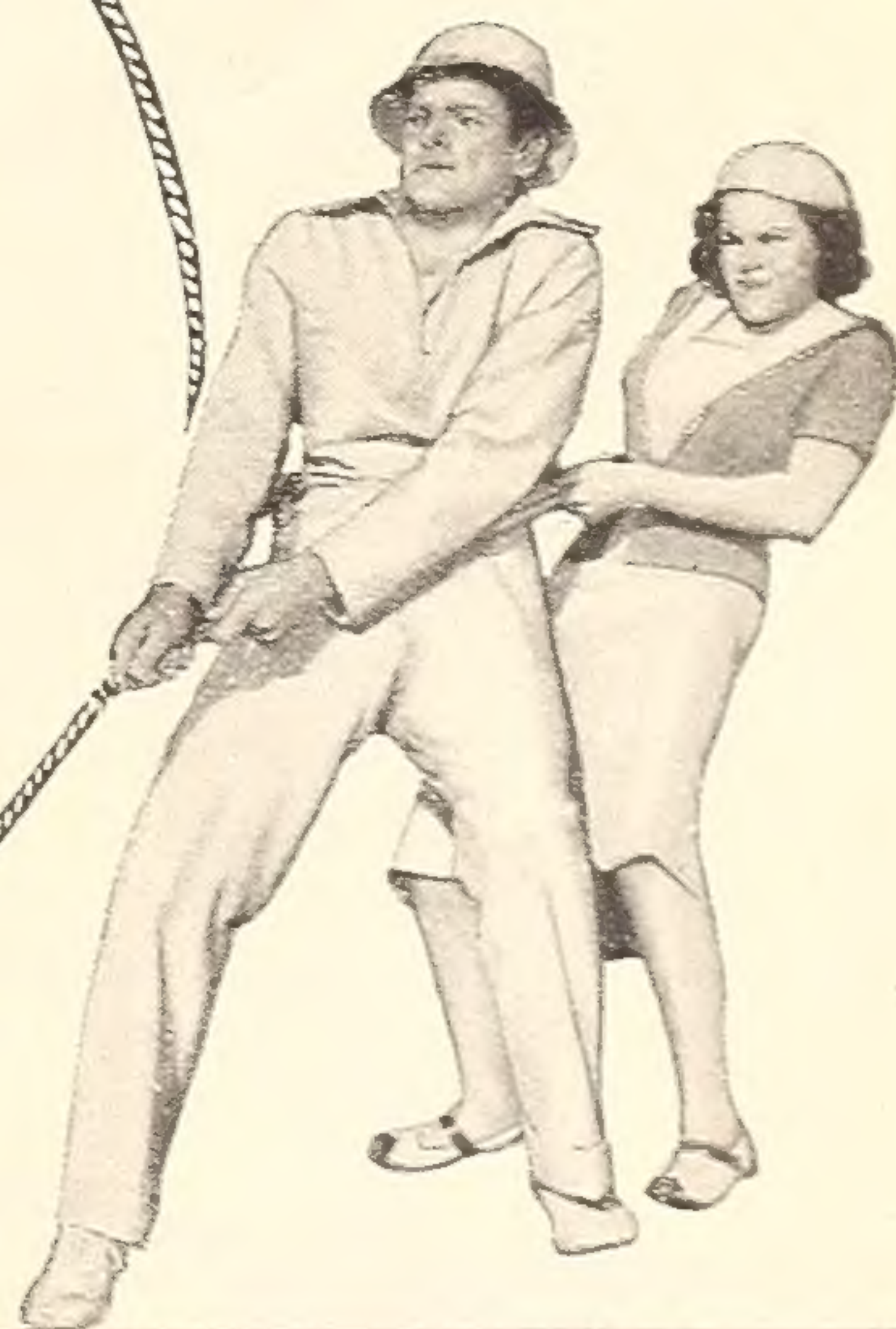
SCREENLAND hails a new star! "The King and the Chorus Girl," Mervyn LeRoy's first production on his own, introduces to our American audiences the male cinema pet of Europe, Fernand Gravet, and we believe he will soon belong to that small select circle which includes Gable, Taylor, and Tyrone Power. Yes, Gravet is that good! He has disarming charm—enabling him to resist classification as a handsome hero because of his audacious sense of humor; and still to escape typing as a comedian because of his suave good looks! Gravet has been fortunate in his first American film, for LeRoy has directed with vitality as well as finesse; and Joan Blondell is surely Hollywood's supreme soubrette in the co-starring spot of this film introducing Fernand Gravet.



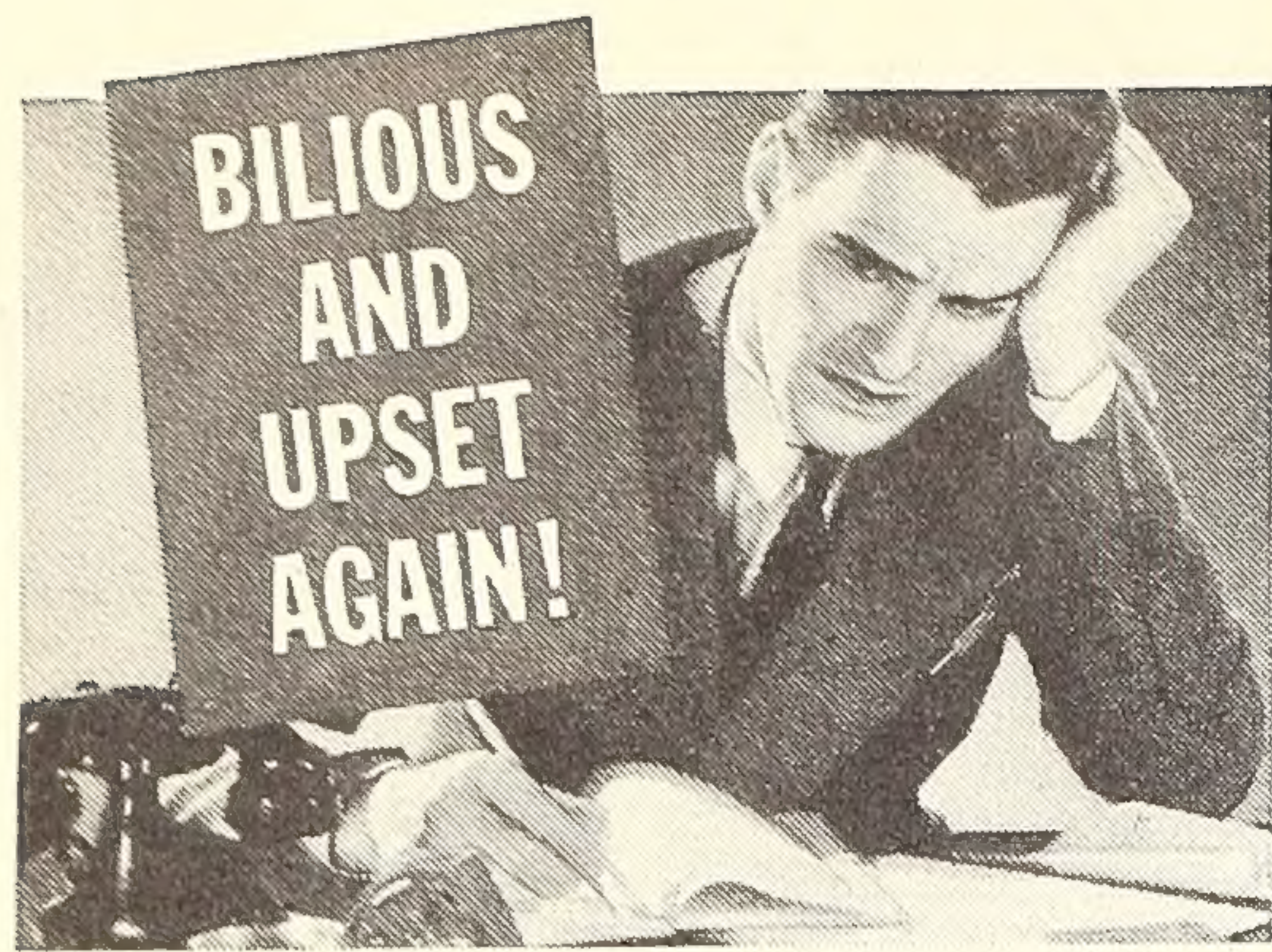


**"YOU SAID A *Mouthful*,
'WAIKIKI WEDDING' IS SOME PARTY,"**
says ***Martha Raye***

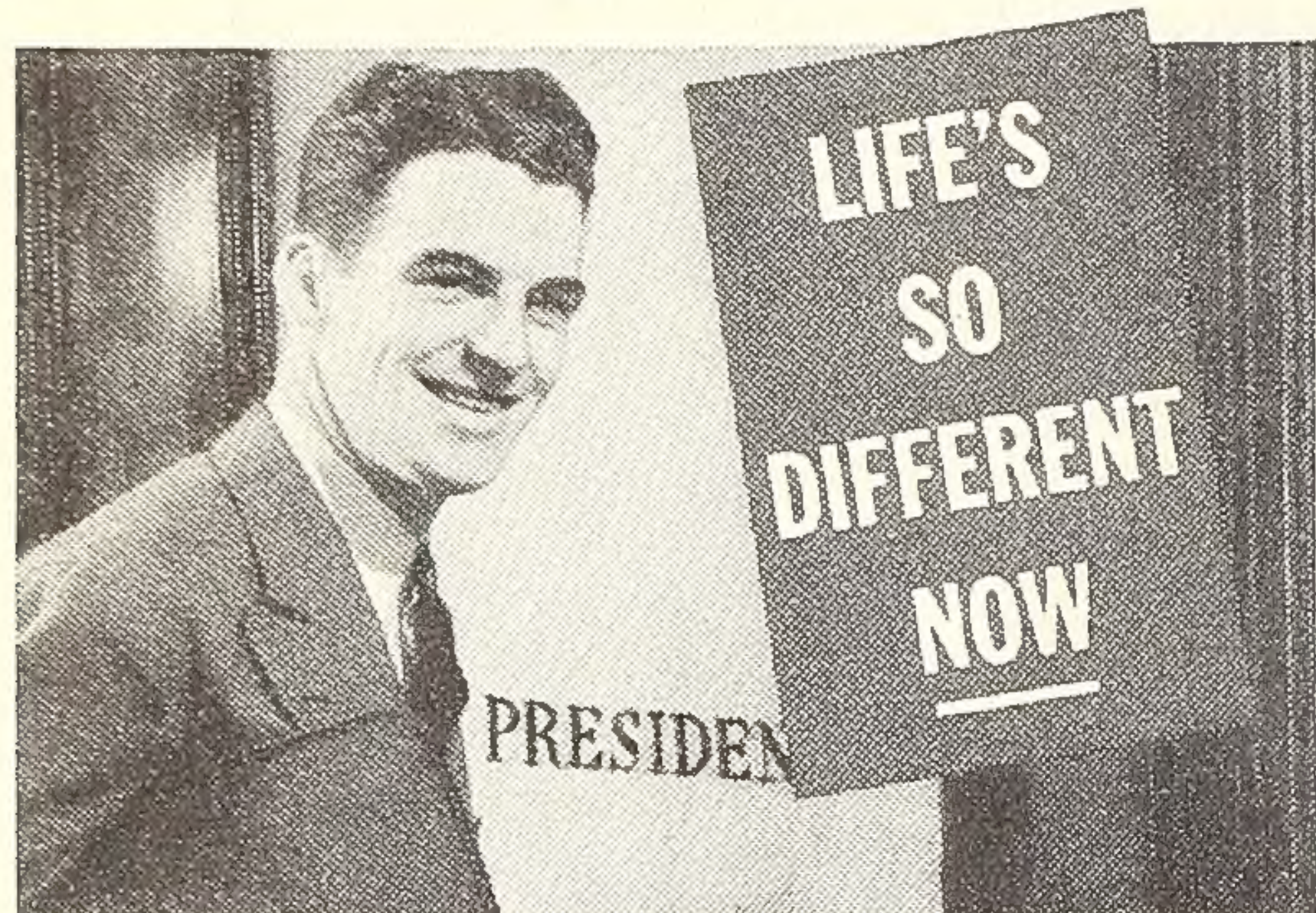
"Girls, until you've seen Bing make love to Shirley the way they do on the beach at Waikiki, oh . . . boy . . . you ain't seen nothing. And Bob Burns is no slouch as a Hawaiian lover himself. Why he has me so excited I actually sing Hawaiian. And, speaking of singing . . . wait'll you hear Bing and Shirley croon those new Ringer and Robin ditties . . . 'Sweet Is the Word For You' . . . 'Blue Hawaii' . . . 'In A Little Hula Heaven' . . . 'Okleohao' and 'Sweet Leilani'. Yeah, man . . . 'Waikiki Wedding' is some party . . . and how!"



"WAIKIKI WEDDING" with **BING CROSBY • BOB BURNS • MARTHA RAYE**
SHIRLEY ROSS • George Barbier • A Paramount Picture directed by Frank Tuttle



● One look at my coated tongue told me *why* I was headachy, desk-weary, out of sorts. I was constipated, bilious. But the laxatives I had always taken were so repulsive. Right there and then I decided to stop being a martyr to bad-tasting "doses." I got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, the popular chewing gum laxative my friends praised as *modern*, really different!



● FEEN-A-MINT worked like a charm. Next day I felt like a million. Headache gone. Stomach sweet as clover. Back came the old appetite and pep. I looked better, felt better, slept better. And believe me, FEEN-A-MINT is a pleasure to take. It really tastes good and it certainly acts smoothly! No wonder it's popular.

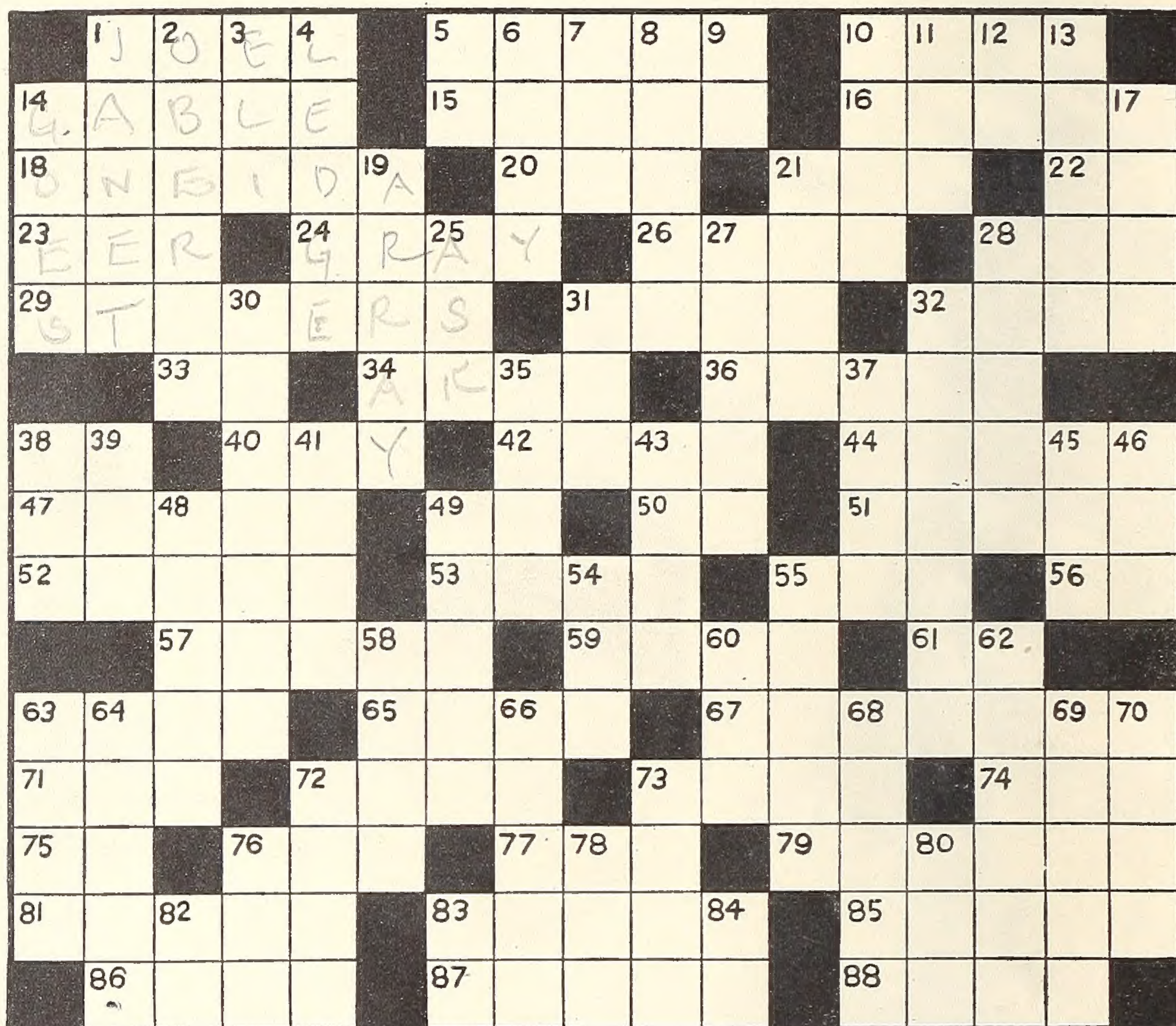


● According to scientists, one of the chief differences in FEEN-A-MINT is the 3 minutes of chewing. This is what helps make it so thorough and dependable. FEEN-A-MINT acts gently in lower bowel—not in the stomach. No gripping. No upset digestion. Not habit-forming. Economical. Try FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious mint-flavored laxative used and praised by more than 16 million, young and old. Write for free sample. Dept. T-10, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N.J.



SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. He's married to Frances Dee
5. These two brothers are famous for "heavy" rôles
10. Leading man in "That Girl From Paris"
14. Co-star in "Love on the Run"
15. "Happy," comedian in "Champagne Waltz"
16. Conscious of
18. Indian tribe
20. Background for movie
21. Exist
22. Sun-god
23. Ever (contraction)
24. A drab color
26. He sings fine in "Maytime"
28. Neither
29. Hoarders
31. Utilized
32. To lounge about
33. Opposite of yes
34. Related
36. Her diary was a sensation
38. Part of to be
40. Inlet
42. To mend
44. Fighter's protective covering
47. Thick cords
49. True
50. You and me
51. Depart
52. Singing star of "When You're in Love"
53. Clad
55. Wager
56. Paid notice
57. Trite, flat
59. Ancient musical stringed instrument
61. Toward
63. Scope
65. "You Only Live —" (a movie)
67. Ginger's co-star
71. Conducted
72. Pitcher
73. Norse God of Thunder
74. Card game
75. Myself
76. First woman

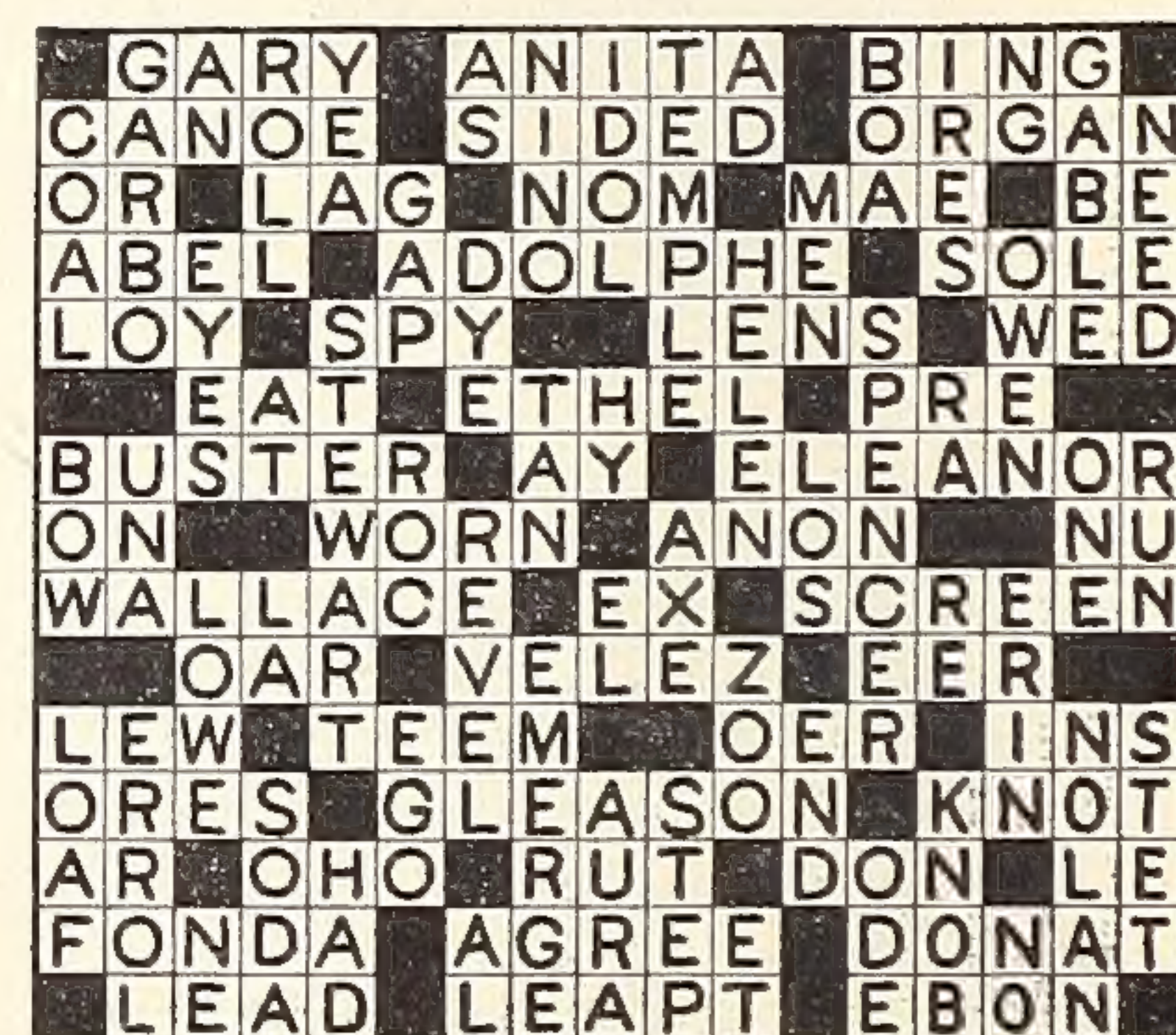
77. Stir, trouble
79. Star of "Cain and Mabel"
81. School children use this to write on
83. The father, in "Don't Turn 'Em Loose"
85. Tilts
86. Oliver Hardy's team-mate
87. Belief
88. You can't throw these at ham movie actors

DOWN

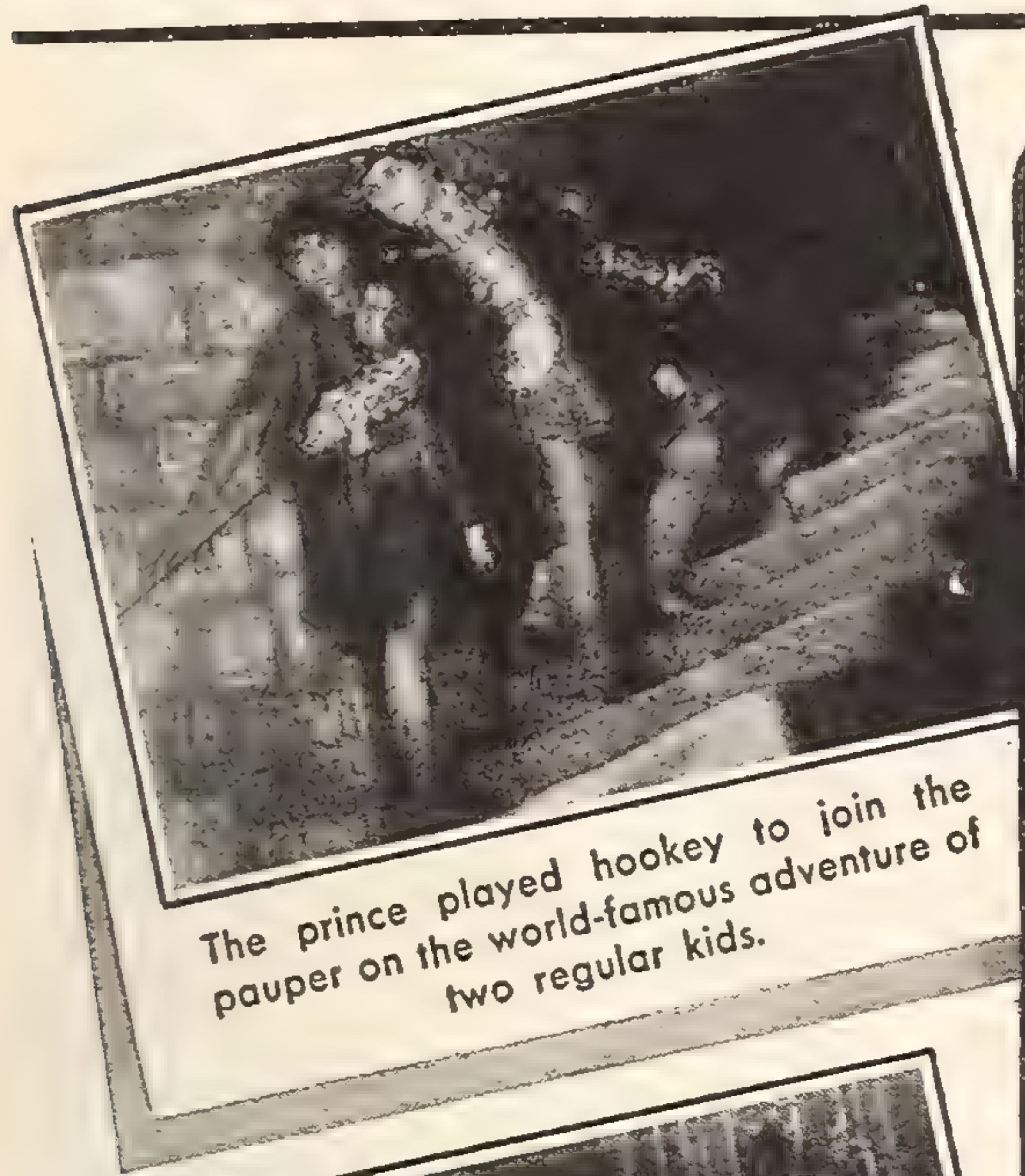
1. Star of "A Star is Born"
2. Co-star in "Beloved Enemy"
3. Nickname for Yale
4. Shelf-like projection on hillside
5. Slang greeting
6. Not hard
7. To piece out
8. Ceremonies
9. Biblical pronoun
10. Co-star of "The Plainsman"
11. Female sheep
12. Continent (abbrev.)
13. Star of "Green Light"
14. "Mr. Deeds — To Town"
17. English title
19. Splendor of dress
21. Sums up
25. To inquire
27. College officials
28. The screen's Juliet
30. Film that made Ginger and Fred famous co-stars
31. Comedienne in "Born to Dance"
32. Her new one is "Love Is News"
35. Any popular screen hero
37. Story
38. Part of the body
39. What a cow would do in a talkie
41. At sea
43. Orchestra leader and crooner ("The Vagabond Lover")
45. Eggs
46. Lip-stick color
48. Sat for photographers
49. One episode in a movie
54. Malt drink
55. Broom of twigs
58. His new one is "Espionage"
60. College yell
62. Greasing
63. Charity
64. Divisions of film
66. Wooden case
68. Follow tracks left by someone
69. Underground parts of plants
70. Indefinite periods of time
72. Regular
73. He's married to Joan Crawford
76. Greek letter
78. Romantic lead in "One In a Million"
80. Tatter
82. Nearby
83. Highway (abbrev.)
84. And, in a French version

Answer to

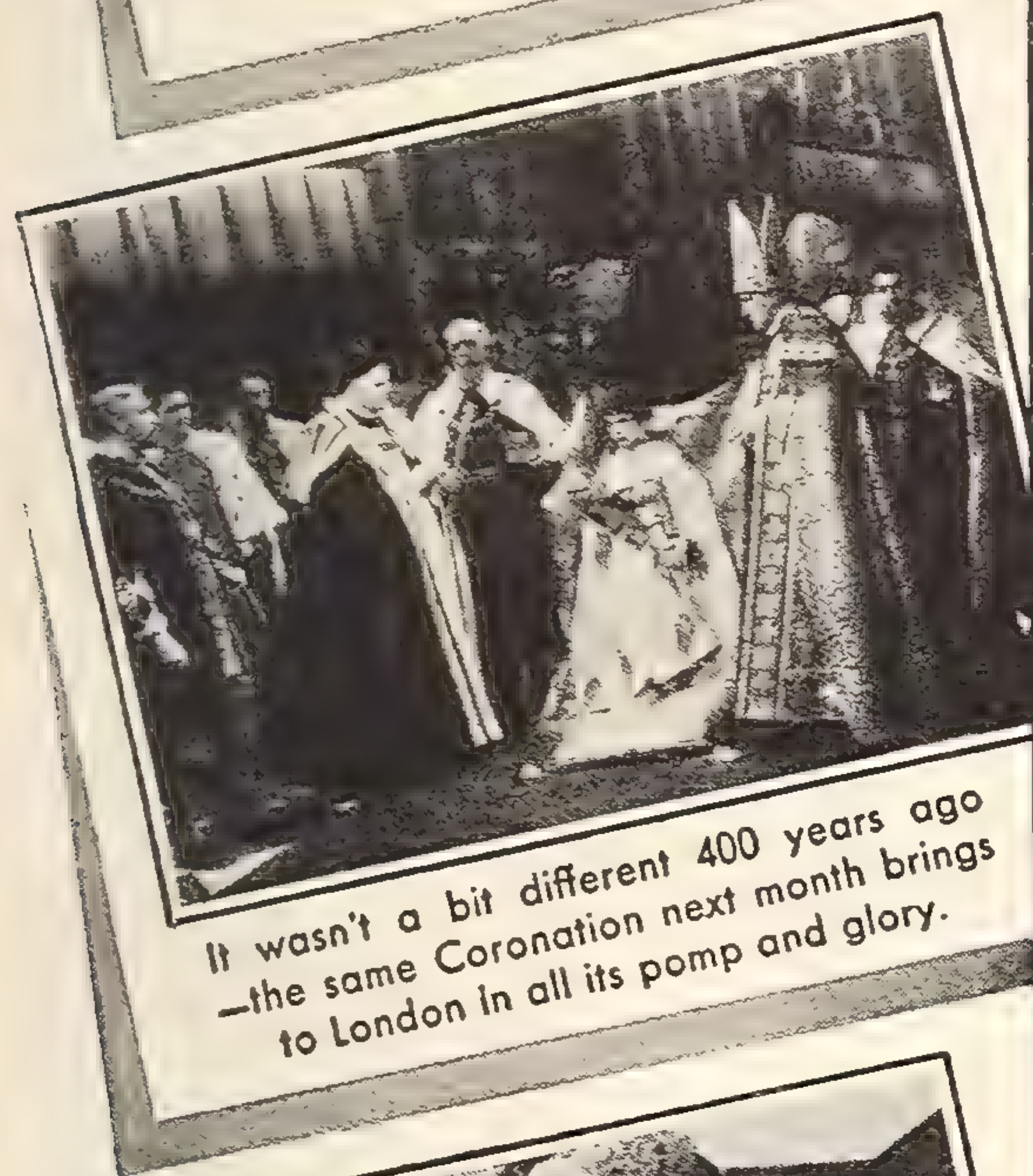
Last Month's Puzzle



**IN ONE THRILL-PACKED NIGHT
YOU'LL LIVE THE ADVENTURES OF A LIFETIME!**



The prince played hokey to join the pauper on the world-famous adventure of two regular kids.



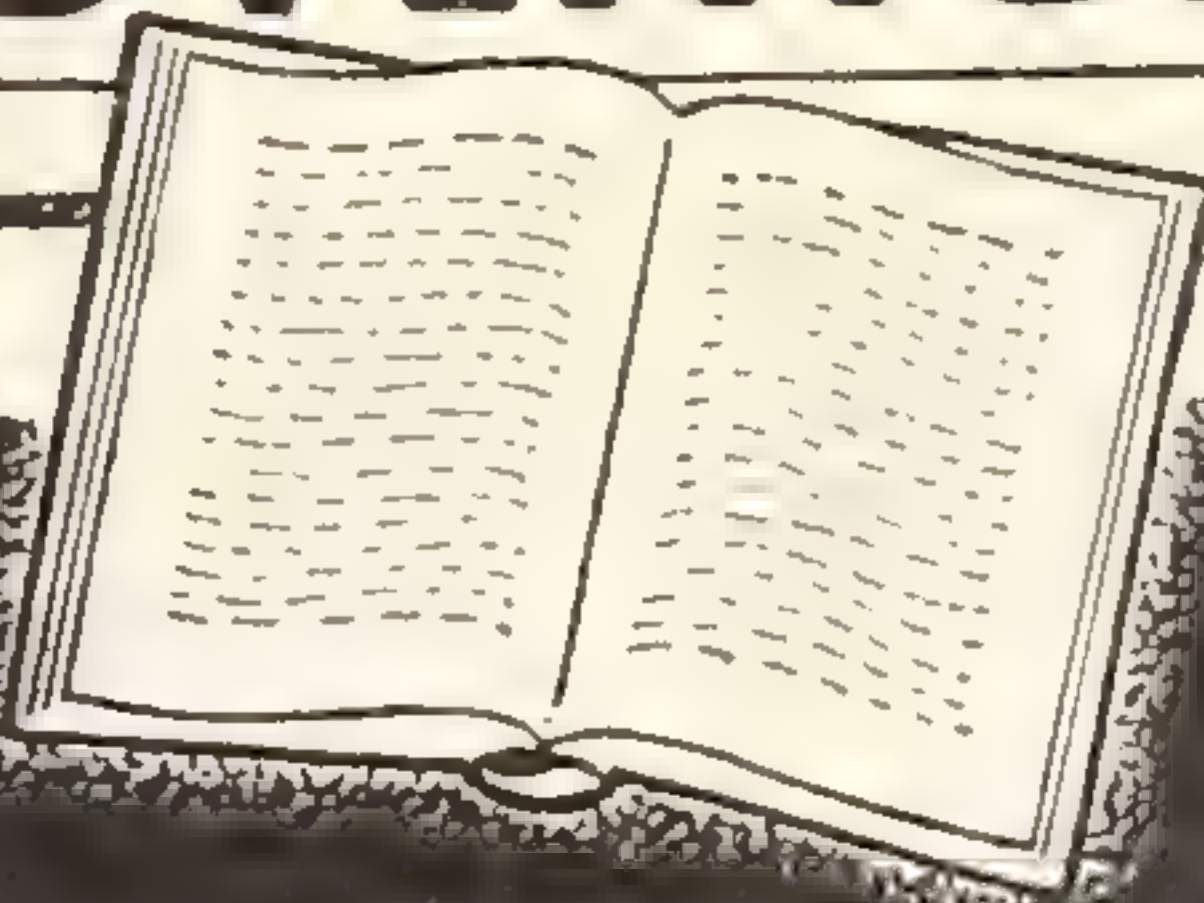
It wasn't a bit different 400 years ago—the same Coronation next month brings to London in all its pomp and glory.



He made enemies beg for mercy—he made lassies beg for more!

Produced on a Massive Scale
1000's in the Cast...3 Years
in Preparation...7 Months
to Film in the World's Great-
est Motion Picture Studios

BOBBY-THE PRINCE



Pictures may come and pic-
tures may go—but here at last
is a picture destined to live
forever! The favorite romance
of millions, by the favorite
story teller of all the world.
A motion picture you'll long
love and long remember!

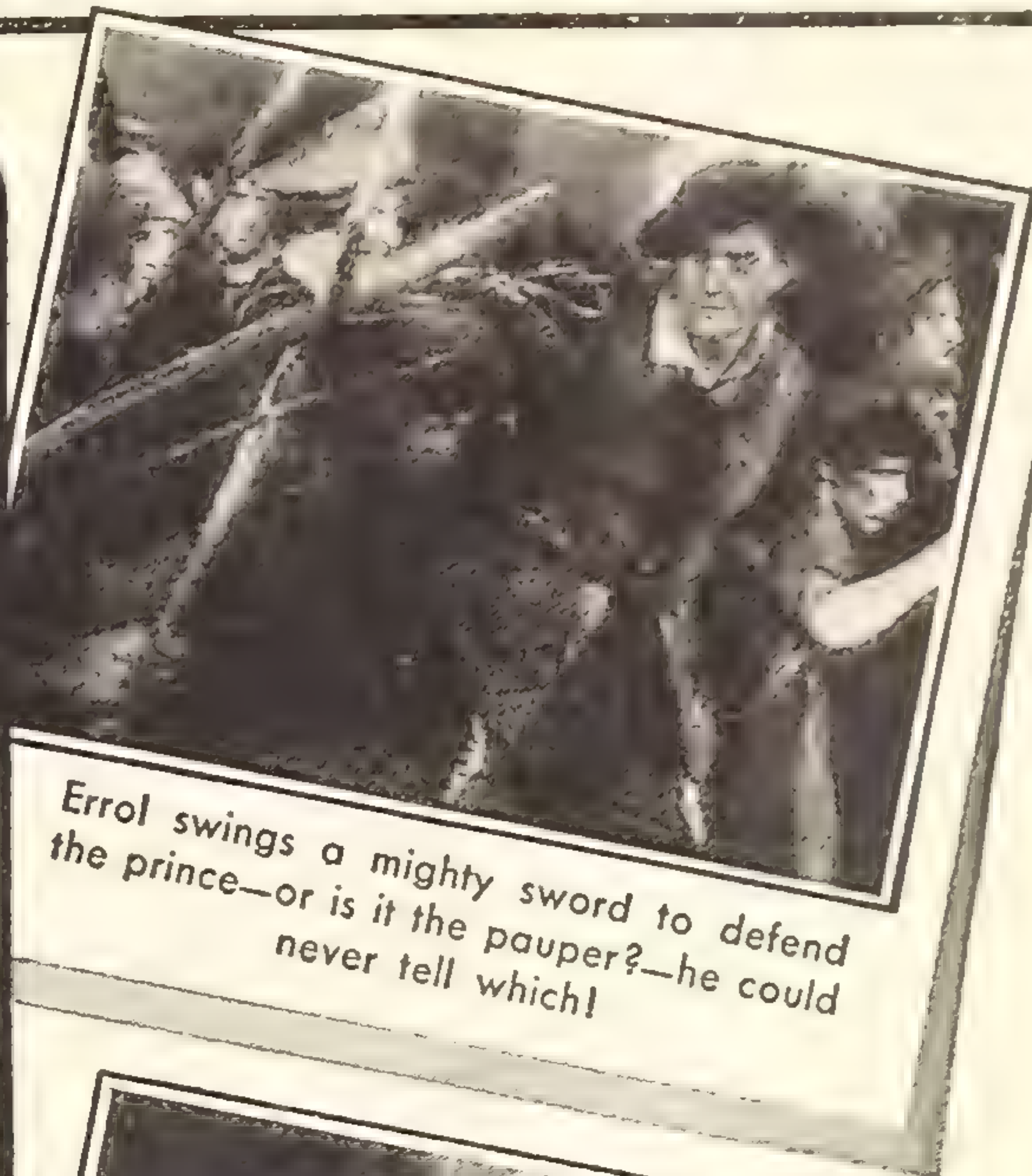
Warner Bros. present
MARK TWAIN'S
Novel of All-Time Fame

THE PRINCE and the PAUPER

with
ERROL FLYNN
CLAUDE RAINS
HENRY STEPHENSON
BARTON MACLANE
and THE
MAUCH TWINS

BILLY & BOBBY
Patric Knowles · Montague Love
Fritz Leiber · Donald Crisp
Alan Hale · Anne Howard
Directed by **WILLIAM KEIGHLEY**

Warner Bros.



Errol swings a mighty sword to defend the prince—or is it the pauper?—he could never tell which!



"It's all right for a girl to lose her head", said King Henry VIII—and he wasn't really fooling; because she did!



BILLY-THE PAUPER

No wonder
we can make this amazing offer

IF YOU DO NOT
Reduce
HIPS and WAIST
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
it will cost you nothing!



"My hips measured 43 inches. Now they are only 34½ inches!"

Miss Billie Brian,
La Grange, Ky.

"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted."

Miss Ouida Browne,
Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.



"Lost 9 inches from my hips and never felt better in my life!"

Miss Rose Grasmick
Scottsbluff, Neb.

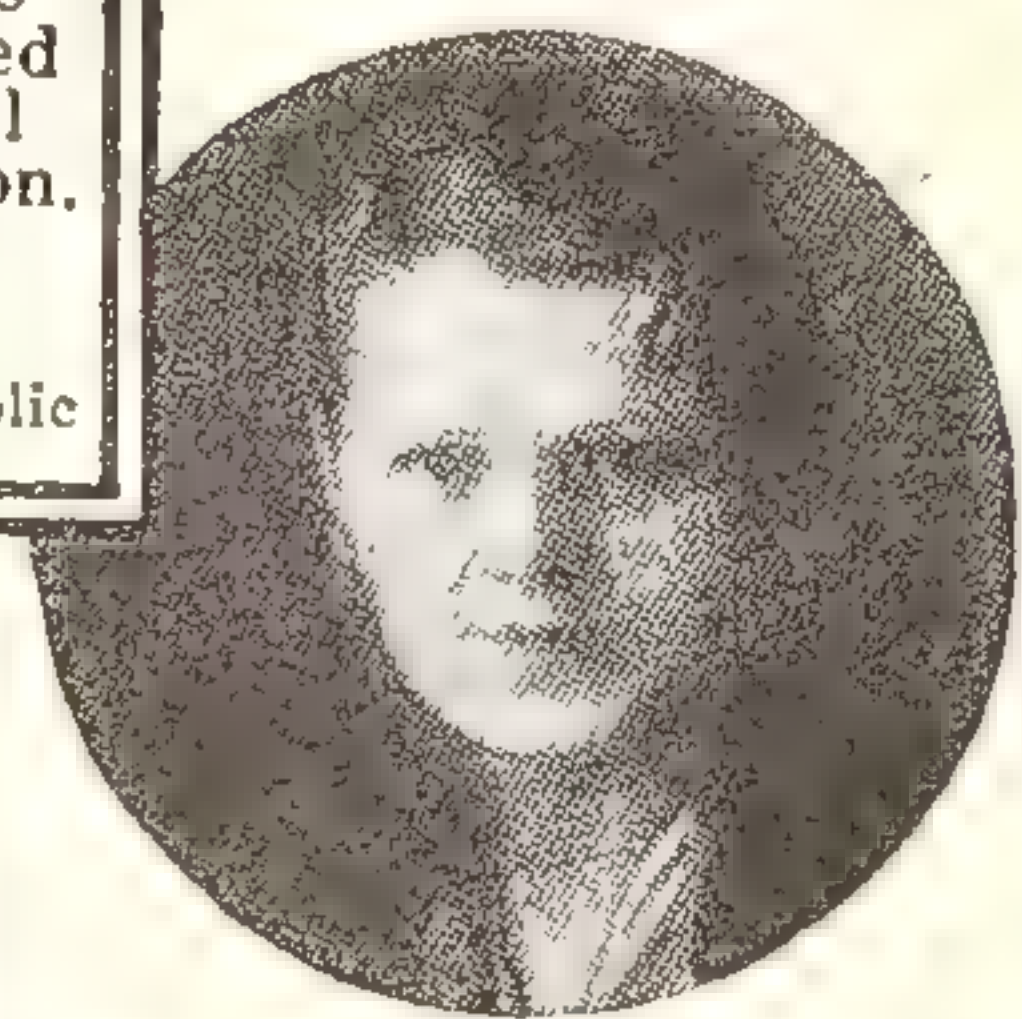
"I never owned a girdle I liked so much and I reduced 26 pounds."

Miss Esther Marshall
Vallejo, Calif.

"My hips have been reduced 9 inches without slightest diet."

Miss Jean Healy,
New York, N. Y.

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Notary Public



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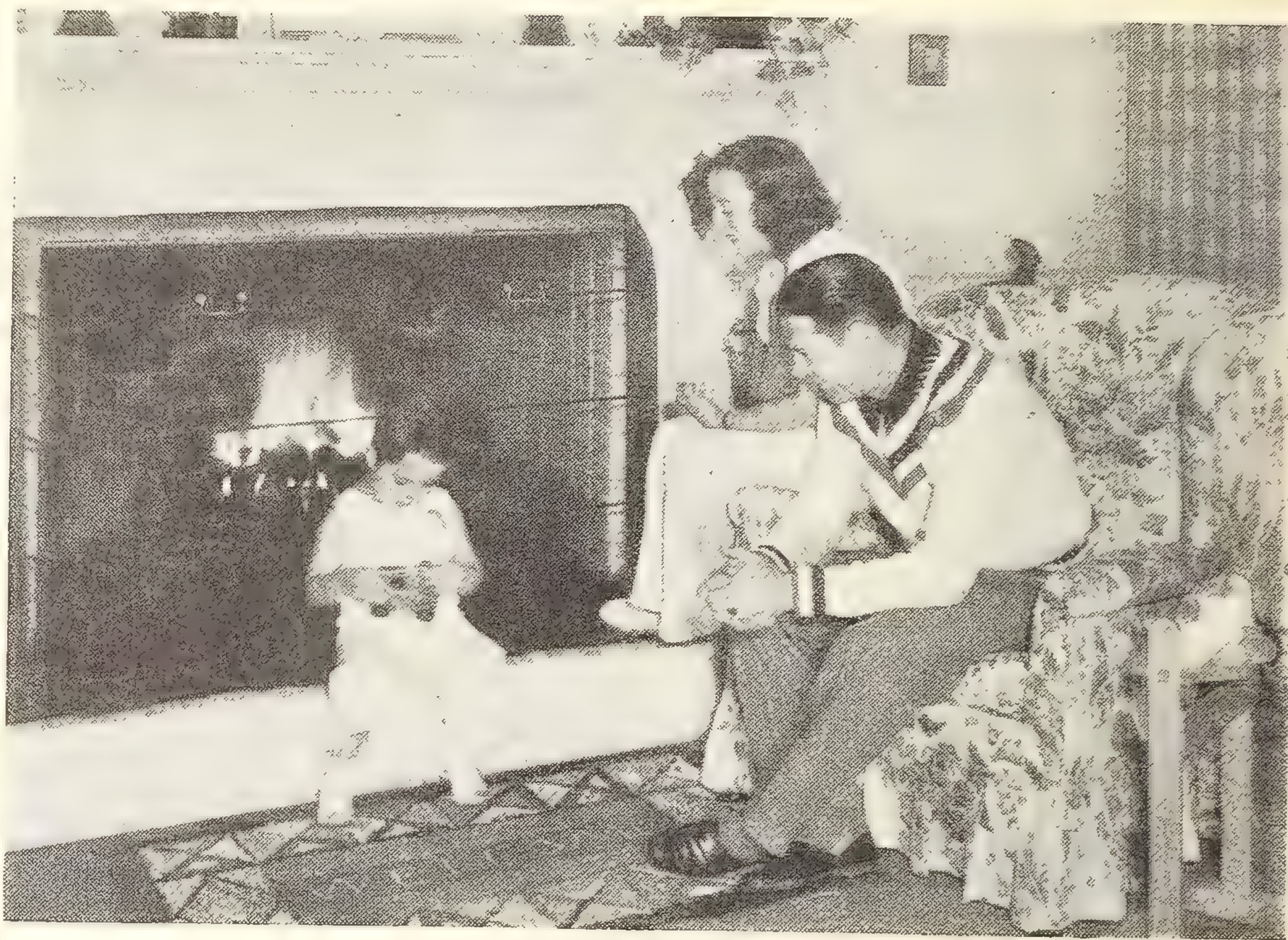
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Inside the Stars' Homes



It's one of the gayest, most hospitable and homey households in all Hollywood, that presided over by Jobyna Ralston Arlen, hosted by Dick, and bossed by Rickey Arlen, Jr., shown above with his beaming parents. Below, right, Dick and Joby sample their tempting buffet luncheon just before their guests arrive.

Golf luncheon at the Richard Arlens'—good fun and good cheer!

By Betty Boone

EVERY Sunday morning—and other mornings when he's in town and not working—Richard Arlen plays golf.

"Bing Crosby, Randy Scott, Humphrey Bogart, Ed Kennedy, Babe Hardy and Fred Morrison—he's a professional—play too, if they can," commented Dick, "so Joby is usually prepared to give us a golf luncheon after the game. Sometimes Joby plays, and once in a while the other wives—except Dixie Lee who doesn't know how—but the real golf luncheon is a man's meal."

The Arlen home is a rambling, red-roofed, hospitable place in Toluca Lake with a garden, badminton court, swimming pool and playground. "Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen" says the brass plate on the front door, and "Welcome" says the rug on the floor before the fireplace.

The long living-room is the sort of place that makes you feel immediately at home with its open fire, comfortable chairs, and piano. Dick showed me a carved brass chest next to the fireplace which holds his latest prized possession, a real leather saddle bought in Mexico.

"Now all we need is the horse!" giggled Joby, appearing from the hall clad in pale blue slacks with a scarlet tie. She looked like a little girl from grammar school, while Dick, in his white sweater with red and blue stripes, was most collegiate—and handsome.

Rickey, the three-year-old son and heir, came bubbling in to dispel the schooldays illusion.

"He's been to a birthday party," said Joby, "and he simply couldn't understand why he shouldn't open the presents. That's his favorite sport. You see, he's never had a birthday party of his own; his first anniversary we spent in France, where we knew no other babies; his second came while we were in New York, and the same thing was true; the last time we were in England, but we surely hope to be at home when he's four and give the poor child a

chance. He disgraced me today, trying to insist on what he thought were his rights about opening packages. The other children were old hands at birthday parties, but Rickey had no precedents. Was I embarrassed?"

"Let me bang up the fire!" interrupted Rickey, urgently.

"Just a little Britisher," observed his father, "'Bang up the fire' means poke it—that's all Rickey learned over there, so far as I know. Banging up fires is his chief delight."

(Please turn to page 14)





All through the night



ALEXANDER KORDA *Presents*

MARLENE

ROBERT

DIETRICH·DONAT

IN

KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR

All through the night—hand in hand—heart to heart—
together... Facing danger—sharing ad-
venture—*together*... Pursued by hatreds
and passions—lost amid perils too great

to face alone...
Looking into each other's heart—to find
each other... All through the night—arm
in arm—escaping together... Tomorrow
held their destiny... Tonight held their love

Directed by JACQUES FEYDER • By James Hilton, famous Author of "Lost Horizon" • Released thru United Artists

SCREENLAND

13



"Your Eyes have Told Me So"

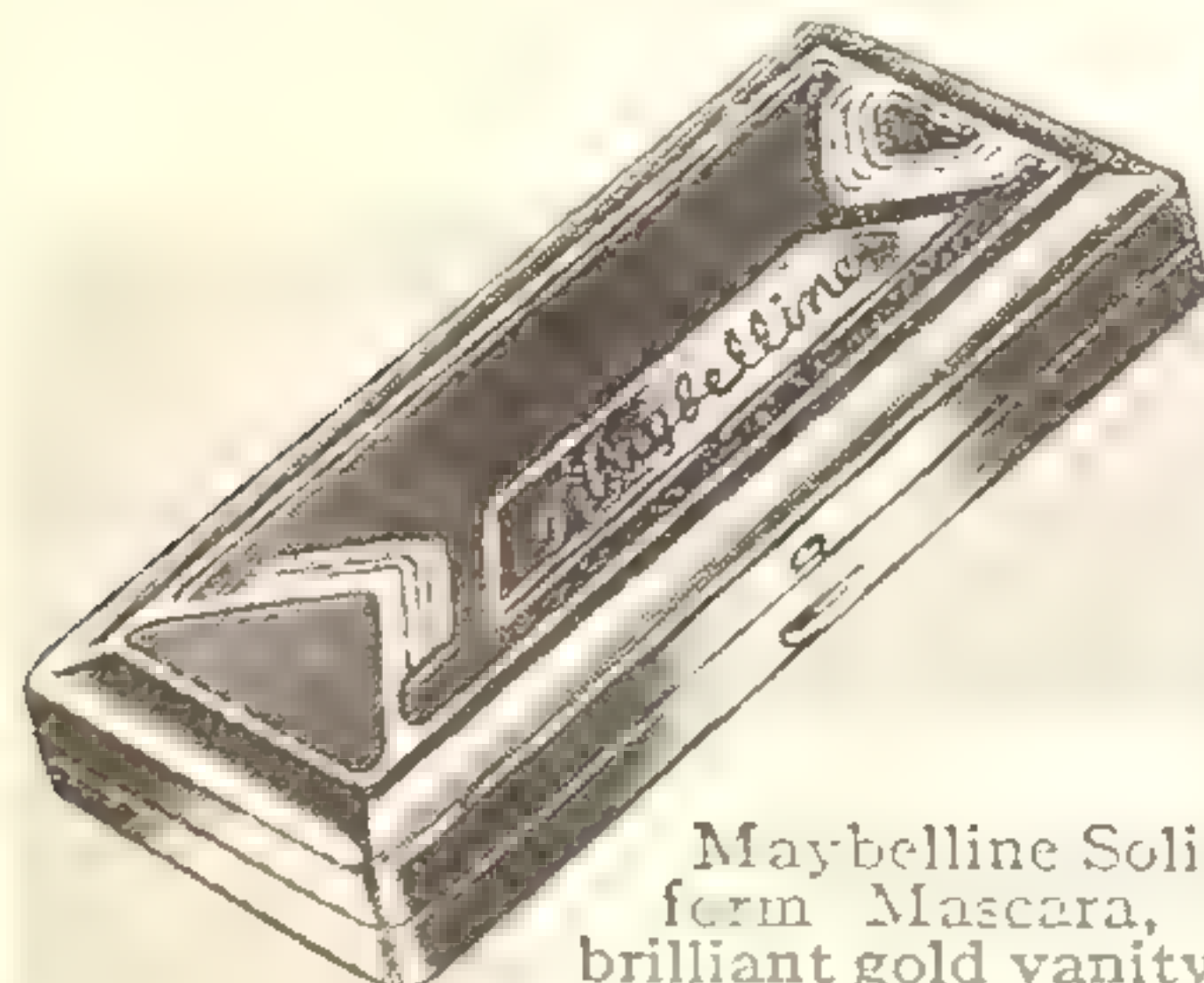
Music in the air—romance in your eyes. Tell him with your eyes—for beautiful eyes may say what lips dare not. The charm of alluring eyes can be yours—instantly, easily, with just a few simple touches of Maybelline Mascara—to make your lashes appear naturally long, dark and luxuriant.

No longer need you deny yourself the use of make-up for your most important beauty feature—your eyes. You can avoid that hard, "made-up" look that ordinary mascaras give by using either the new Maybelline Cream-form Mascara, or the popular Maybelline Solid-form Mascara—both give the soft *natural* appearance of long, dark, curling lashes. At cosmetic counters everywhere.

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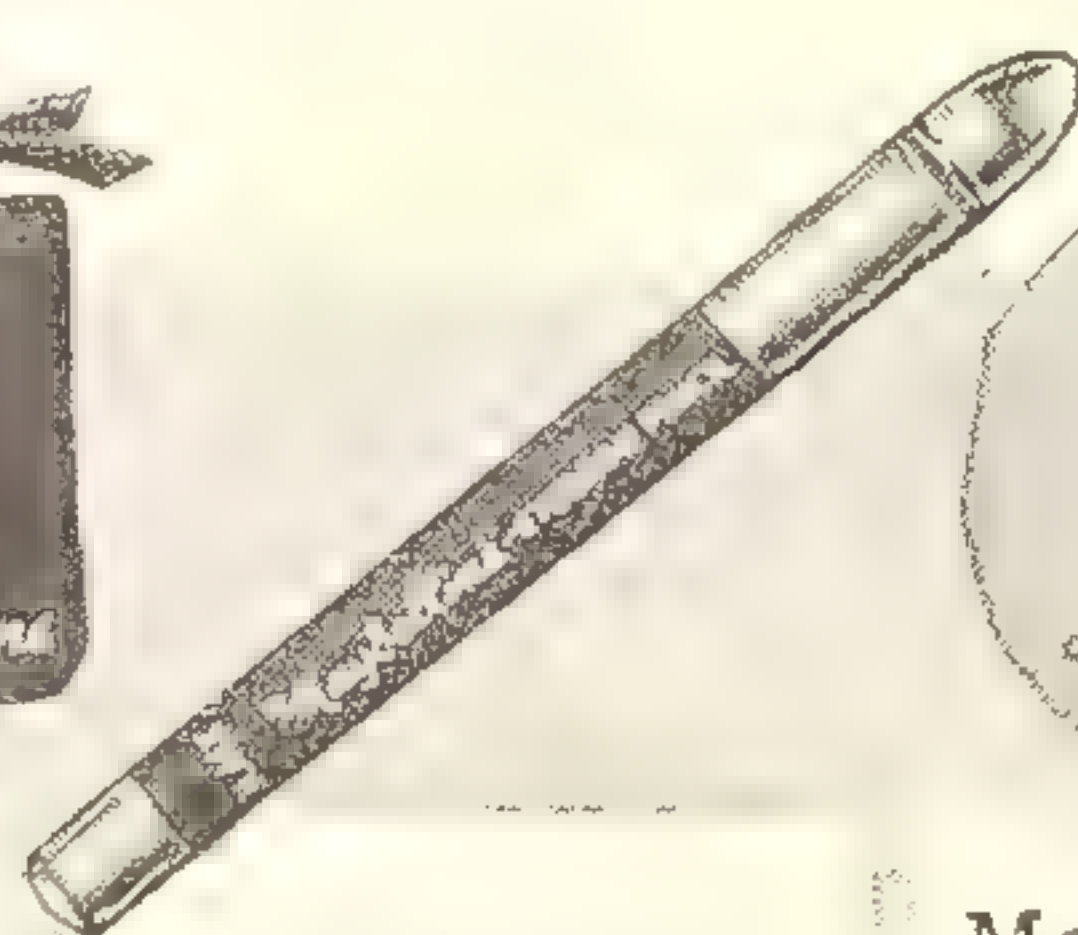
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Maybelline Solid-form Mascara, in brilliant gold vanity—Black, Brown, Blue. 75c. Refills 35c.



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Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, Blue.



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Rickey, absorbed in the "Banging," mumbled cheerfully to himself. Dick jerked a thumb at him and grinned: "Just a chip off the old block, you notice; all he does is grunt—never a tap of work!"

"Speaking of England," put in Joby, "we loved it, of course, but I simply couldn't get used to the heavy food. They eat so much meat, practically no vegetables, and what there are seem cooked to pieces!"

"You really should have seen me trying to use a knife and fork on a grape! No kidding, they actually use knives and forks for fruit, instead of picking them up as we do. They hold their pears on a fork while they peel them, then cut them up and use the fork to convey them to their mouths. I managed the pears, but when they began on the grapes I gave up!"

"One dish I was crazy about, though, was what we would call Mulligan stew—old-fashioned stew with meat, potatoes, vegetables, whatever you have left in the house all cooked together. It's always good, but the English make it still more delicious by covering the whole thing with a delectable crust. Is *that* good!"

Which brought us to the golf luncheon. Joby served it buffet style.

Today she had lobsters, Dick's favorite dish, crusty rolls, baked macaroni, corn pudding and scalloped spinach.

BAKED MACARONI

Break $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. macaroni into pieces
Cook in boiling water with a little salt until tender.
Drain well and put a layer of macaroni in the bottom of well-buttered baking dish.
Sprinkle well with grated Kraft cheese and small pieces of butter, a bit of salt, then more macaroni and so on filling the dish.
Then sprinkle the top with cracker crumbs (Crax Butter Wafers are good).
Pour over all a cup of cream or milk and bake for half an hour.

CORN PUDDING

1 can of Heinz Corn
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
1 egg
2 teaspoons flour or cornstarch

Beat egg white and yolk separately; add corn to the yolk of egg, also flour or cornstarch and milk. Then fold in egg white. Bake in well-buttered baking dish about 20 minutes to half an hour.

SCALLOPED SPINACH

2 cups cooked spinach
2 tablespoons minced onion
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
1 egg (slightly beaten)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup buttered crumbs

Warm the spinach, put through sieve, add all ingredients except crumbs. Greased baked dish. Cover with crumbs. Moderate oven until brown (about 15 minutes). Serves 6. If you can't get fresh spinach, use Gerber's.

"These are all hearty dishes—you wouldn't dare offer them all to women," laughed Joby, "not Hollywood women, anyway! I suppose the climate in England has an effect on appetite, for they seem to eat more heartily than we do without putting on pounds."

"Everything over there seemed so slow after being used to the way we live here. I don't suppose it's good for us to rush about as we do, but we like it. We decided to move one morning. I looked around and

found the place I wanted and told the man who showed it to me that I'd take it.

"When would you wish to take possession, madam?" he asked.

"This afternoon," I replied. Well, of course, it couldn't be done! It never *had* been done. He'd need at least a week's notice. I couldn't see why—the place was empty, we were ready to move in, why wait? He thought we were completely mad, but we moved in!"

"Coming back to food," put in Richard, gently separating his small son from a half lobster, "one thing I'm really crazy about is Chinese stuff. I've found a swell Chinese café near the studio, where I eat when I can, and sometimes Joby puts on a Chinese luncheon for us. Tell her about that, Joby."

"That's a meal for a cool day," said Joby. "I serve a big dish of some grand Chinese mess—chop suey or chow mein—a green salad—hot tea biscuits—a special dessert that men like, and hot tea. Our cook has a good recipe for chop suey."



Inside the Arlen home. Joby and Dick Arlen in one of the many very attractive rooms of the home we visit in this month's article.

CHOP SUEY

Trim the fat from 1 lb. boned pork chops, place the fat in a saute pan and cut the pork in small cubes. Fry out the fat, add 2 medium-sized onions cut in thin slices and cook until soft and clear; add the pork dice and cook 10 minutes; add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cooked diced chicken, 4 cups bean sprouts, 4 cups thinly sliced celery and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Japanese soy. Cook until the celery and bean sprouts are tender, add a seasoning of salt and serve very hot in a border of seasoned steamed rice. Hormel's canned chicken is excellent.

"We haven't any family recipe for hot tea biscuits—we just let the cook go her own sweet way there. Oh, I *do* know a dessert I ought to serve some time! I haven't had it yet, because I never thought of it before, but it's an old-fashioned dish."

FLOATING ISLAND

Heat 1 qt. milk to scalding but not boiling point; beat the yolks of 4 eggs with 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons vanilla, and pour gradually over them 1 cup hot milk; then turn all into a saucepan and boil until it begins to thicken. When cool turn over thinly sliced sponge cake spread with jam and arrange in a deep compote. Beat the egg whites very, very stiff, whipping with them a little soft currant jelly. Drop the whip by tablespoonfuls on top of the custard and place a little block of currant jelly on the top of each island. Serve very cold.

DO YOU USE THE RIGHT SHADE OF FACE POWDER?



**Beige
Face Powder
Made Her
Look Like
This!**



**Rachel Made
Her Look
Like This!**



By *Lady Esther*

It's amazing the number of women who use the wrong shade of face powder.

It's still more amazing what it does to them!

As any artist or make-up expert will tell you, the wrong shade of face powder will change your appearance altogether. It will make you look years older than you really are.

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The great trouble is that women choose their face powder shades on the wrong basis. They try to match "type." This is a mistake because you are not a "type," but an individual. You may be a brunette and still have a very light skin or any one of a number of different tones between light and dark. The same holds true if you are a blonde or redhead.

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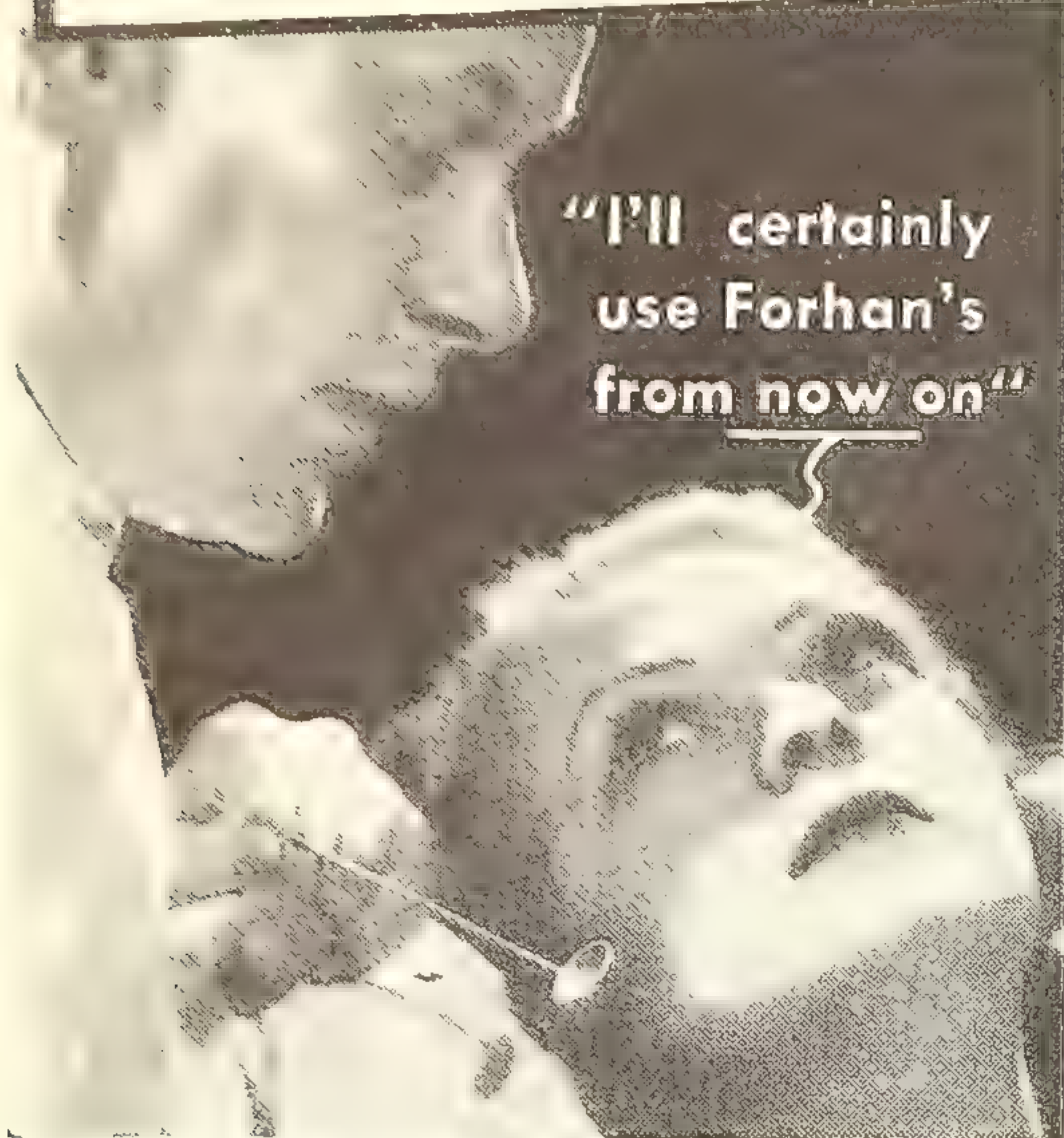
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with 1/2 Way Tooth Pastes



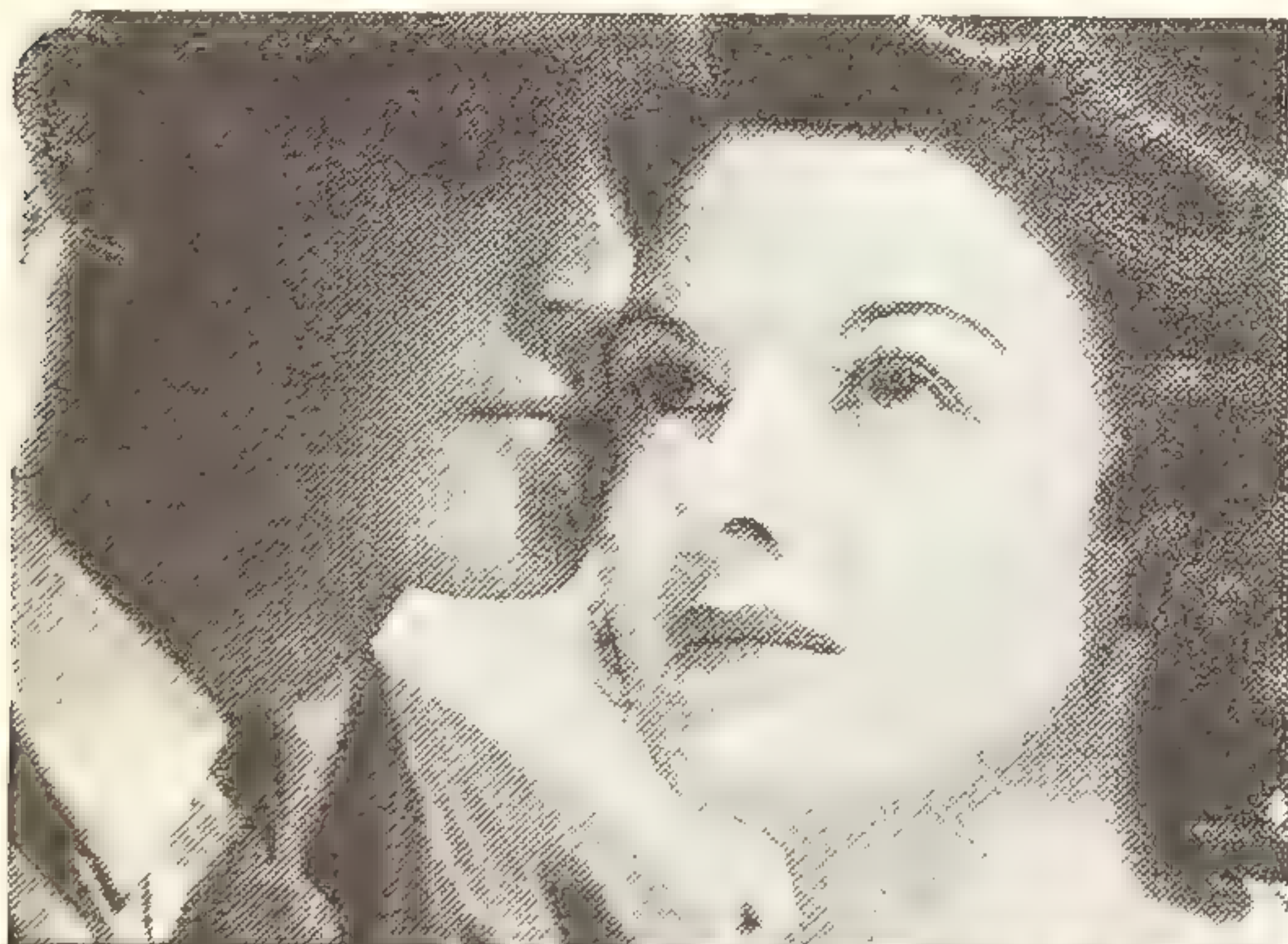
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Salutes and Snubs

LADIES IN LOVE

There is much said about movie-mad women. I can't believe these women, or even one in a million, are actually in love with any screen man. The screen is the world of imagination, the players an ideal. The love-lorn ladies supposed to be in love with Bob Taylor, Fred MacMurray, Robert Montgomery, or the bu-bu-bub crooning of Bing Crosby, are in love with the ideal they personalize. For all the girls know the stars are unattainable, but hope their counterpart might come along any old day.

Mrs. Henry Odum,
620 Emory St.,
Covington, Ga.

ROASTING RHYTHM

I'll never take to Burgess Meredith, Critics' Pet.

"Gangsters in the Rain" is what I call "Winterset."

Elsbeth Trenchbrai,
Mount Rainer, Md.

THIS LIST SUIT YOU?

In a recent issue Miss Virginia King offered her list of the ten prettiest Hollywood women. I agree with her on two. However, here's my list of the ten—in my opinion—handsomest screen actors: Robert Taylor, Clark Gable, Fredric March, John Howard, Henry Fonda, Randolph Scott, Fred MacMurray, Michael Whalen, Gene Raymond, Errol Flynn.

Lorraine Zvonar,
44 Brookdale Ave.,
Newark, N. J.

AGREE ON ALICE

I heartily agree with Sally Hirsch-kowitch's letter declaring the title "Too Beautiful" should now be given to Alice Faye. In my estimation Alice deserves it more than any actress now in Hollywood.

J. T. Boggs,
Cheyenne, Okla.

GONE WITH THE WIND

Selections for the cast for "Gone With the Wind."

Scarlett O'Hara, Katharine Hepburn; Rhett Butler, Fredric March; Gerald O'Hara, Lionel Barrymore; Ellen O'Hara, Irene Dunne; Ashley Wilkes, Melvyn Douglas; Charles Hamilton, Franchot Tone or Ralph Forbes; Melanie Wilkes, Frances Dee; Aunt Pittypat, Edna May Oliver.

Josephine McCormack,
Calle Jovellar y N.,
Habana, Cuba



Decorative Alice! Letter-writers hail her beauty and talent, so here's Alice Faye prettying our page in a scene our camera caught as she prettied her home with a lovely new picture.

DISCOVERING GARBO

After a great deal of persuasion by friends, I went to see "Camille." Frankly, I used to thoroughly dislike Greta Garbo on the screen, but after I saw "Camille" I changed my mind. It is a beautiful picture, and Garbo gave one of the finest performances I have ever seen. More power to her.

Elaine Bernstein,
3533 S. Hanna St.,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

WHALEN WORSHIP

Here's to SCREENLAND for that grand story about Michael Whalen. After seeing him in his recent pictures, I'm convinced that this man Whalen should have bigger and better breaks. And speaking of moustaches—as some letter writers recently were—here's to Michael Whalen's! Long may it wave—or whatever moustaches do! Please keep it, Mike.

Louise H. Guthery,
714 W. Olympic Blvd.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Speaking of Pictures: What Have You to Say?

Here's where the readers write what they think. Everything, from one writer's idea of the ten handsomest men on the screen, to Michael Whalen's moustache, is discussed. Perhaps you have a different idea as to who are the ten handsomest screen men. Or maybe you just want to Salute a favorite; suggest the best type of rôle for a certain star; or Snub some recent Hollywood gesture. Whatever you have to say, here's the place to say it. Address letters to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

SALUTE FOR LORETTA

I have read (not here), where some have protested that Loretta Young is given too many choice rôles; that she is merely beautiful with no great acting ability. I heartily disagree with that. I think Loretta is a truly sincere and talented actress, and the embodiment of charm. She gave memorable performances in "Ramona" and "Ladies in Love," and I hope that she will go upward to greater acting heights in 1937.

Mildred R. Trammell,
Mead, Okla.

HISTORY MADE IN HOLLYWOOD

My selections for highlights of the passing season:

Most promising discoveries: Frances Farmer, Tyrone Power. Greatest triumph: Norma Shearer's "Juliet." Growing fact: Jack Oakie's waistline. Best laugh provoker: Ben Blue. Greatest disappointment: unintelligible, pouting Simone Simon. Most alarming sight: Garbo's obvious age in "Camille." Most publicized star: Bob Taylor. Most engaging smile: James Ellison's. Talented Newcomer: Sonja Henie.

Frances Chase,
120 W. Norman Ave.,
Dayton, O.

THE GREAT GRETA

For some inexplicable reason I always sneered at the mere mention of the "Great Garbo." But I don't now—after seeing her in "Camille." Even to usually scoffing, cynical me, the Great Garbo has passed the greatest of all tests—which is that not the Great Garbo but the realistically personified *Marguerite Gautier* went to her tragic doom before our eyes.

Louis E. Palffy,
138 15th Ave., N. E.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

SIMONE AND TAYLOR?

I have been trying for some time to pick out some young, sweet actress that I thought would be the ideal match for Robert Taylor on the screen. Now I've found out who it is: the lovely Simone Simon. Are you with me fans?

Audrey Hogan,
11301 Florian Ave.,
Cleveland, O.

SNUB FOR A SNUBBER

Here's a Snub in spades for Carmelita Impietro, who stated in a recent issue that Gary Cooper was the worst actor and Marlene Dietrich the worst actress. It seems the girl can't judge acting.

Betsy Perre,
1820 Lanakila Ave.,
Honolulu, H. I.

A SNUB AND A SALUTE

I read SCREENLAND regularly, and you can be sure I like it. But why, oh why, do people rave so about Simone Simon? I can't see anything wonderful about her. Give us someone like Janet Gaynor and let us keep her.

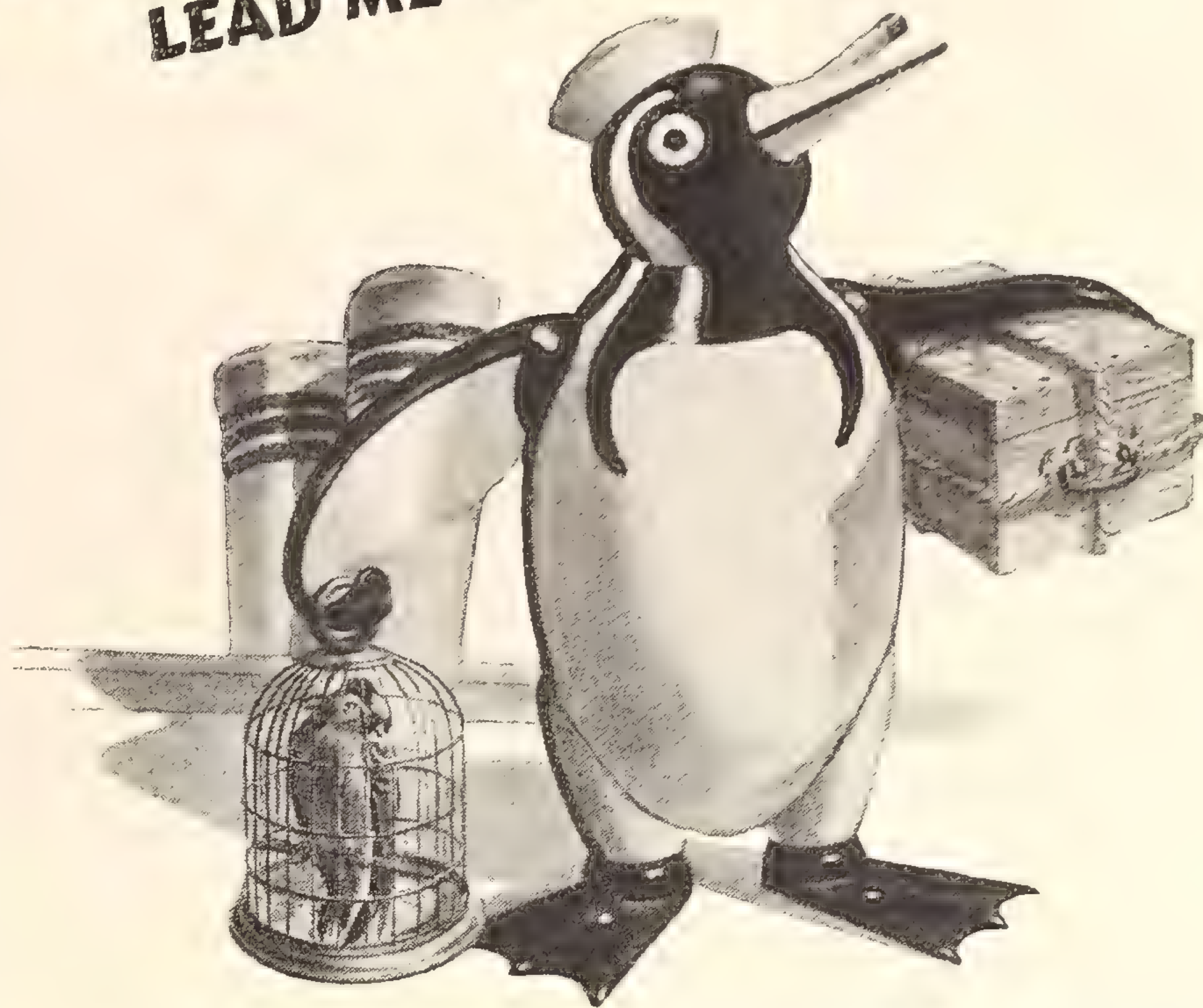
Janey Crandlemire,
52 Front St.,
Ashland, Mass.

BOGART'S THE BEST?

Bob Taylor, Michael Whelan, and Don Ameche are all handsome stars, to be sure, but the actor who gets my Salute is Humphrey Bogart, who is handsome too, is a fine actor, and a he-man.

Jean Ewing,
724 Kinsmoor Ave.,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

**AHOY THERE...
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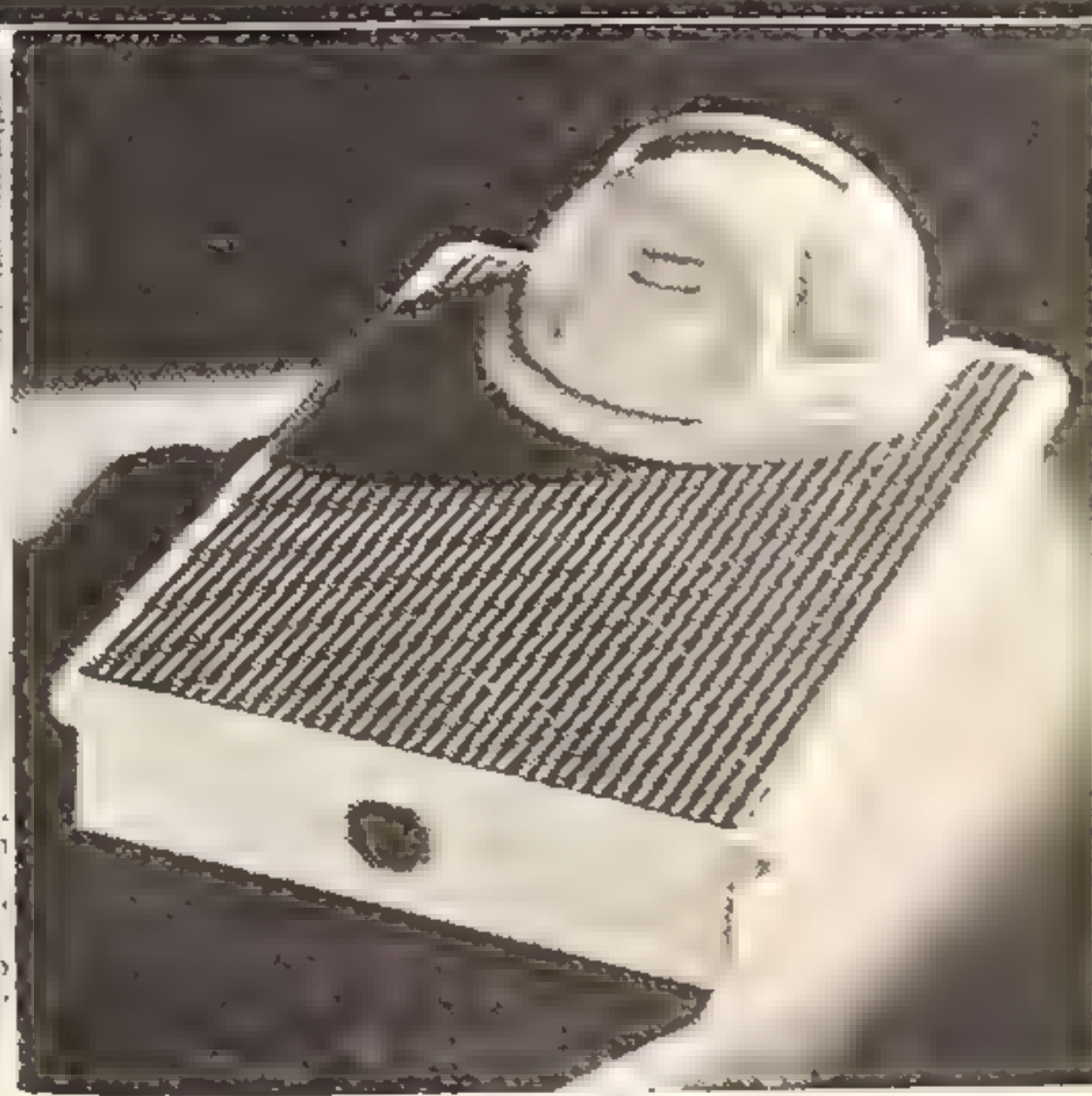
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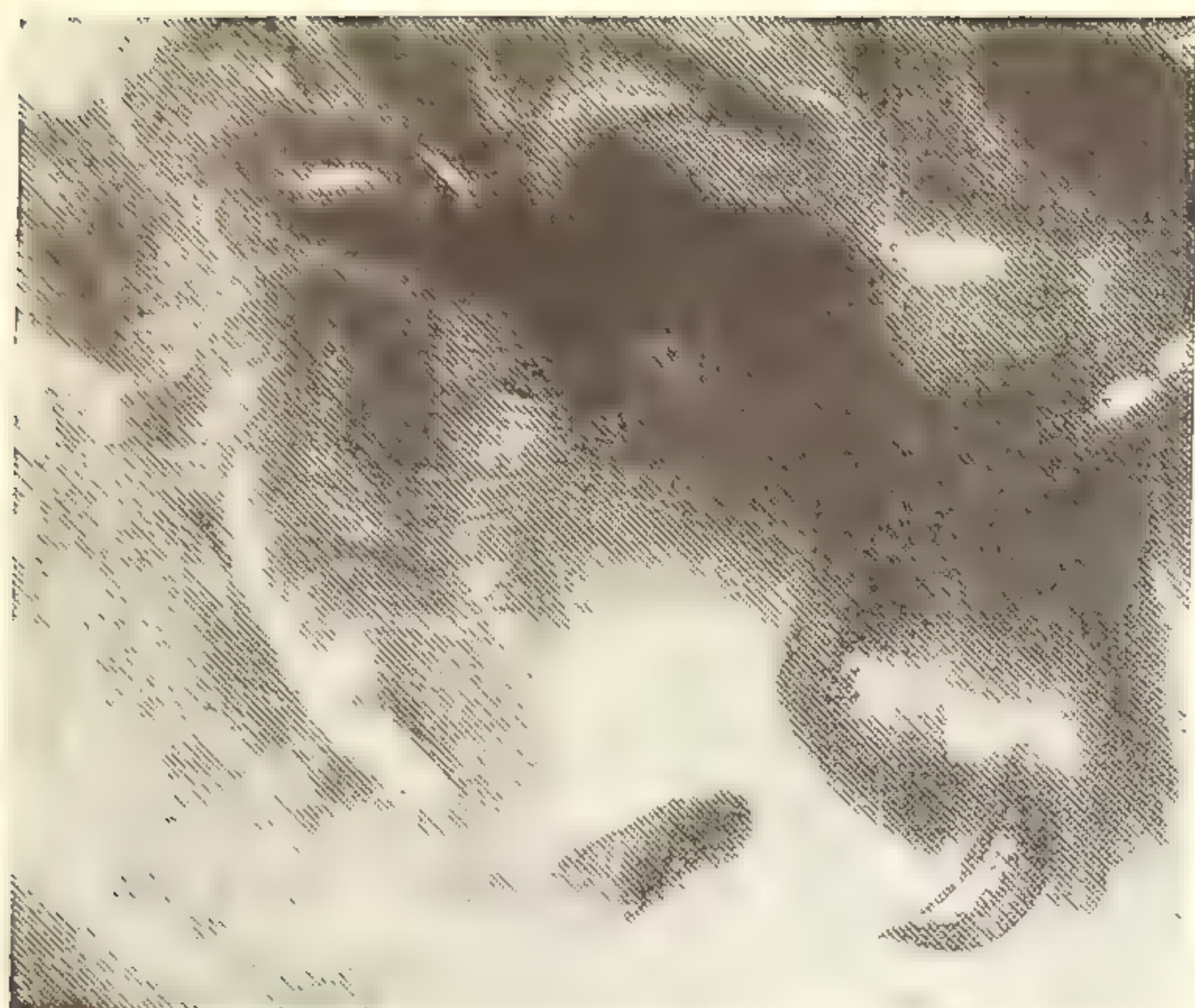


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ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee



Margaret Irving, Gloria Truebe, Preston Foster and Jean Muir on the set for "Outcasts of Poker Flat," Bret Hart's story in which Foster and Jean play the leads.

Bess S. Walter Abel was born in St. Paul, Minn. He has black hair, dark brown eyes, is 5 feet, 10 inches tall and weighs 170 pounds. He graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and has had a thorough training on the stage, playing leads with many noted stars. He has a contract with RKO. Yes, he's married.

Lila K. S. Helen Gahagan was born in Boonton, N. J. She is the wife of Melvyn Douglas; they have one child, a boy. Pauline Frederick is appearing on the stage in a play called, "The Masque of Kings."

Teddy N. You want a picture of Patricia Ellis? That doesn't surprise me, for she has lots of boy friends and they all want pictures of her—yes, she is very fond of swimming and horseback riding and just loves polo matches. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, has blue eyes and blonde hair and is under contract to Warner Bros. The studio address is Burbank, Calif.

49 B. C. That was a very charming letter and you have a grand sense of humor—which is always such a help! I'm sure your request never reached its destination. Now for the information about Nelson Eddy: he was born in Providence, R. I., the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Darius Eddy. Both of his parents were fine musicians. Young Nelson began his musical career as a boy soprano for All Saint's and Grace Church in Providence. He was educated in grammar school at Rhode Island Normal; the remainder of his education was obtained in night school. For five years he was a reporter, copy reader, etc., for the leading Philadelphia newspapers. His first vocal appearance was in a society show, "The Marriage Tax." Later, he sang the leading parts in "Iolanthe" and "Pirates of Penzance." And if you want to know anything more, just send me an S.O.S.

John Barrett L. Elissa Landi was born in Venice, Italy. She was educated by private tutors in England, also made her debut on the English stage. Later she appeared in silent pictures in various cities in Europe. Her first appearance in the

United States was in a Broadway stage play, after which she was given a film contract and went to Hollywood. She is the author of several novels, and at present has a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, so you'll be seeing her regularly on the screen.

Y. M. I. Robert Kent your favorite? Yes, he is a six-footer, with brown hair and blue eyes. He was born in Hartford, Conn., on the 3rd of December. He has a contract with 20th Century-Fox. He has appeared in "The Country Beyond," "The Crime of Dr. Forbes," "The Bowery Princess." Incidentally, it may interest you to know that he and Astrid Allwyn were recently married.

Joseph Fredric H. I take it you are a regular fan for Fredric March. Well, we agree on that subject. Wait and see! "A Star is Born" is his next picture. Robert Barrat was not in the cast of "The Plainsman." George Brent, Beverly Roberts, Barton MacLane, Robert Barrat and Alan Hale in "God's Country and the Woman."

Hugh Mac. Frank McHugh was born on May 23, 1899, in Homestead, Pa. He began his theatrical career when he was nine years old. Managed to go through grammar and high school in Pittsburgh between scenes. With various theatrical organizations, he has played every state in the Union. To say nothing of appearing on the London stage. His first picture rôle was in "Bright Lights." He is married to a non-professional, has three children, plays tennis and golf—also ping-pong and poker!

Anita B. I wouldn't have space to tell you all about Nat Pendleton, for his career is rather varied and unusual; however, to begin with, his name is Nat Pendleton, really. And he was born in Davenport, Iowa, August 9, 1903. He attended Columbia University, and was captain of a wrestling team there. He aspired to be the world's champion wrestler—but that ambition was frustrated when he appeared in several Broadway shows and finally became a film player. His fluent knowledge of many languages, love of adventure, plus his 6 feet and 200 pounds, landed him in

Mexico as a member of the Mexican Secret Police hunting bandits! Incongruous as it sounds, his favorite food is pineapple and cream cheese salad; his pet occupation, being a film comedian; and his diversions, chess and crap-shooting.

George K. Nov. 20, 1921, is the date of the birth of George Ernest, in Pittsfield, Mass. Jackie Cooper was born in Los Angeles. His education was begun in kindergarten, and followed by private tutoring. He has light brown hair and gray eyes.

Dorothy I. L. No, Bruce Cabot is not his real name. It is Jacques de Bujac. He was born in New Mexico, attended the University of New Mexico, and continued his studies at the University of Tours, France. He appeared in both "The Great Jasper" and "Ann Vickers."

Hulda F. Why don't you write to Warner Bros studio, Burbank, California, for a picture of Dick Powell? Dick's next will be "The Singing Marine."

A Rabid Roz Russell Rooter. Thanks for the congratulations! Rosalind Russell was born in Waterbury, Conn. Her father is a lawyer. Rosalind attracted attention through her stage work, and made her debut in pictures in "Evelyn Prentice," under the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer banner. She has recently been assigned to play opposite Robert Montgomery in "Night Must Fall."

Margaret C. The composer-arranger of the musical score of "Charge of the Light Brigade" is Max Steiner.

E.M.B. So you like Ray Milland? Will you like him just as well when I tell you that he is married? He is a little over 6 feet, weighs 170, has gray eyes and dark hair. He appeared in "The Big Broadcast of 1937," a Paramount picture and that company has big plans for him.

Genevieve E. Yes, Jimmie Ellison did play in "The Plainsman," and he also had a featured rôle in "Hopalong Cassidy," and "Hitch-Hike Lady." His name is James Ellison Smith, and he was born at Valier, Montana, on May 4th. He isn't married, is 6 feet, 3 inches tall, with brown hair and blue eyes; he lives in Hollywood, and will soon be seen in "Twenty-Three and a Half Hours' Leave." Anything else?



Maureen O'Sullivan can't make up her mind whether to kiss, or wait to be kissed by Allan Jones, in a scene from "A Day at the Races."

MOST COLDS ARE INHALED



Guard this
INHALING ZONE
with **PEPSODENT**
the 10-Second Germ-Killer!

It's the 10-second Germ Killer, even diluted with $\frac{2}{3}$ water **PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC**

Makes your dollar go 3 times as far!

• How do germs enter your body? How do colds start?

"You inhale most colds!" say authorities. Millions of germs are breathed-in every day of your life! Then, when your resistance is low, they have their chance to attack . . . to infect sensitive throat membranes!

Kill the germs

The health of yourself and your family may depend on this safety measure. Gargle twice daily with Pepsodent Antiseptic. For it's the 10-Second Germ-Killer!—your protective aid against colds and sore throats resulting from the common cold.

Get over colds twice as fast

So effective is Pepsodent that, in tests on 500 people, Pepsodent users got rid of colds twice as fast as others! Results were so clear cut that there's no argument as to what you may expect! What's more, Pepsodent is "the thrifty antiseptic"—one of the most economical you can buy. For it is a 10-Second Germ-Killer even when diluted with $\frac{2}{3}$ water. Thus Pepsodent lasts 3 times as long as other leading mouth antiseptics, and makes your dollar go 3 times as far.

In Germ-Killing Power—

**1 BOTTLE
PEPSODENT
ANTISEPTIC**

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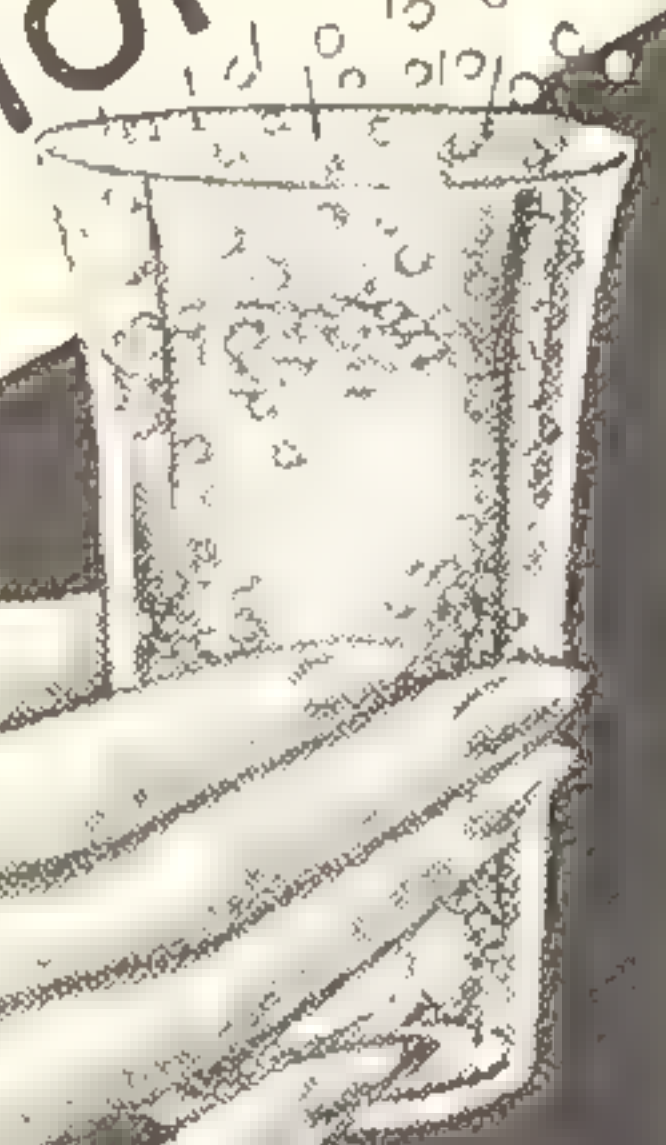
**3 BOTTLES
OTHER LEADING KINDS**

LASTS 3 TIMES AS LONG. YOUR DOLLAR GOES 3 TIMES AS FAR!



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When You Suffer with Headaches, Colds or Acid Indigestion?



You SHOULD Take Alka-Seltzer

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a sparkling, pleasant tasting solution. Drink it and it does TWO very important things for you. First, it relieves the pain and discomfort in just a few minutes. Second, it helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition. Be wise—alkalize with Alka-Seltzer.

At All Drug Stores . . . 30c and 60c Pkgs.
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Blondes! and "Browns" too!



Give Your Hair That Lighter Natural "Spun-Gold" Look With This New Shampoo and Rinse — — — 3 Shades Lighter in 15 Minutes Without Harsh Bleaches or Dyes.

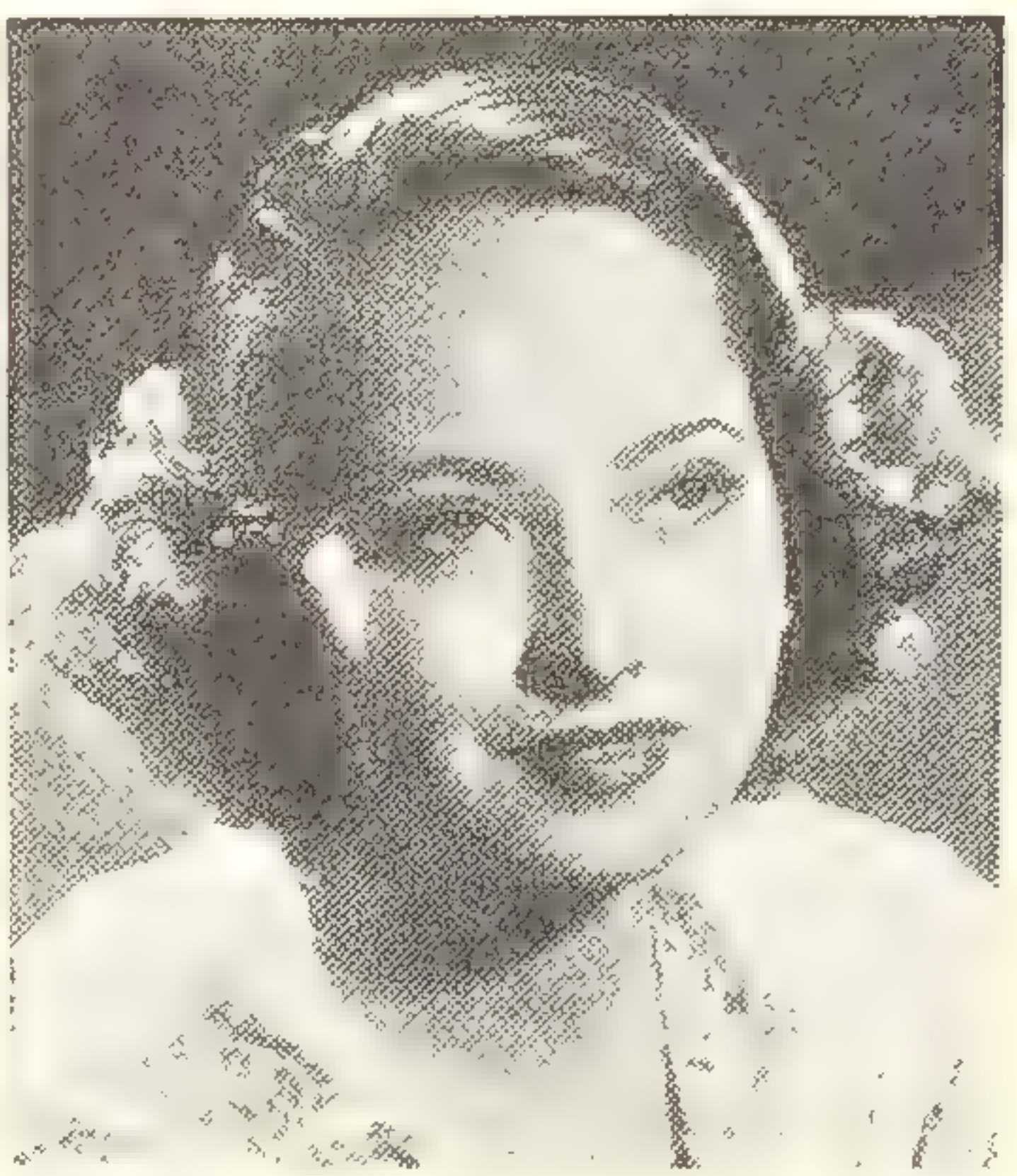
Here at last is an easy way to bring out the full radiant loveliness of blonde or brown hair. Try New Blondex, the Shampoo and Special Golden Rinse that washes it 2 to 4 shades lighter and brings out the natural lustrous golden sheen, the alluring highlights that can make the hair so attractive. New Blondex costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. Used regularly, it keeps your scalp and hair healthy and lovely, gleaming with lustrous highlights. Get Blondex today. New combination package, shampoo with FREE RINSE, now also in a new 10c size—at all stores.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE

Unretouched Close-ups

Realist—or do we mean surrealist?—impressions of reel people. Read 'em and smile!

By Malcolm H. Oettinger



Merle Oberon
Baby THAIS; champagne cup on the Sahara.



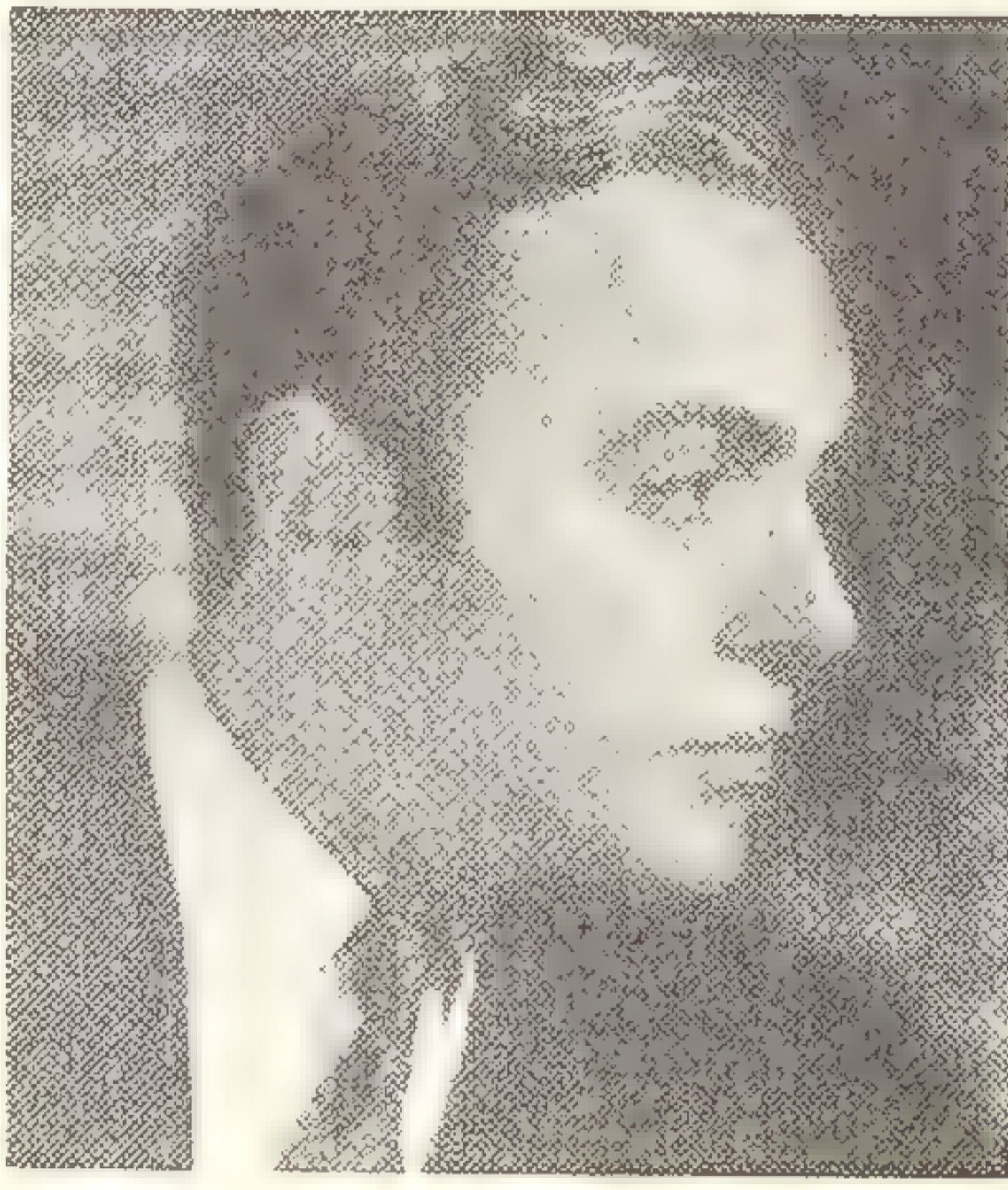
James Stewart
Tom Sawyer at college; stout fella.



Francis Lederer
Faun in cutaway; cupid's advocate.



Eleanor Powell
Wallflower who learned to dance.



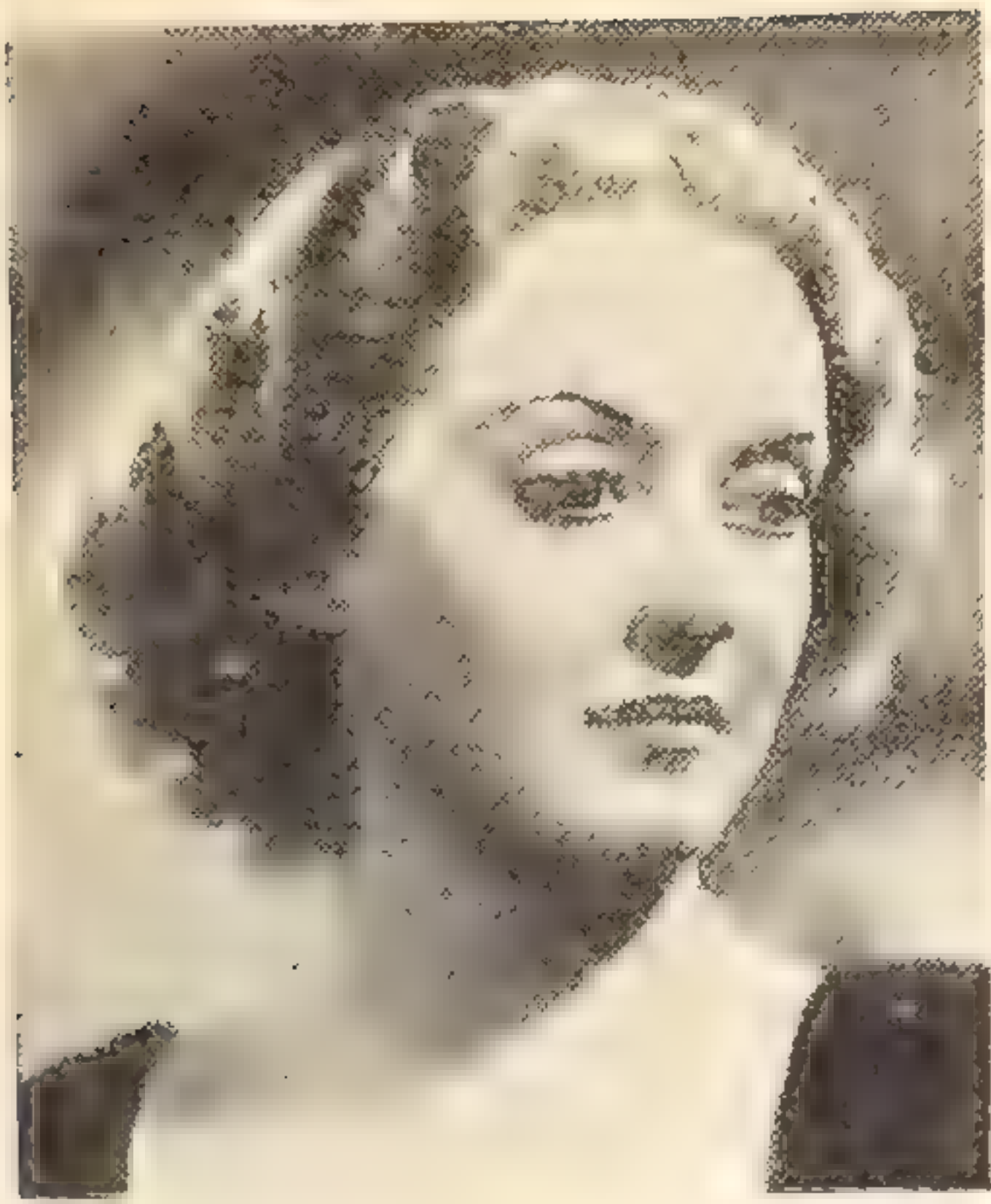
Charles Boyer
Continental beau; virtuoso of sex.



Mae West
Overstuffed idol with feet of clay.



Hepburn
Race horse left at post; election promise.

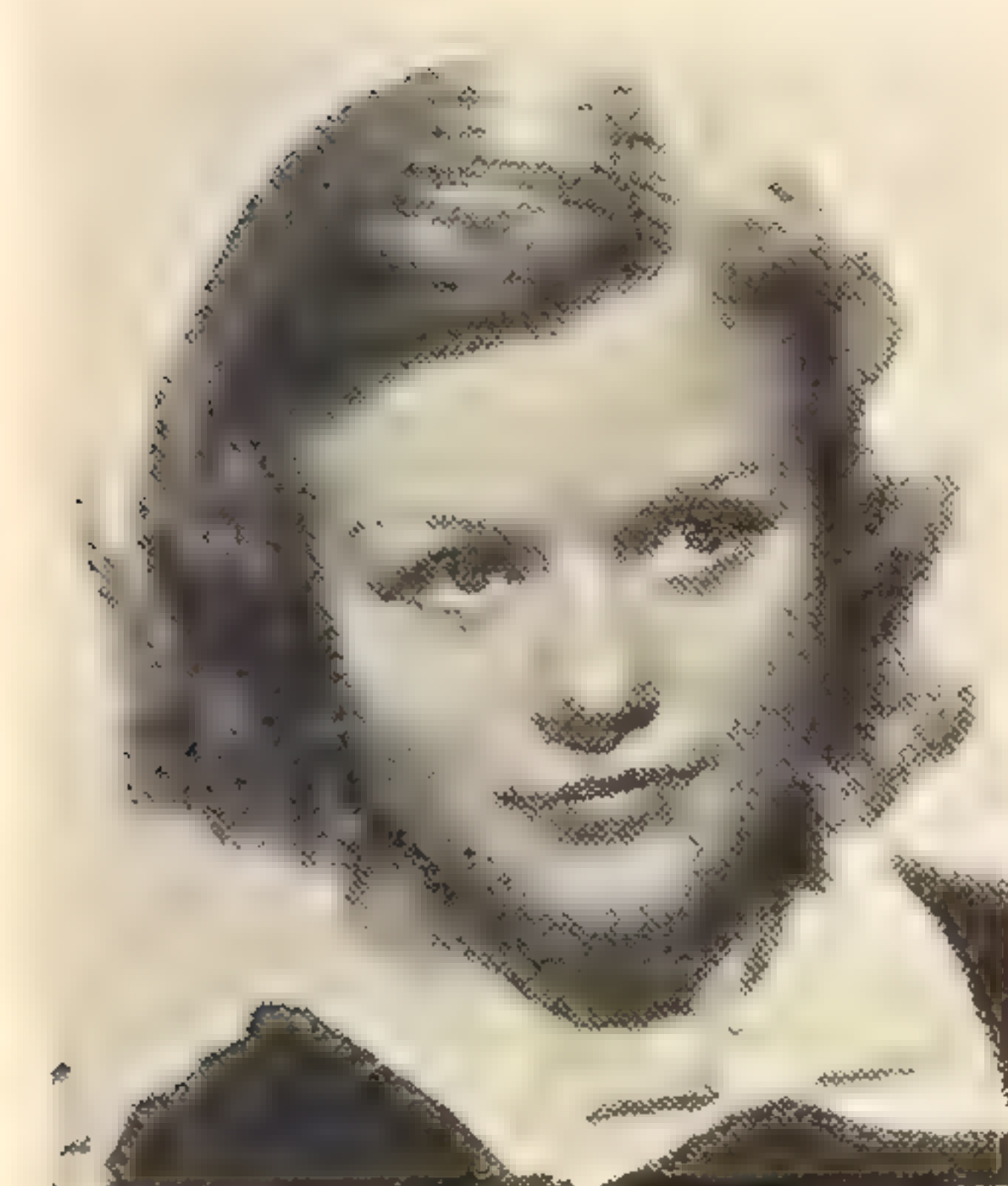


Bette Davis
Banked fires;
nitro in a
vanity case.



Robert Taylor
Child of nature; Romeo-do-deo-do.

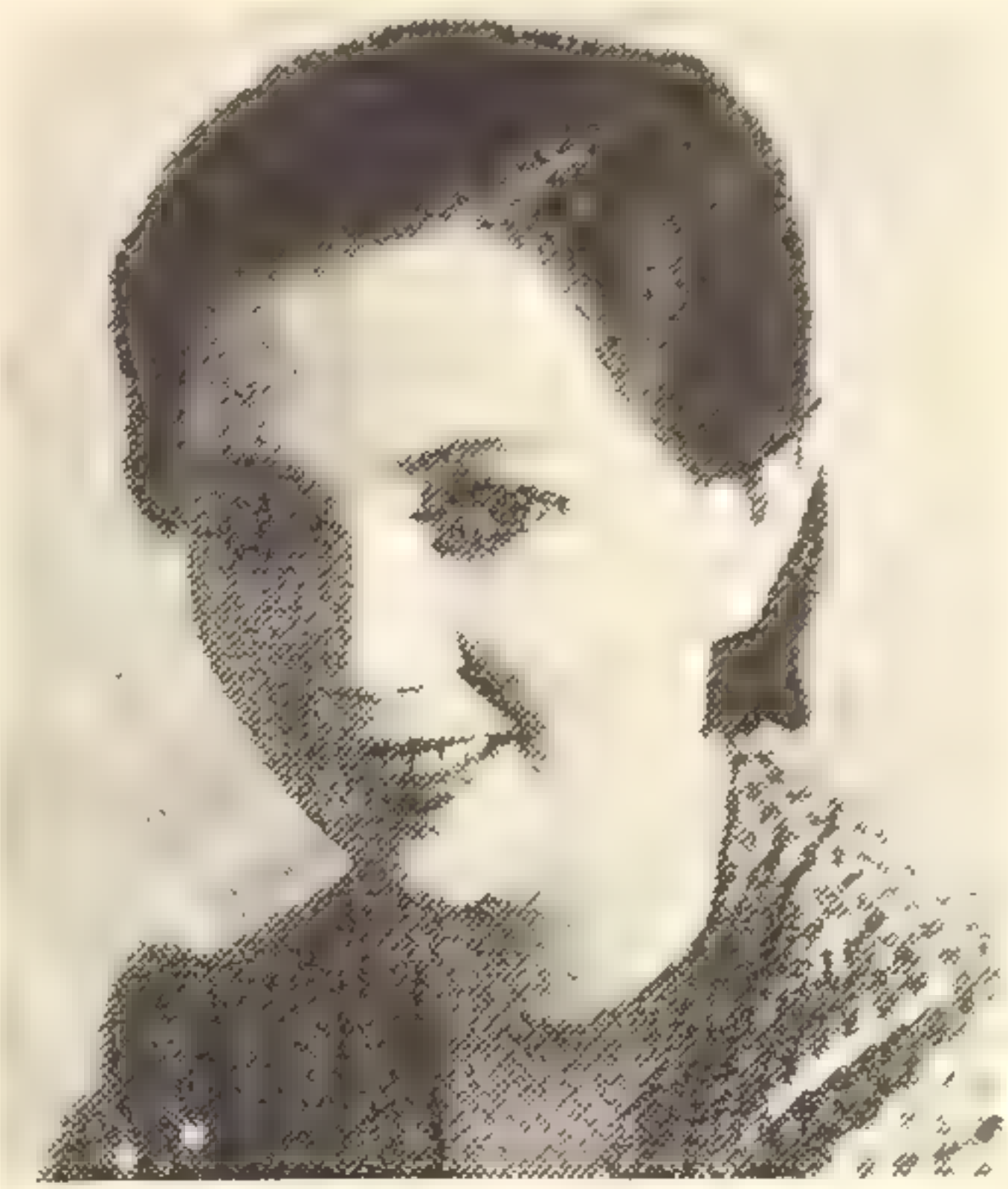
Grace Moore
High C and
icy; night-
ingale in er-
mine.



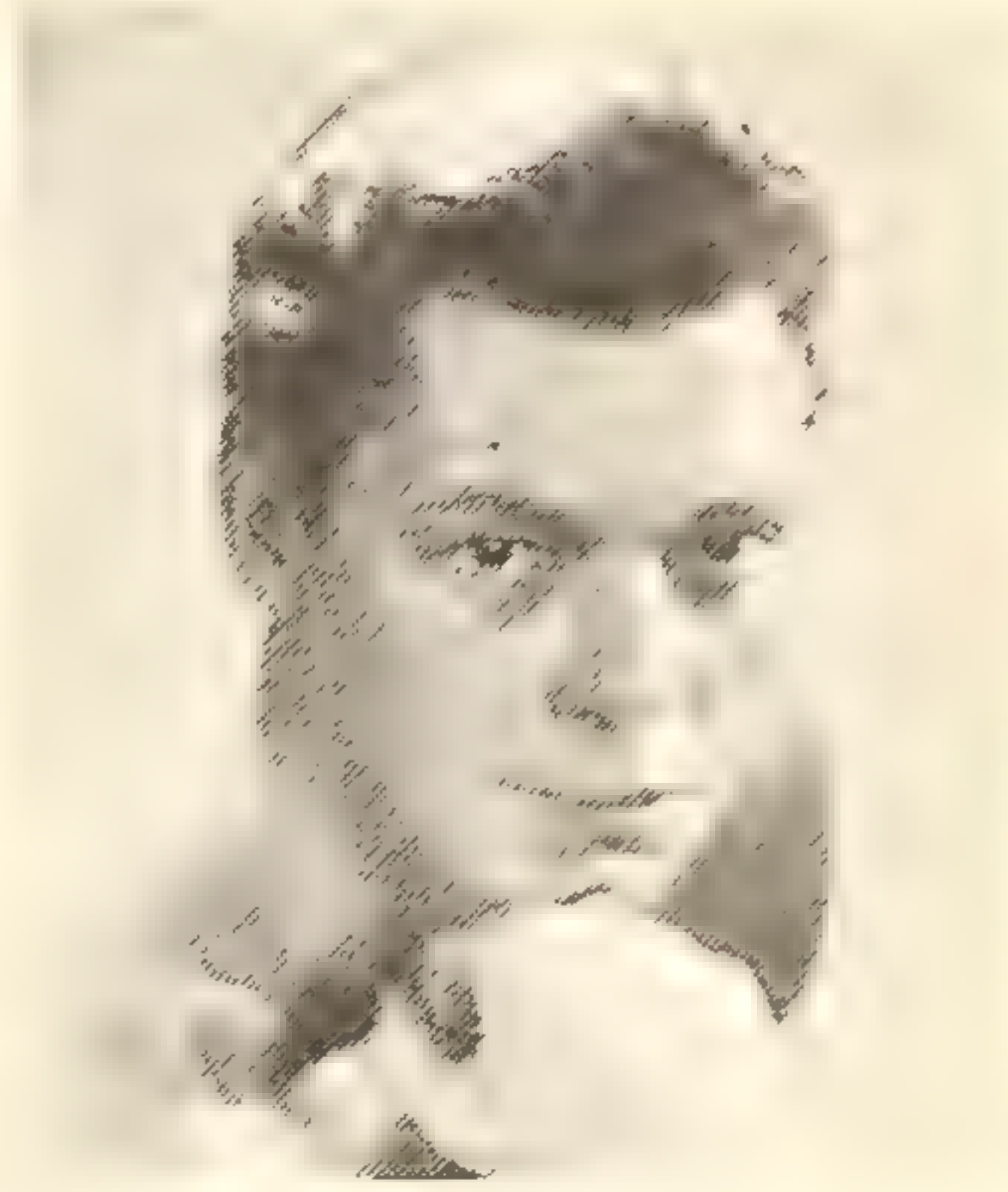
Simone Simon
Pout-pout; bally-
hoodoo'd.



Ted Healy
Lucid interval;
keeper of the pink
elephants.



Patsy Kelly
Ugly duckling with
enlarged funny
bone.



Johnny Weissmuller
Obbligato on a G
string.

**STOP GRINNING LIKE A
MONKEY, BOB—A RUN'S
NO JOKE TO ME!**

RUNS MEAN
SKIMPING ON
LUNCHES—

THAT IS TOUGH,
FRAN. CAN'T
YOU STOP
THE THINGS?

A FEW WEEKS LATER
HAVEN'T HEARD
ABOUT RUNS FOR
AGES!

ALL ON ACCOUNT
OF LUX! IT SAVES
ELASTICITY,
THAT'S WHY IT
CUTS DOWN
ON RUNS!

FRAN, I CUT DOWN RUNS
WITH LUX!

HONESTLY?
I'LL GET SOME
RIGHT
AWAY

The Lux Way to Cut Down Runs

- 1 Lux stockings after every wearing to remove perspiration.
- 2 Turn stockings inside out—squeeze lukewarm Lux suds through them.
- 3 Rinse in lukewarm water. Squeeze water out—never twist or wring! Then shape and dry—but *not* near heat.
- 4 Don't risk soaps containing harmful alkali, or cake-soap rubbing. These may weaken elasticity—then runs may start.
- 5 Lux contains no harmful alkali. It saves elasticity—cuts down on costly runs.

**Saves Stocking
Elasticity...**

LUX

**LOVERS WHO LIFT
YOUR HEART TO
THE STARS...in the
tenderest romance of
our time!**

SIMONE SIMON

...emerging as the screen's
greatest star...in the role
she was born to play!

and

JAMES STEWART

in

**'SEVENTH
HEAVEN'**

with

**JEAN HERSHOLT • GREGORY
RATOFF • Gale Sondergaard
J. Edward Bromberg • John Qualen
Victor Kilian • Thomas Beck
Sig Rumann • Mady Christians**

Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith

Adapted from the stage play "Seventh
Heaven" • produced and directed by
John Golden • written by Austin Strong



Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

This was heaven
—to make one
man her life...her
love...her world!



The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Fred MacMurray



Fred, left, is one of the finer young actors in Hollywood. He's happily married to a beautiful girl, shown with him at right, and is proud of it. Why, then, does his company insist upon his soft-peddling his marital bliss? Something to boast about, say we!



DEAR Fred MacMurray:
Friendly warning!

Your road in Hollywood has so far been smooth, bump-free, straight, and fast. But now there are detours ahead; and because they're keeping you so busy out there turning out picture after picture, you may have missed them; therefore I'm pointing them out to you herewith. Oh, don't mention it.

First of all, though it may sound funny to you, your best friend, Paramount Pictures, is also one of your best little menaces. Here's the company that discovered you, coached you, gave you your first break, and has kept right on boosting you ever since, until now you are one of the potentially most important men in pictures. You've shown your gratitude by your serious attitude toward your job, your unceasing efforts to improve, your willingness to take on more hard work all the time. Far from biting the hand that feeds you, Fred, you're letting it smack you down—in a nice way of course.

Here's the story as I see it. You're the best example of the clean-cut young upstanding American type to come to Hollywood in a long, long time. That's why the world likes you. You're regular; down-to-earth; everyday—only better-looking. So when you married the girl of your choice, everybody cheered. I don't think it retarded your progress at all—your girl and women fans admired your taste, kept on crowding to see your pictures. A good story there, on all your marriage has meant to you, now that the flurry of the first news and views has died down, and you've had a chance to work out a recipe for how to be happy though married in Hollywood. A beautiful, intelligent wife to furnish extra-specially pictorial art to go with the story. It had pizzazz. So you gave us the interview, and a good one. It was all set—when your company, Paramount, suddenly went all adither in the best Zasu

Pitts manner and decided, but definitely, that its precious MacMurray must NOT talk about his marriage; that as far as publicity was concerned he might just as well not be married at all; and any other kind of interview would do, but the subject of marriage for Mr. MacMurray was out. Well, no; they couldn't exactly deny that Fred was married; there was a little item and a news picture that leaked out here and there in about one million magazines and newspapers; but suddenly impersonating an ostrich dear old Paramount Pictures, of which I've always been *very* fond, hid its head in the sands of time and brooded upon Valentino, Bing Crosby's twins, and only Aunt Betsy knows what else. The upshot of the whole thing, Fred, is an edict that you are not to give out any interviews about your marriage. And you, being one of the better-mannered, more tractable stars, obeyed.

And now we come to the hard part. Usually, I'm taking stars to task for ingratitude, snootiness, and general hellraising. This time, I'm counseling you to be bad for your own good, defy Papa Paramount, and don't soft-pedal your marriage. The public, of which I am one and proud of it, is smart enough to know that the Fred MacMurrays of this world, not being footloose and Latin, are snapped up by the charming Mrs. MacMurrays; and polygamous publicity hopes are unworthy of a decent, hard-working star like you. You were swell enough not to let Hollywood change you in the first place. Don't let it get you now.

Delight Evans



Doesn't look like a deadly rival of anybody, does he? Well, in this exclusive feature story Clark Gable, for the first time, takes up the question of how he feels about Robert Taylor.

Gable and Taylor Rivals?

Mr. Taylor. Yet there are those who suspect they may smile in a bowing acquaintance and still have knives up their sleeves. Or, another happy thought, they may shake hands like prizefighters formally introduced in the ring and at the same time only be waiting to slaughter each other in hot blood.

If you can believe all you hear, this is how it is. But is it? Why heed wild rumors, accept snap judgments, reach irresponsible conclusions? Why not get this straight from Clark & Bob?

"I see Taylor as a rival!" marvels Mr. Gable, spreading his four-square smile. "Never even thought of such a thing. Bob's a fine boy, a fine-looking boy, a young, healthy, virile, clean, intelligent American boy, and God knows we need more of them in this business. I'm glad he came along. He has taken some of the burden off my shoulders, and I'm grateful to him. I've worked plenty. I do too many pictures. I'd rather do less and be seen less. For a long time Bob Montgomery and I were the only leading men on the lot, and we were kept going from one woman star to another.

Bill Powell has been here for only the last year and a half. Then Spencer Tracy joined the gang. Now, with Taylor, there are five of us. And as for Bob all I can say, and say it from the heart, is welcome to our Culver City."

Mr. Taylor is all but diffident as he hesitates to say: "I don't know how Gable feels about me, but I'd like to be a pal of his. He's completely a man. When I came here people kept asking, 'Why don't you get acquainted with Clark?' I told them, 'He doesn't want any of me.' You see, I felt he was too big to be bothered with small-fry. So for a long time it was just a case of 'Hello' or 'How are you?' when we happened to pass on the lot. I'd been a fan of his ever since seeing him in 'Free Soul'—still am. After that picture I talked about him for weeks, then did more talking when I saw him in 'The Secret Six.' But I didn't have the nerve to talk to him on the lot. Finally there was a matter of business I wanted his advice on, and I got up guts enough to ask him if he'd let me see him about it. He opened up like a book, and he's been swell ever since. Now we go to

OF COURSE, it's an unusual situation. For that matter, there has never been one like it. For here are not only the two most popular actors in the world, Clark Gable, long-reigning favorite, and Robert Taylor, new idol of the screen, but they are stars of the same motion picture company and both working on the same lot.

Ticklish is no word for it! With this delicate state of affairs people are thinking, even saying, they must be deadly rivals. Everything considered, this is natural enough to suppose. In fact, it isn't hard to believe. Small wonder, then, that Hollywood wiseacres go about shaking their heads and muttering darkly. They fondly hope for the worst. Nothing, in their cherished opinion, could possibly be worse unless it were two actresses put on the same spot. Then, oh joy! hair would be pulled and eyes scratched out. But if ladies are never gentlemen, as some sage has shrewdly observed, actors always are—anyway, appear to be.

As for appearances, it would be difficult—does someone protest impossible?—to improve upon Mr. Gable and

Read the real truth! Clark and Bob want you to get it straight, so they speak up

By
Charles Darnton

lunch together, and I get a big kick out of it. My being a leading man hasn't made any difference. I couldn't be a rival of his even if I were chump enough to have any such fool idea."

Mr. Gable: "I never look on anyone playing with me, or for the same producing company, as a rival. No good actor is a rival, he's an asset. Everyone has his own individual way of doing things, and I never felt I had something that no one else had."

Mr. Taylor: "No one, least of all myself, could be a rival of Gable, any more than anyone might have been of Valentino. Clark is in a class by himself. He can't be likened to any other actor, no more than two fingerprints can be alike."

So that's cleared up! But you are now befogged by something else—two high-powered stars speaking of themselves as leading men. What is this, undue modesty?

"That's the way I figure myself," explains Mr. Gable. "When I came into pictures I hadn't the faintest notion of ever becoming a star. Such a possibility never entered my head. Far from it, I didn't think I could even be a leading man, for at that time leading men were different from those of today. I wasn't a pretty boy. And, anyway, they didn't think much of stage actors then. They'd rather have a good-looking doorman or a truck-driver. My looks, romantically, weren't worth a nickel. I'd never have got my foot in at all if it hadn't been for gangster pictures. All that saved me was that I could look tough."

"I certainly don't consider myself a star," declares Mr. Taylor. "I'm more than satisfied with the way things are going. That's all right with me, good enough and a whole lot better than I ever expected. I suppose it's only natural for some guys to dream of being another Gable, but I'm not funny that way. And, when you stop to figure 'em out, the odds are all against this starring thing. All you have to do is consider the fact that there aren't many stars compared with all the people who try to get to the top. I'm content to be right where I am. Anyway, I literally can't be a star unless I'm billed as 'Robert Taylor in Something-or-Other.' Not that I want to be. It's a mystery to me how I ever got this far. I put it all down to luck."

You may put it down to something more. But with Robert Taylor it's all in the lap of the gods—and maybe a few goddesses.

"I was lucky to get anywhere," Mr. Gable is grateful to say. "It's all in the luck of the game. But popularity in pictures is very temporary. It may be for this year, then it's gone forever. You're up today and down to-



How does Taylor, new crown prince of motion pictures, feel toward Gable, long-reigning king of the Metro lot? Charles Darnton has persuaded Bob to speak his mind solely for SCREENLAND.

morrow. There's no use trying to keep it up. You just have to struggle along and make the best of it. But the trouble today is that the average beginner wants to start as a star and work down. He needn't worry about the working-down part—there's sure to be plenty of people to help him. What has helped me most of all is experience. I've had seventeen years of it. Best of all was that I got in theatrical stock companies. It's unfortunate we haven't them today, for there's no other place where an actor gets such valuable training. It's like an interne learning to be a doctor. Bob Taylor is fortunate for having studied in the studio dramatic class. He came out of it knowing something about the work he was going to do. I only hope there'll be more like him. We haven't enough young actors to fill the bill. It is because of the lack of them that there are so many foreign actors in American pictures. Not that I object to them generally. But I don't think it a good idea to have foreigners play American characters, for no matter how good they are they can't be convincing. It takes actors like Taylor to play those parts. When I (*Please turn to page 92*)

Hollywood's Riddle Woman

Luise Rainer, in this startling, yet sensitive life portrait, reveals her conflict of ideas and emotions

By Charles Lancaster

HAS marriage solved her life problem for Luise Rainer? Has it brought her the happiness she dearly yearned for? Has it saved her from the loneliness she felt as a stranger in a strange land?

These are the questions Hollywood is asking, perplexed as it is by the disturbing reports following the surprise wedding of the Viennese film star and the New York playwright, Clifford Odets.

For scarcely had news of it got into print than Hollywood was amazed to hear the bride was living at her home while the bridegroom remained at his hotel. No sooner did close friends explain this to be only partly true, because of work on a scenario which had to be rushed out by the writer, than further astonishment was caused by the fact that the actress had taken train to New York. Again those supposedly in the know were ready to account for this flight by declaring business had necessitated the trip. Yet none other than the benedict himself then was credited with the statement that his bride was so delighted with the reception given her performance in "The Good Earth" that she had gone to the metropolis to celebrate her triumph by seeing Broadway plays.

Naturally, these confus- *(Please turn to page 82)*

Rainer has flashed from one brilliant performance to another since her arrival in America as the not widely heralded Viennese actress you see at left. Above, two poses from "The Great Ziegfeld." Center, left, a scene with Paul Muni; and lower, Luise in another pose as the Chinese wife in "The Good Earth." Right, her favorite sport is tennis. Top, her favorite pet is a Scottie.





Dick Powell puts his heart in his toast to his bride, Joan Blondell.

Wide World

What Marriage Means to Dick Powell

IT IS quite clear from reading Kathleen Norris and looking at my friends' lives that marriage means something. (I don't know what because I am one of those who live alone, though it doesn't necessarily follow that I like it.) Funny, isn't it, how it changes people. Sort of brings out an in-

ward glow of happiness and contentment. There's Dick Powell, for example. Gay, debonair Dick, who used to be the most romantic young bachelor in Hollywood, with dozens of beautiful blondes, brunettes, and henna-rinses calling him on the phone morning, noon, and night. I remember talking to him at a Valentine party over a year ago. There were six dames there stark mad for Dick Powell, until one passed out and then there were five.

"Lucky Dick," I said. "Healthy, wealthy, and wise. Foot-loose and fancy free. You ought to be the happiest

This lively narrative of life in the Powell-Blondell home—exclusive, and first interview about their marriage—tells a story you mustn't miss

By Elizabeth Wilson

man in this little old world." moment he could, and now he has a home that is a real home, a wife, and Normie. And honey, he simply radiates happiness. I've never seen anything like it. Simply bursting with curiosity I dashed over to the Powell homestead in Beverly Hills to ask Dick what marriage means to him.

"What marriage means to me?" said Dick deftly applying his make-up in his dressing-room. "You don't mind if I go ahead with this, do you? I'm awfully late. Joan forgot to tell me I had a studio call until a few minutes ago. She's a clever little woman, my wife, but

"I'm the unhappiest," said Dick. "I want a home, a real home, not a show case, a wife, and children."

"Salami at sunrise," I said, not believing a single word. But Dick married Joan Blondell, the girl of his choice, the very first



Dick says: "She's a charming and clever little woman, my wife, but she can't remember phone messages." At left you see Joan smiling gaily at that. Below, Dick makes love to Doris Weston in "The Singing Marine." Joan doesn't object—so long as there are not too many retakes.



she just can't remember phone messages. Where were we—what the heck is this in my make-up?" It turned out to be a rather sad replica of Donald Duck and some slightly used chewing gum. I recalled how tidy Dick was in his bachelor days, and prepared for an explosion. But none was forthcoming. "Normie," said Dick, and beamed benignly on the slightly used chewing gum.

"What marriage means to me? Oh yes, what marriage means to me. Well, I'll tell you—" But he didn't. For young Normie toddled in just that moment to wake up Donald Duck who had spent the night so comfortably in Dick's make-up box. Upon seeing Dick, Normie immediately demanded with the seriousness of three going on four, "Daddy Dick, sing *Sanks a Million* for Normie." "No, No, Normie," said Daddy Dick, "not now. Daddy Dick has to rush to the studio and make pictures. Tonight I'll sing." Normie's little lips began to form perfect Simone Simon. "Thanks a million," sang Dick, Normie joined in the chorus, rescued Donald Duck, and went on his way with Daddy Dick's favorite brush. Brandy, (the *Asta* of the Powell menage), was evidently due for another brushing. And then I think how fussy Dick used to be about his toilet articles in Toluca Lake!

"Cute little fellow, isn't he?" said Dick with fatherly pride. "And smart as he can be. Did Joan tell you what he did in Sunday School the other day? All the other little children were singing *Onward, Christian Soldiers*, when suddenly above all those voices could be heard Normie singing away, *Sanks a Million*. I believe he thinks that song was written especially for him. I have to sing it to him every night before he goes to sleep."

"What marriage means to Dick Powell," I said.

"Oh, yes," said Dick. "What marriage means to me. Well, let's see, now. What shall I say? Marriage is—"

"Why, Dick, haven't you left for the studio yet?" It was Mrs. Powell, née Joan Blondell, making an entrance and looking simply devastating in something costly from Schiaparelli.

"No, my bride," said Dick, with the love light in his eyes. "Remember?—you only told me ten minutes ago."

"Yes, dear. And the man at Twentieth said that you were to rush."

"Twentieth?" exclaimed Dick. "Darling, you told me that it was Warner Brothers who called. Think now, darling, think hard. Was it Twentieth Century who wants your husband today, or was it Warner Brothers? It does make a difference, you know."

"Well," said Joan thinking hard, "it may have been Warner Brothers at that. No, it must have been Twentieth Century, because I recall thinking to myself at the time, re-takes on the love scenes, no doubt. Now,

don't get the wrong idea," she said turning to me. "I'm not jealous. I wouldn't be a snoopy, jealous movie wife for anything in the world, but do you know that they have re-taken Dick's love scenes in 'On the Avenue' three times already? Really, now!" Not jealous, but just observing, that's Joan.

Dick was very busy extracting a garnet bracelet and several keys from his handkerchief drawer. Dick, who used to be so orderly it was painful. "My wife," he said, "is a charming creature, and she has a very lovely jewel case. But for some strange reason which I have not been able to fathom she much prefers to hide her trinkets in my dresser drawers. Your garnet bracelet, my love, and would you mind telling the nice lady here the little story about the mysterious disappearance of the garnet bracelet while I slip into some clothes?"

"Oh, *that*," said Mrs. Powell with a delicious gurgle. "Well, you see Dick gave me the garnet bracelet for Christmas, and a mink coat—"

"What marriage means to Dick Powell," I said to myself.

"And I didn't think the catch was very strong so I had it sent back to the jeweler's. Then I had the flu and while I was in bed one day, trying to decide whether I would live or die and what of it, the maid brought me a box from the jeweler's—which I opened, tried the catch, it seemed all right, so I put the bracelet down on the table beside the bed. Two days later I remembered it, went to look for it where I had left it on the table, and it wasn't there. I was frantic. I looked through all of Dick's dresser drawers and still I couldn't find it. I began to suspect my guests—but no, I couldn't do that—nor the servants—but I would have to call the police at once. In the midst of my hysterics the maid came (*Please turn to page 76*)

How Has He Done It?



Warner Baxter is the prize exception to Hollywood's fickleness in bestowing honors. Here's the real answer to a question you've often asked

By William H. McKegg

HOW has he done it? You ask this question as you regard the Hollywood career of Warner Baxter, for more changes occur in the movie capital in ten years than anywhere else in a century.

The Hollywood stage is constantly changed. Each change clears the stage. Players come and go. Shakespeare is right. They strut their hour or two and then are heard no more.

Warner Baxter is the prize exception. He disregards the few hours of fame allotted to actors by the Bard. Changes come and other stars go, but Baxter goes on.

The people like him. He's a fine actor and interesting to see.

"I like him because he always seems like a human being," a delightful lady informed me not so long ago. I asked her what she meant. "Well," she added, "the majority are actors. You are conscious of this while you watch them. Warner Baxter convinces you by what he does because he never suggests the actor."

There might be something to this. In fact, it might be the secret of Warner's long popularity. Other players should try it some time if they believe their last strut is imminent.

However, I've known Warner long enough to form a very definite conclusion of my own. And you know me—with secret knowledge in my possession, I yearn to let the uninformed get in on the ground floor.

I've seen Warner face the Latin peril and come through unscathed. I've watched him surrounded by the juvenile jubilee and keep right on going. I've noted his position with the coming of talkies and regarded his rising to full stardom.

Yes, how has he done it? I ask it. The fans ask it. And many other players crave to know, biting their nails, hoping to remain on the screen as long as Warner.

"I could never have done a thing unless I first had visualized it, then planned it," Warner remarked to me one afternoon. "After a particular goal had been attained, I started out for something new. For I've always understood one truth: that everything keeps moving. Everything in life is constant change."

Leaning against the low wall on one of the terraces of his place, we looked down on a rustic waterfall, as it surged forth over ferned rocks in its seemingly eternal play of water.

I was with Warner at his Bel Air home. It is of English architecture, set firm and square on a hill top, its grounds declining in rock levels. The well-fixed bricks of the house give the whole place a look of solidarity, a place impregnable against all storms—if (*Please turn to page 70*)

Warner's portrayals in a series of pictures are marked by a quality of sincerity that carries his audiences with him, mentally and emotionally. At right, a close-up of Baxter in his newest rôle, with Elizabeth Allan as leading lady, in "Slave Ship." Above, off-screen life—an informal picture taken at his Bel Air home.



Hollywood Holiday

By Thyra Samter Winslow

II

"IT ALWAYS seems like a holiday in Hollywood," Marsha Drew said, and knew she was repeating something she had said to Eleanor Morton, her roommate, not so many days before. But this time she was saying it to Keith Knowles, as she was driving out Sunset Boulevard with him.

This *was* a holiday! Though even as she tried to explain what she meant about the holiday atmosphere, the never-quite-real, just-on-the-edge-of-fantasy atmosphere of Hollywood, she had to try to convince herself that what was happening to her was real.

Just on the face of it it wasn't real. Couldn't be real! How could she, Marsha Drew, script girl on the Super Films lot, be going to dinner with Keith Knowles, one of the biggest stars in the world? That was too fantastic even for the dream-like quality of Hollywood!

Keith drove his own car. And drove it very well, too. Marsha liked the way his hands grasped the wheel. The boys she went with, in their rather disreputable cars, seemed to hold on to the wheel firmly, with both hands. Keith sort of held his left hand high at the top of the wheel and only half held the wheel, toward the bottom with his right hand. His hands were firm and brown, his fingers long, his nails a little too well cared for. The kind of hand Marsha loved. She did so hate men with fat, pulpy white hands or little brown hands with too much hair on them. She watched Keith's face as he drove. But she didn't have to convince herself about his face. You don't get famous all over the world because of your good looks unless you've got something. Marsha, watching Keith now, was convinced that he had everything. His skin was a little too pale from too much work indoors, day times, and too many long hours, indoors, at night, but that was the only complaint you could possibly make about him. His nose was aquiline, but not the least bit hawk-like. His eyes were dark. His mouth almost too well curved for a man. His lean cheek, as Marsha looked at it, made her want to take one finger and touch the line of it. She couldn't help but compare him with Lou Page—who was pretty nearly her boy friend. Lou's face was a little too fat, his light hair a little too thin, his eyes light and expressionless. Well, tonight, anyhow, she was with Keith Knowles—didn't have to think of anyone else.

They were at the Trocadero, that amazingly innocent looking one-story white house, around which centers so much of Hollywood's night life. Keith drove up with a sort of casual flourish and half a

dozen waiting boys came up to seize the car. One drove it to the parking space. The others scraped and bowed. They all knew Keith Knowles. Marsha hoped she looked well enough so that he wasn't ashamed of her.

They went into the glittering lobby, while Keith checked his hat. Then into the amazing room which made Marsha hold her breath just a little. She'd never been to "the Troc" before. The entire back of the room was of panelled glass and the city stretched out below, a Christmas tree of glittering lights. An orchestra was playing, and, although all of the tables seemed occupied, the dance floor was already crowded.

The head waiter bowed to Keith, found him an excellent ring-side table. It didn't occur to



The most romantic serial of the year! Don't miss the exciting adventures-in-love of a girl who kept her head, though not her heart, in Hollywood

Please Turn to Page 93 for Synopsis of Preceding Chapter



Just as Marsha was feeling completely miserable alone at a table at the "Troc," Keith came back, gaily, nonchalantly, without even a murmur of apology. And he brought back some curious people.

Marsha to wonder—she was so busy wondering about other things—why the table was much larger than two people could possibly need.

Keith ordered drinks. And then they danced. And Marsha found out one thing about Keith—just as he hadn't asked her if she wanted to go to the Trocadero, now he really didn't ask her to dance. His "shall we dance?" was far more of a command. For Keith was spoiled. He did what *he* wanted to do at exactly the minute he wanted to do it. And so far, that pleased Marsha a great deal. For she wanted to do exactly what he wanted.

She liked the way he danced. Of course. He was much taller than she was and he held her firmly. She was so glad she was a pretty good dancer for he did a lot of difficult steps, though he danced so easily that you didn't realize they were tricky.

It seemed to Marsha that everyone was watching them. A lot of people spoke to Keith. Some casually. Some, with apparently great affection. Others waiting eagerly for a word or a look of recognition. She heard whispers, "That is Keith Knowles, the star," "Isn't he grand looking?" "No, I don't know the girl he's dancing with."

It was all perfect. Just then, anyhow. Through dinner. Through half an hour more of dancing. Keith had a lot of drinks—but then Marsha rather expected men to drink. The men she went

with drank—when they had money to buy drinks. And men in stories were always drinking.

Then Keith wandered away. Marsha didn't mind sitting by herself for a minute or two—but when the minutes lengthened into a quarter of an hour Marsha began to feel vastly uncomfortable. At first she thought of Keith—and with a lovely warmth of feeling. All the little things he had said. They had laughed together over nothing at all. He had told her gay little jokes. They had found a dozen things in common—books they both liked, pictures they had seen, even similar emotions.

But you can't sit and moon over a man you've just met when the busy life of "the Troc" is going on about you. So Marsha looked at the crowd. Motion picture people were no longer a mysterious delight to her. She had seen most of these very people around the studio—knew little things about them. There was the lovely Joan Bennett, looking eighteen, with her writer husband, Gene Markey; Eddie Robinson, who looked a bit like a racketeer, even off the screen, and who was really a gentle and thoughtful philosopher—and who collected rare paintings instead of shot guns; Bette Davis, who scarcely ever went to night clubs, looking lovelier than on the screen, with her musician husband, Harmon Nelson; the brilliant young Englishman, Rowland Leigh, with the Cole Porters, Lawrence Riley, making a "Personal Appearance" with someone Marsha felt must be a visiting celebrity, a hundred others.

But even watching famous people wasn't enough. Young girls in brilliant (Please turn to page 93)

In Defense of Snooty Stars

AND now I have some awful facts for you to face. I always say that there is nothing so depressing as a real honest-to-goodness fact. But in every life some facts must fall, some days must be cold and dark and dreary. Pass the aspirin, ducky.

As you well know Hollywood is the center of the movie industry, it's the cinema capital of the world. It's only twenty-five square miles in area and doesn't stack up with any other capitals by a long shot—why, you could easily lose it in the sewers of Paris, the Vatican in Rome, and under the Supreme Court's bench in Washington. But in this twenty-five square miles, bounded on the North by the Hollywood Hills, on the South by a couple of oil wells, on the East by the Hays office, and on the West by the Trocadero and Connie Bennett's part of the Strip, (no connection with Gypsy Rose Lee), in this petite twenty-five miles, what do we find? Termites. Of course, but that's beside the point. We find five hundred

members of the Press. Five hundred people who can read and write and spell, simple words, of course, and who know what a shift-lock is. In summer there are about a hundred and fifty more, known as the Visiting Press. These members of the Press have to send pages and pages of copy every day to newspapers and magazines all over the world. No copy, no eat. So what? So we send copy, you bet.

Also in this enchanted area of twenty-five miles are six thousand actors—which juicy figure includes stars, featured players, and bit players. Not to mention sixteen thousand extras. Now you would think, wouldn't you, that with six thousand actors and sixteen thousand extras, we five hundred members of the Press who can spell would find plenty of copy to send to those slave-driving *Simon Legrees* whom we laughingly refer to as our editors. Oh, no. Oh, *no!* It isn't as easy as all that. Of the six thousand actors, (and I'm awfully sorry but I am going to have to drop the sixteen thousand extras, not that I am a snob, but simply because all these figures are making me dizzy)—I repeat, of the six thousand actors there are only twenty-eight of them who are considered "copy." Isn't it perfectly appalling! But it's the gospel truth. I just didn't pick the number twenty-eight out of thin air. People in studios who go in for figures seriously have been drawing graphs and charts and things lately, and they presented me with this distressing fact, which



According to very many, the three cinema celestials on this page belong in the front rank of snooty stars. Sylvia Sydney, upper left, avoids those candid cameras; why? Above, Luise Rainer has had the term "temperament" tossed about like a volley ball in stories that have bounced from coast to coast. But if you want to know how that started, read about Luise here. Left: Katharine Hepburn, very much down to earth as she chats with her director on location for "Quality Street," is too much up in the air to suit the press. Now hear Katie's side of it.

I have now passed on to you. Briefly, and right to the point, it amounts to this: Ninety percent of the copy that goes out of Hollywood every day is written about twenty-eight players.

Now twenty-eight players, no matter how versatile, can't do enough things every day to provide copy for five hundred hungry writers, and all the air gossipers besides. It just isn't possible. So what happens? So writers go mad, imaginations run riot—and snooty stars are thrown to the lions. Sylvia Sidney says "Scram" to a photographer, and suddenly it becomes the most important thing in the world, and hundreds of stories and gossip items are written about it before the sun sets. No one of course thought to ask Sylvia Sidney why she said "Scram" to the photographer. She might have a very legitimate reason—but it would spoil the story, and heaven only knows it's hard enough to get stories without having them spoiled. Just let a temperamental, neurotic star happen along who refuses to bow and scrape and show her molars graciously when she comes in contact with her public and the five hundred members of the Press simply go to town. She's snooty, she doesn't co-operate, she spurns her fans. Airs, eh? *We'll* show her! Rat-a-tat-tat across the keyboard. It's only human nature, I suppose, but it's so much more fun writing things about the snooty stars than it is about the "give" girls. Hepburn continues to get ten times more space than Fay

Why Garbo became "mysterious," Rainer a recluse, Colbert, Lombard and others "too aloof." Here's the real story behind many a headline about the stars

By Margaret Angus

Wray. Which gives you an idea how the system works.

Now I'm not blaming the Five Hundred, (who, me? I'm one of the best little offenders in the business); for after all we've got to keep our jobs—it's not *our* fault that there are only twenty-eight actors in Hollywood who are good copy; it's not our fault there's not enough news to go around, we didn't start the star system; we just work here, don't mind us.

But for some reason or other, perhaps it's softening of the brain or hardening of the arteries, I should like to defend for a change those poor little victims of Supply and Demand, the Snooty Stars of Hollywood. And explain to you, if possible, how they got that way. Snooty

stars vary from year to year. Janet Gaynor, who used to be a Snooty Star, is now a Give Girl. Carole Lombard, who used to give all for press, for public, and for dear old Paramount, is now a Snooty Star. The Snooty Stars of today, according to the Five Hundred more or less, are Katharine Hepburn, Luise Rainer, Greta Garbo, Miriam Hopkins, Sylvia Sidney, Carole Lombard *and*, you guessed it, Simone Simon.

Luise Rainer does
(Please turn to page 96)



More of Hollywood's princess royals, according to widely publicized reports. Little Simone Simon, above, scarcely arrived in Hollywood when stories flew thick and fast about the fireworks the petite pet from France could cause around studios. Miriam Hopkins, upper right, has long been a prominent member of the Snooty Star Club, whose membership rolls are arbitrarily written by decree of the report-spreaders. Right, Carole Lombard, long a favorite of those who tell the world about Hollywood, is suddenly declared "snooty." Read how that happened.

Bravest Bride

Ann Sothern is the lovely heroine of Hollywood's most gallant real-life romance

By
Ben Maddox



If you're inclined to believe that actresses are deliberate about romance, read the inspiring story of Ann's marriage and change your mind! Top right, the blonde beauty, close-up. Next, with her husband, Roger Pryor, at their wedding. Above, a screen love scene with Don Ameche. Right, Hollywood's bravest bride at home.



their bridal plane had a forced landing and how Ann, with her orchids and mink and maid, and Roger were stuck in a one-horse town. You haven't heard of their spectacular arrival in Chicago and of their strange, hectic honeymoon. Nor of the lonely sequel. They were full of bright ideas about flying back and forth on alternate week-ends; so far their respective jobs have allowed but two visits.

SCREENLAND presents the entire fascinating story because it is the tale of a remarkable girl, remarkable because she has made herself famous the hard way—although she has reached for the moon

SHOULD a smart girl forget all the modern warnings and be outrageously, recklessly romantic? *Can she afford this?*

The one person I know who can answer, who can talk because she herself has dared to experiment, is Ann Sothern. Today she still is in the midst of her courageous personal try.

"They say you are a fool to be romantic and I say I am *not* being silly!" she vows, gray eyes flashing. "Yes, and I'm sentimental besides, and I think it's grand to be this way!"

She has no qualms even though things have turned out as they have. Six months ago Ann impetuously married Roger Pryor. They climaxed the gala commotion caused by their sudden wedding by boarding a fancily decorated airplane and flying from Hollywood to Chicago. Then she had to return to California and he has had to stay there!

You haven't heard what's happened since, of how

she has settled for what fate has granted her and made the most of it!

When you first meet Ann Sothern you presume she is all bubbling glamor; her hair is a gorgeous blonde, her make-up is exotic, and her voice trills. But that is the *surface* personality. That is Ann, the movie star.

The girl I discovered behind this theatrical front isn't exotic or frivolous. She is, instead, a college girl who has deliberately made the most of herself. Like Frances Farmer, she hails from the University of Washington. But the gods of Hollywood didn't shower luck on Ann; she's had to climb slowly. She had to find the most flattering sort of make-up herself, diet so her figure would be enviable. When she was told she wasn't star material she had to buck that discouraging verdict.

"There is nothing definite as to when Roger and I can be together again," Ann admits today. "I've been attempting to get away on a (*Please turn to page 72*)

D

izzy
azzling
elicious
UNNE!



She's fed up with these "Patrician of Pictures" and "Dignified Dunne" titles! She wants to have fun; and so she carries on in the "Theodora Goes Wild" manner, in her new picture with Randolph Scott, with whom she is shown at upper right. Above, as a medicine-show entertainer in this story of Pennsylvania's oil boom of 1859 with music by Jerome Kern of "Show Boat" fame. Upper center, a Dunne dance for Dorothy Lamour, second lead in the picture. Finally, a "pom-pom" close-up.

Irene goes gaily wild again in "High, Wide, and Handsome"

MENACE! Here, on this page, are those hearties who provide the sturdy, stalwart qualities to our screen. Take, for example, Humphrey Bogart, at right, who ever since "Petrified Forest" has been busy writing a new celluloid definition of "bad man." Bogart wins the coveted chief rôle in the film of "Dead End;" meanwhile he's toiling at his home studio in other epics. Below, the cryptic Cesar Romero, so villainous he's popular. Left, below, a welcome to Ricardo Cortez, whose Latin good looks are seen too rarely these days. Then, Spencer Tracy, Head Menace Man of the movies, who turns villains into heroes, and makes heroes more human.



Menace or Romance?



ROMANCE! And now, on this page, consider the gentlemen who apparently have everything their own way in their gelatine rôles. They never fail to Get The Girl. They invariably recover the jewels, worst the villain, win the battle, and end in the time-honored clinch. But sometimes we wonder—do they get as much fun as the Menace Men? Well, Robert Donat, at left, always seems a little pained by it all, but perhaps he cheers up in "Knight without Armour," opposite Dietrich. Ian Hunter, below, is the lucky man who's always marrying Kay Francis, for the films. Lower left, Bing Crosby, who can always croon. And Ray Milland, who gets a good grin out of it, anyway!



SCREENLAND'S showcase of important lads of the cinema, to satisfy you whether you prefer to hiss the he-men or applaud the heroes, or even vice versa!



Knee Action!



Knee action that serves the ends of glamor, appealingly evident in the picture of Carole Lombard, right, in "Swing High, Swing Low." Upper left, Evelyn Terry, 18-year-old beauty, and Wayne Morris, above, screen newcomers, use knee action in the athletic sense.



Allan Jones, whose latest film is "A Day at the Races," spends a day at the beach. Above, Tyrone Power likes the knee action of the gray he's riding for the exercise and fun of it.

Notice how it steps up the power of eye=appeal, and adds sparkle and tempo to Hollywood's out=door life



Just the right knee action gives a flair of chic to the stylish gown Eleanore Whitney is wearing in this pose above. Next right, a gal must watch her step for grace of motion when wearing a hula skirt like this. Far right, Olivia de Havilland, in a tricky demonstration of knees at their best as she sways from left to right. Below, perfect knee control enables Jean Harlow to put her best foot forward for Robert Taylor in "Personal Property." Lower right, Anita Louise does a graceful twirl in a merry moment.



False Faces





Artful pretending to make you believe they're somebody else, is a game the screen stars know how to play to perfection. Here are some of your favorites doing their tricks of incognito



Exposing a bit of magical masquerade. The Indian who hops like a frog, across page at upper left, is William Frawley. Below him, you'll recognize Paul Muni in his newest false face for "The Woman I Love." And from left to right across bottom are Cesar Romero, bewiskered and turbanned for "Wee Willie Winkie;" Claude Rains summons up a portrait of the past, the Earl of Hertford, in "The Prince and the Pauper;" Vivienne Osborne, believe it or not, as a "mysterious stranger" in "Danger, Men Working;" and, the most celebrated false face of 'em all, Warner Oland as Charlie Chan. Center, left, Reginald Owen gets a false face to play in "Dangerous Number," and the "beard sculptor" who does the trick looks enough like Bob Taylor to rate a screen test himself. Next, Marlene Dietrich and Robert Donat don't use much make-up on their faces in "Knight Without Armour," but have a look at those hats! Above, the false face familiar to every household—Robert Kent all a-lather.

The Spring Crop

Behold the newcomers! How many will shoot to fame and flourish in the sometimes kind, often cruel Hollywood climate.



Ben Bernie, top, the Old Maestro himself, shown with all the lassies rather than the lads in "Wake Up and Live," may rival his own radio fame in films. Della Lind, above, is M-G-M'S transplanted flower from Europe. And speaking of Continental cuties, consider Luli Deste from Vienna, top right; and Tilly Losch, at right, the "Good Earth" gal. As for home-grown products, we offer Robert Dalton, left, who has that Taylorish look; William Hall, lower left; Orie Heyward, ex-model, below; and Kenny Baker from radio.





An ex-flyer now taking a flyer in films is John Trent, in circle at left. He's soaring. Lynne Carver, below, blossoms in "Maytime." Marla Shelton, right, is the brunette menace to Jean Harlow in "Personal Property," with Robert Taylor. Joan Fontaine, left below, has a flower-like face and grace and Olivia de Havilland for a sister. Dean Jagger, lower left, has a wholesome, manly grin. Sophie Tucker, below, center, the stream-lined "red-hot mama" of stage and night-clubs, has a second blooming in the next "Broadway Melody," with Powell and Taylor. In circle below, Gloria Dickson, who débuts in "The Deep South." Lower right, the statuesque Marcia Ralston in "Call It A Day." What say?



Pleasant Homes— Practically Without Chi-Chi!



Grandeur marks many, but not all of the homes of Hollywood. See these

You've looked at countless pictures of cinemaland costly show-places. Now turn your attention to the unpretentious houses, where life is cheerful in the beauty of simple surroundings, and swank is a stranger who may never enter. Below, Brian Donlevy relaxing in his comfortable rumpus room. Left, Misch Auer and his wife in the very livable living-room of their home. Lower left, Reginald Owen, by his own homey hearth. Lower center, Jane Darwell in her hospitable dining-room. Upper left, Mrs. Asta also likes a simple house—nothing doggy, you know. And Mr. "After The Thin Man" Asta, across to upper right, is equally contented in canine comfort.





One of the pleasantest homes in the screen colony is that of the Ray Millands, pictured in the three views above. At top left, the exterior, with Ray to greet guests at the door. Left center, the living-room, with its tiled fireplace and tasteful furnishings. Above, the bedroom, with its good mahogany furniture with simple lines, its candlewick bedspread, and window hangings designed to permit the maximum of California sunshine. At left, a charming home for a charming lady: Mary Boland is shown arranging flowers in her dainty, yet comfortable living-room. Miss Boland prefers pastel shades, so her carpet is a soft green, and the sofa and chairs covered in pastel brocade. Note the profusion of flowers—Mary's chief extravagance.

Famous Funny Fellows

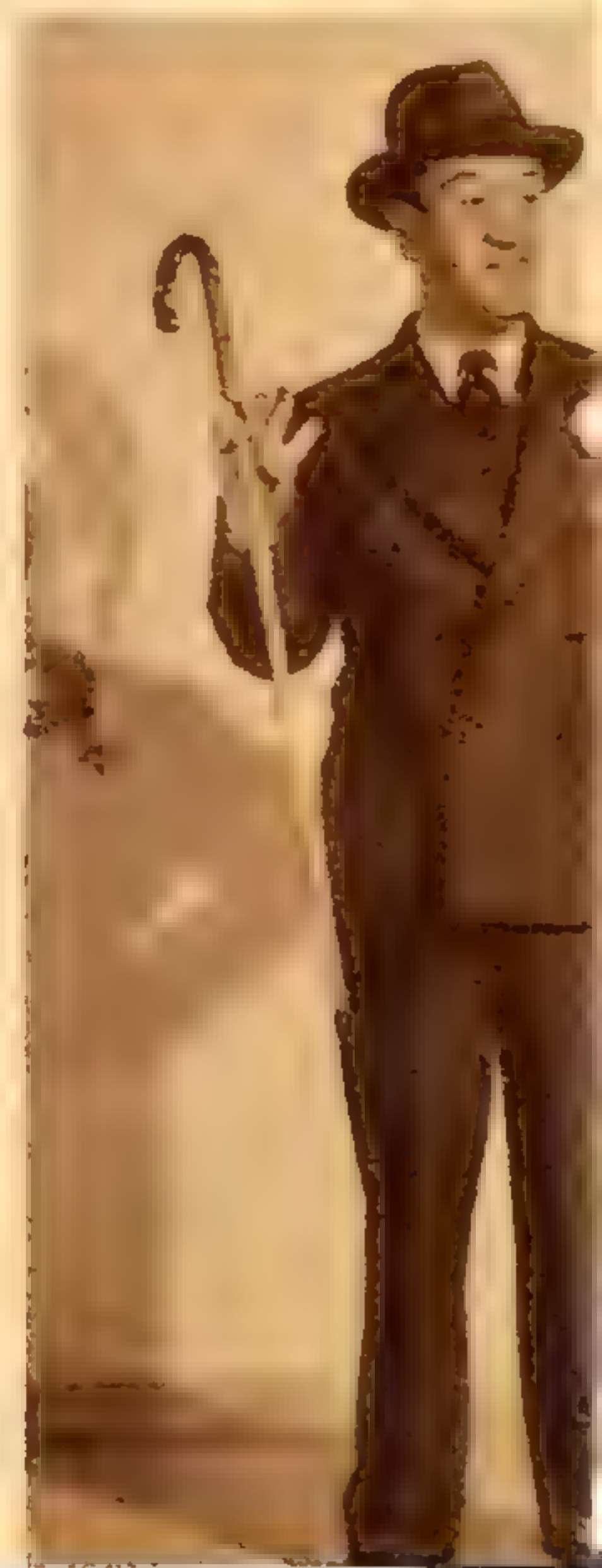
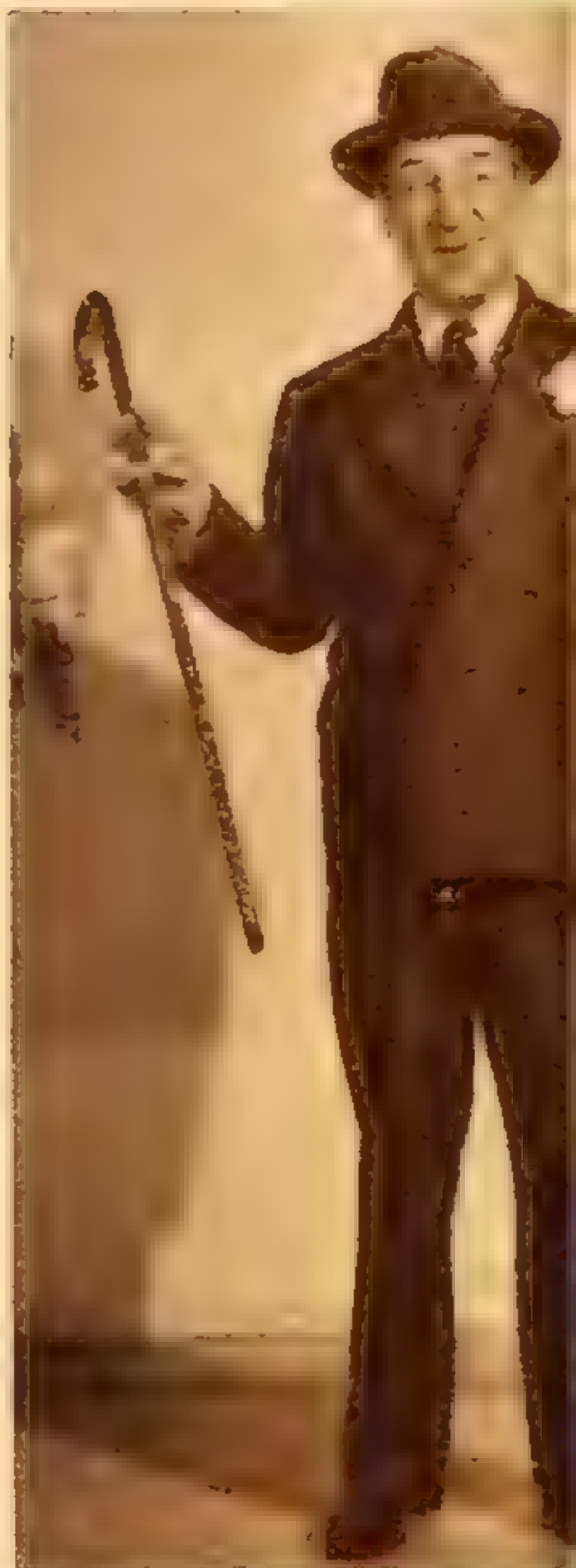
The world's their oyster—
with pearls in it—be-
cause they know how to
make us laugh



Save your sighs for the handsome heroes; the Marx Brothers will take your guffaws. Above, the boys are at it again in "A Day At The Races." Right, Jack Benny gets ready to give us more of his smooth, suave comedy in "Artists and Models." Below, Bob Burns takes his fun tricks, and Martha Raye, with him on his trip in "Waikiki Wedding." Lower center, Wallace Beery making his funny face to gag up "Slave Ship."



Hugh Herbert, Hollywood's Zany Number One, does a cane trick which you can follow from top to bottom at right, with a laugh at every stop. No sound track needed.





Rehearsing lines for their first picture together, above, Edward G. Robinson and Bette Davis. Right, Bette Davis on the sidelines. Below, Eddie puts the quiet on Joyce Compton's 'phone at, by deftly pulling the plug in this scene.



Rough, Tough, and "Regular"

The candid camera catches up with a good "gang" including Eddie Robinson and Bette Davis, in "Kid Galahad"

Hollywood gives Eddie a great send-off in his first picture since his return from abroad. "Kid Galahad" is a typical Robinson story, gusto, guns, gangs, and a superlative cast. At left below, Eddie rehearses with Humphrey Bogart. Below, Robinson ad-libs to Bogart: "I just dropped in for a crime, do you mind?"





The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Tom Brown and Mary Maguire in "That Man's Here Again"

Glamor Parade on Piccadilly. Our special news letter about the stars at work and play abroad

London

By Hettie Grimstead



International

Most exciting screen team in the London film studios, directly above: Merle Oberon and Charles Laughton, together in "I, Claudius." Top, pretty Anna Lee. Center close-up, Lilli Palmer. Right, lovely Anna Neagle, Britain's leading cinema beauty.



quered satin and an upstanding halo hat when she went to a gay cocktail party. Having supper at the Ritz one night with Earl and Countess Poulett, Merle scintillated in low-backed cloque crepe exactly the same rich ruby as the old burgundy she was drinking.

And the tensest moment of the month occurred at a Park Lane hotel reception when Merle and Sally O'Neil arrived almost simultaneously wearing silver fox furs of identical style and design. Sally gave a horrified look at the other actress and hastily dropped her cape off into the hands of a flustered flunkey. Merle went rather pink but pretended nothing was wrong and made her usual spectacular entrance into the party room bestowing affectionate kisses upon her numerous friends.

Undoubtedly Merle has a remarkable gift for friendship. She makes friends easily and keeps them staunchly and loyally. I'd hate to have to pay her transatlantic telephone bill—she calls up somebody in Hollywood at least once a day. She told me that in three days alone, she had chatted across the ocean with Constance Bennett, Charles Boyer, Joel McCrea, Ginger Rogers, and Norma Shearer (twice). "There were things I wanted to tell them," she laughed.

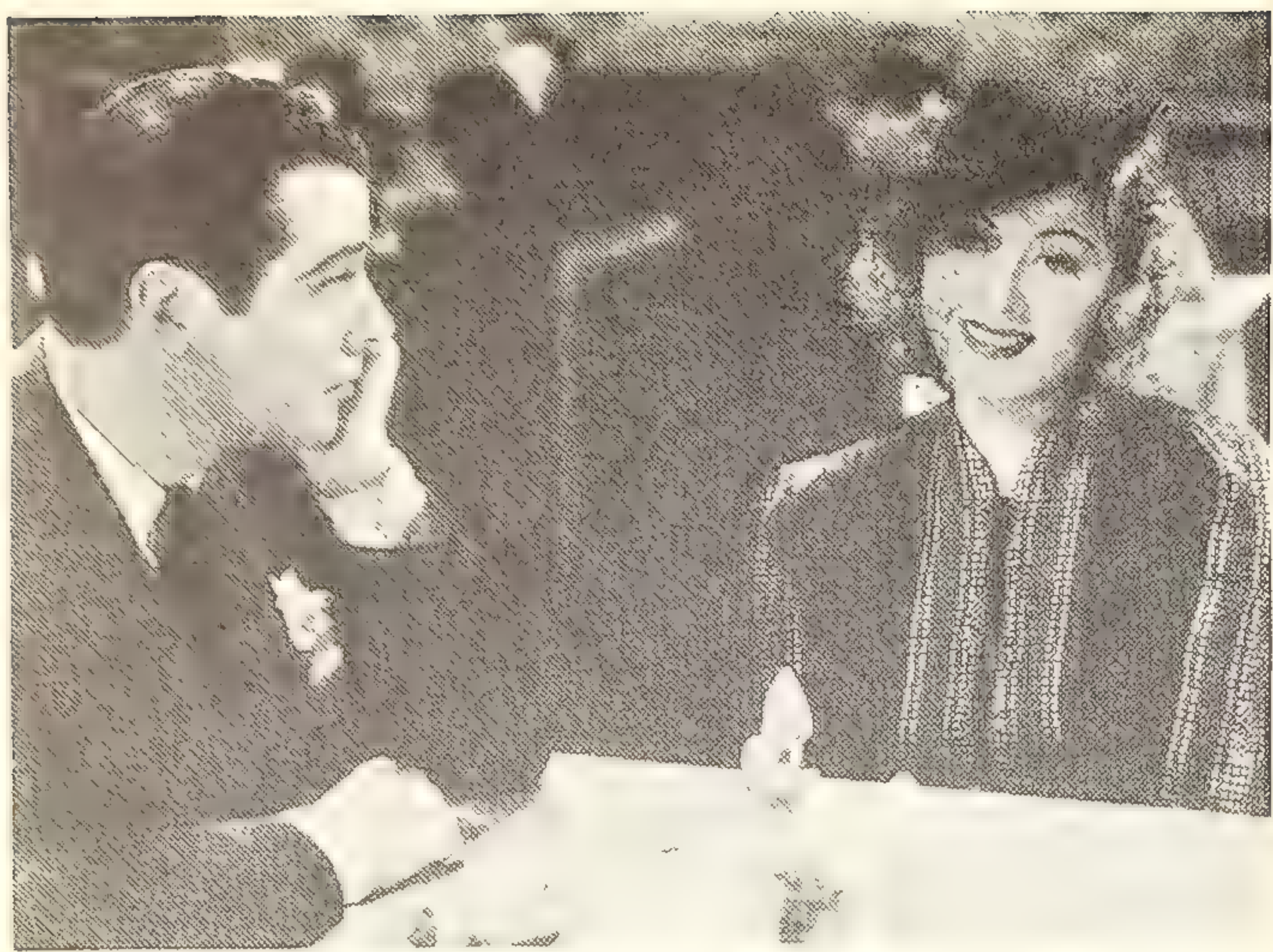
Merle has a definite formula for friendship. "I just like everybody I meet and I go on liking them until they give me a serious reason for disliking them. Not so many do."

One thing is rather troubling her just now. After playing nice natural girls in her films for Goldwyn, Merle returns to her old exotic type in "I, Claudius" as the malicious *Messalina* for whom no evil was too ap-

SINCE Marlene Dietrich returned to Hollywood, Merle Oberon has become London's Glamor Girl No. 1. She is to be seen lunching and dining in all the most exclusive restaurants, laughing and chatting at the smartest parties, and gracing every important premiere of screen or theatrical show, invariably beautifully gowned and attended by an admiring masculine escort—sometimes two or three!

Merle certainly looks adorable in the dark shades she is favoring these days, deep wine-red and chocolate brown and unrelieved black, shiny satins and velvets that set off her fresh warm skin and gold-flecked chestnut hair so effectively. She had figure-fitting black lac-

palling if it furthered her ends at the Court of Ancient Rome. Merle thinks that the wider public her new screen personality has won may resent seeing her portraying such a "souless daughter of sin" as another character describes her. So she had a talk with Korda and a fresh opening for the film is being written so that *Messalina* is first shown as a radiant young girl, one of the vestal virgins at Diana's Temple, whose trust is betrayed and humiliated so that she grows to hate the men who have made her the city's laughing- (Please turn to page 80)



THE KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL—Warners



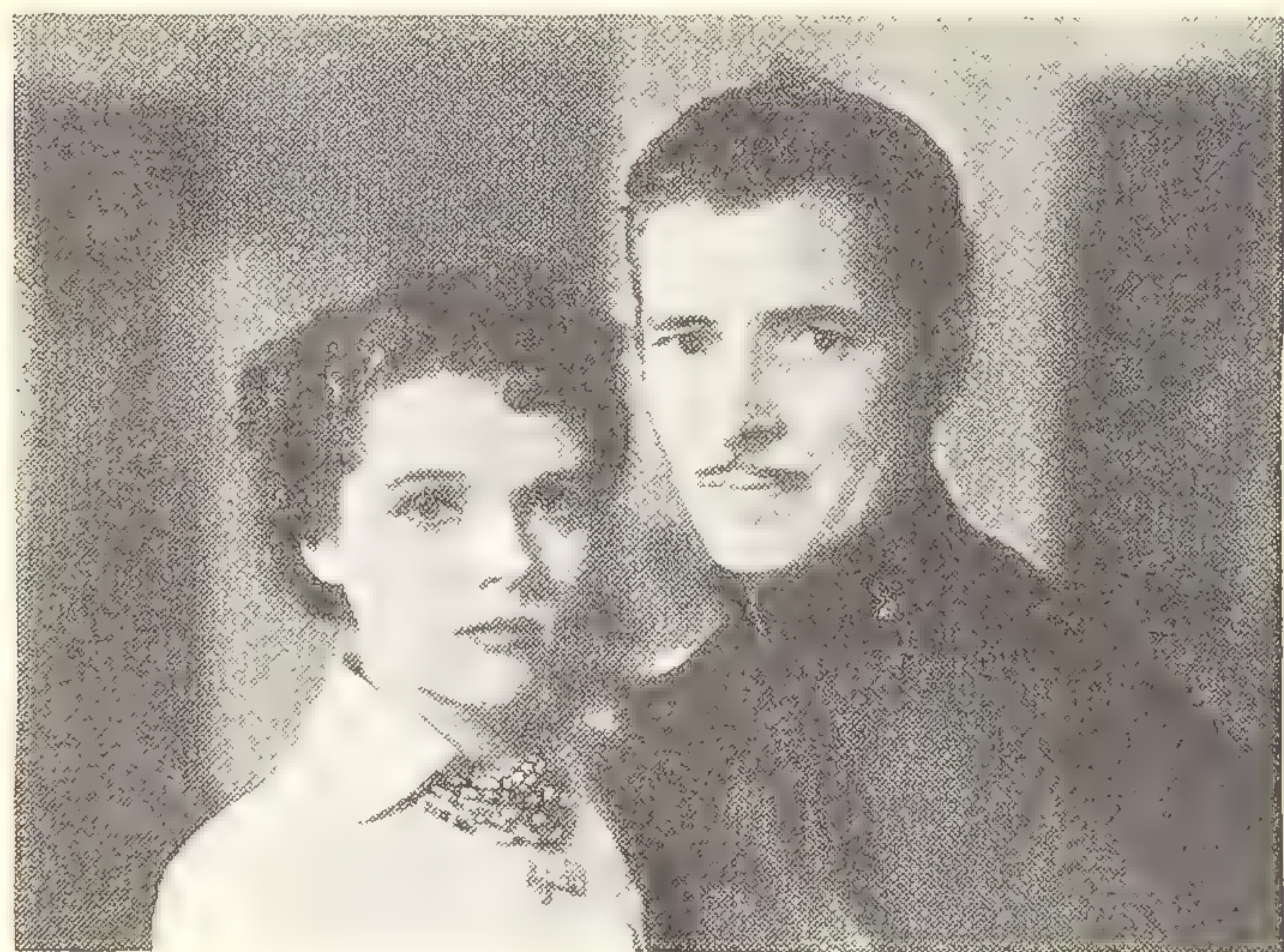
THIS is the picture I've been waiting for! Oh, I haven't been exactly brooding about it, but leaving previews with a baffled feeling I'd find myself remembering Ernst Lubitsch's marvelous old celluloid satires, and wondering why some smart director—such as Lubitsch—didn't make more. Mr. Lubitsch, apparently, has forgotten his formula; but smart young Mervyn LeRoy has thought up a new one of his own, complete with dialogue and a new Continental charmer; and the result, before you here, is more than satisfactory. It's delicious. You'll be enchanted and you'll be amused, and you'll welcome the new star, Fernand Gravet, with open arms—well, wide-open eyes, anyway. You see, the story is by Groucho Marx (and Norman Krasna, of course); and some of the situations are so funny I don't see why Mr. Marx hasn't saved them for his own pictures. The dialogue is gorgeously funny; and all the time there is that usually unattainable blend of humor and romance, but beautiful—particularly as enacted in just the right spirit by M. Gravet and Joan Blondell. The title tells the plot, but it won't be the plot you'll go to see, or stay to watch. It's the gaiety and good will in this love story of an ex-King and an American chorus girl.



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



LOST HORIZON—Columbia



UNQUESTIONABLY the "big" picture of the season, is Frank Capra's long awaited, lavish picturization of James Hilton's novel. "Lost Horizon" on the screen is not the "Lost Horizon" you knew and loved between book covers. Where the difference occurs, whether in screen-translation or in direction, is the current question before all confirmed picture-goers right now. Ironically, it seems to me that the question of conflict presented in Hilton's book is precisely the complication that occurred in filming it. The old, old question, word it as you will: art or box-office? Write your own answer. Certainly Colman has never given a finer, more sensitive and sustained performance than as *Robert Conway*, chief victim of the most picturesque airplane "kidnapping" in current literature. Off to a thrilling start, "Lost Horizon" cracks up at Shangri-La, the fabulous lamasery where, due to the stay enforced upon Conway and his companions by the High Lama, and due also, apparently, to uninspired scissoring in the studio cutting-room, our epic becomes episodic, interest lags, excitement wanes, and the beautiful spiritual message of "Lost Horizon" somehow gets lost. Best in cast: H. B. Warner, Sam Jaffe, Edward Everett Horton, excellent.



MARKED WOMAN—Warners



HIGH-POWERED shocker, notable as Bette Davis' return vehicle and as the latest in the Warner Bros. series of exposés of current front-page problems. Grim, that's what it is, without the slightest leaven of humanity or humor; but praiseworthy in its refusal to sugar-coat or charm. You'll be glad, I hope, as I am, that Bette Davis celebrates her come-back with a rôle as uncompromising in its reality as her memorable *Mildred* of "In Human Bondage." She's a "night-club hostess," by courtesy of Mr. Hays, who's the most intelligent of her group and who finally dares to fight the ruthless leader of this particular racket, because of her martyred younger sister. Miss Davis gives an unusually colorful performance, but I wish she'd curb her tendency to stylize her highly individual technique to its extreme. Most daring of all our actresses, Bette is more forceful than ever in "Marked Woman," and is still the star despite the competition in the cast of Mayo Methot and Isabel Jewell, who are splendid. Eduardo Ciannelli, whom you'll recall from "Winter-set," makes the most of the gruesome racketeer. Humphrey Bogart is the forceful attorney, while Jane Bryan, newcomer, registers appealingly as Bette's younger sister. *Not* for juniors.

MOST CONTROVERSIAL CINEMA:

"Lost Horizon"

NEW RAVE:

Fernand Gravet in "The King and the Chorus Girl"

GRIMMEST DRAMA:

"Marked Woman"

BEST NEW TEAM:

Tyrone Power and Loretta Young in "Love Is News"

UNSTARRED STAR OF THE SEASON:

Edward Everett Horton in "Lost Horizon" and "The King and the Chorus Girl"

OUTSTANDING IN "SUPPORT":

Cary Grant in "When You're in Love"
Isabel Jewell in "Lost Horizon"
Eric Blore in "Quality Street"

SURPRISE PERFORMANCE:

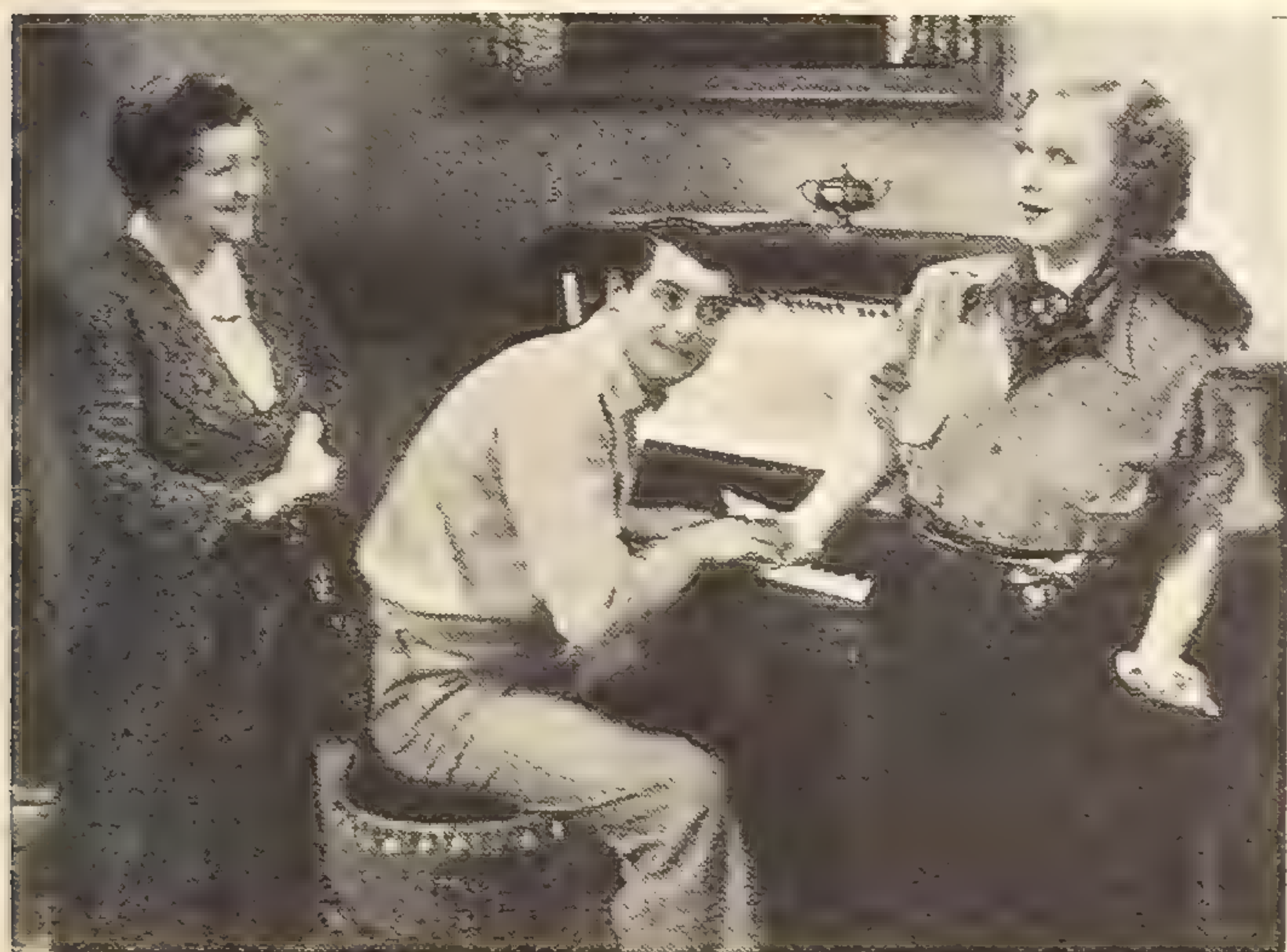
Don Ameche in "Love Is News"



LOVE IS NEWS—20th Century-Fox



FROTHIEST and most engaging comedy of the month, presenting a new screen love team in Tyrone Power and Loretta Young—who met, you'll remember, in "Ladies in Love," but got off to a bad start, and I hope this isn't the finish. Mr. Zanuck, you've got something there. Because this team is not manufactured; it's a natural for youth, sex menace, and spontaneity. Why, even this gagged-up newspaper yarn is made almost credible, and certainly absolutely charming, by Tyrone and Loretta—smart young reporter pursued by "prettiest heiress" idea, with man-eating managing editor panting for scoop—oh, you know. But it's the way it's done—the way Tay Garnett has directed with such bouncing zest and unashamed gusto; the way Tyrone swaggers in his first really important modern part, but you don't mind the swagger; it's insouciant; it'll amuse you. The way Loretta ceases, once and for all, I hope, to be a wistful wisher and becomes a vivid, vital huntress with a mean sense of humor. A high spot for the audience, if a new low for lovely Loretta, is when Tyrone plops her into a mud-puddle, and not by mistake, either. Yes, it's that kind of a picture, you'll love it. Don Ameche is no longer courtly, but caustic, and a knockout.



WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE—Columbia



WELL, YOU'LL want to hear Grace Moore singing *Minnie the Moocher*—with gestures—if you don't see another exhibit of galloping gelatine this month! It's well worth more than the admission price, I assure you, to see this pet babe of the Met. and the mike swing it without losing even a little of her prima donna poise. Miss Moore is indeed the unconquerable diva, no matter how valiantly her scenarist and director work to make her just-folks. However, I really enjoyed this latest Moore picture quite as much as "One Night of Love," with the added inducement of Cary Grant, at his most picturesque since "Sylvia Scarlett," though very different. Cary plays the struggling young artist who marries the singer for convenience, and—oh, you bright children, you! Why aren't you all writing Grace Moore movies? Of course Love comes, and Grace and Cary welcome it; and there are more songs and smart sayings, and before you know it you're pleasantly hypnotized into a Grace Moore Fan, and waiting for her *next* picture, not exactly with bated breath, but pleasurable anticipation. I, for one, would be glad if Miss Moore would get really low-down and toss off a couple more arias, leaving the *Minnies* to the Mermans.



QUALITY STREET—RKO-Radio



KATHARINE HEPBURN is the most contradictory star in films! Oh, so you know that. Well, you'll agree. Then, I suppose, that she can be most brittle and annoying, of all the moderns in a twentieth-century rôle; and that she can, contrary-wise, completely submerge her startling, sharp personality in a "quaint" Barrie characterization—and make you believe in her, or rather in her rôle. There's only one answer, as I see it: like her or not, the gal's an actress and a show-woman. She has never proved it so pointedly as in this perfectly delightful picturization of a beloved Barrie play, set in the 1800's in England, and telling the bitter-sweet story of a spirited girl whose disappointment in young love turns her into a sedate school-teacher until—but Barrie, and Hepburn, can tell you the rest of it. Never has a period piece been more lovingly and carefully staged and directed, and the cast is one of the finest of this or any other month. Franchot Tone is quite in his element in the romantic trappings of his Victorian rôle; he is surely at his best in costume pictures. Eric Blore is present for authentic comedy; and Fay Bainter and Estelle Winwood, distinguished stage veterans, add their very definite distinction. But it's Hepburn's picture.

Interlude in Gay Paris

A too-convivial evening in Paris starts the deception forced on *Peter Lynch*, Tyrone Power, by *Victor*, Adolphe Menjou. But clever plans strike complications when an American boy is asked to pretend he's a prince when he meets a girl like *Laura*, Loretta Young.



HE WAS so very young and so very tight and so very beguiling. Even as he made his absurd but none the less persistent demands on the Metro-pole staff of waiters his wide grin came, boyish and ingratiating as if he had no idea of the nuisance he was making of himself. Or maybe he did. You really couldn't tell about these young Americans!

"I want a roasted eagle!" He was going on and on, and the waiter found his eyes searching desperately for Victor. There wasn't another café manager like Victor in the whole of Paris. He could handle even a tight young American and make him like it.

"A fine, strong eagle with a level head and a sense of responsibility—but roasted!" the young American was insisting. "And some stewed buttercups au gratin, and—"

"But the kitchen is closed, sir," the waiter said wearily. "It's very late, practically morning, if you will allow me to remind you. Every one else has left."

"I shan't move from this spot until—" The boy looked up and stopped. For Victor stood there, smiling and imperturbable, and the situation he couldn't handle had not been invented yet.

"Ah, my dear sir." Victor's voice came as smoothly as always. "Is something wrong?"

"Why can't I have a roast eagle?" the young man asked, and some of his belligerence went with Victor not showing by as much as a flicker of eyelash that the demand was anything but sound.

"But you can, sir." Victor as usual managed just the right degree of nonchalance. He turned sternly to the waiter. "One roast eagle for the gentleman, instantly!"

As the bewildered waiter looked on, Victor helped the American to his feet and somehow managed to do it as though the young man was helping him. It was things like this that made Victor's reputation.

"And now your car is ready, sir," he said smoothly, and the young man saw that he was standing in front of the check-room and that Victor was helping him on with his coat.

"But my eagle—" he began.

"Naturally, I haven't forgotten it." Victor bowed as he produced his hat, with a flair that suggested possible rabbits being pulled out of it any minute. "But surely, sir, you haven't forgotten that an eagle must be hung for twenty-four hours before cooking? But how I envy you, tomorrow night at this time! I suggest, sir, that in addition to roast eagle we have, perhaps, a purée of thistle-



The romance of an American chap who poses as a prince, and a girl from home who thinks more of love than titles. A novelized version of "Café Metropole," starring Tyrone Power and Loretta Young

Fictionized by

Elizabeth B. Petersen

Please See Page 86 for Cast and Credits.

down and possibly, yes certainly, a salad of field flowers."

The young man wafted an ecstatic but unsteady kiss towards the morrow's dinner and extracted a bank note from his wallet. Even as he seemingly failed to give it the recognition of the merest glance Victor saw that it was a thousand franc note that he was putting in his pocket. A huge tip, but only a drop in the bucket as far as his needs were concerned. It would take many thousands of requests for eagles and unruly young millionaires who gave lavish tips like this to fill Victor's need of money.

The imperturbable mask that was assumed only for the patrons of the Café Metropole dropped as soon as the boy was ushered through the door. Instead came the scowl that must never be seen by cash customers, and all the suavity in Victor's voice gave way to a swift, almost querulous staccato.

"Waiter number four has a faint beard." He swung on the *maitre d'hotel*. "Shave him! The uniform of number five stinks of benzine. Clean it! And let us change the head of the income tax department from table four to thirty-four. We have trouble enough now with the income tax without putting him where he can watch our cash register. And oh yes, where can we get strawberries?"

"Nowhere!" The *maitre d'hotel* flung out his hands. "They're out of season."

"We must find wild strawberries!" Victor said crisply. "Joseph Ridgeway, the millionaire automobile man from Detroit, is partial to them, and his radiogram from the *Normandie* says his sister wants some of that special caviar and his daughter wants celebrities. We must have them all by Monday night when he has reserved a table here."

Victor's usually spry shoulders sagged a bit as he went into his office, and then involuntarily they straightened again as he found himself looking into a revolver held by the wizened little cashier of the Café Metropole.

"Stop, don't move an inch!" For a minute Maxl had thought he could put menace into his voice, but it came with his old-time quiver. So he didn't even try to be forceful as he went on: "I can't wait any longer. I'm going insane!"

"This sort of insanity usually leads to the guillotine." Victor actually found himself speaking to one of the employees as he did to the Metropole guests, ingratiatingly and with that hypnotic purr that usually made things come out as he wanted. (Please turn to page 86)

The "prince" and the American heiress make a dramatic entrance at Café Metropole, above. Right, Loretta Young and Tyrone Power; below, in scenes with Menjou, Charles Winninger, and Helen Westley.



Fashion point 1: Suede! Ginger wears it, swears by it. She says it has what the Harvard men are calling "Pizazz." Right, *la* Rogers poses for us in her sports outfit of fine sand-colored suede. The culotte skirt is cut high in front, rising to two points and fastened with two suede buttons. Ginger's blouse is cut from an imported sheer wool in dark brown, criss-crossed with a beige thread. See her hand-sewn gloves of suede, her sand-colored, low-heeled monk's shoes made with cut-out toe. Below, Ginger's dinner gown of black ribbed crepe, made with short, softly puffed sleeves and the very new, very low V-decolletage.



SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by

Ginger Rogers

Below, the black silk jersey negligée worn by Ginger in her forthcoming film with Fred Astaire, "Shall We Dance?" will cause comment everywhere. Zippers are but definitely part of the decorative scheme in clothes today, and a white one runs up the front of Ginger's breath-taking negligée, ending in a cluster of white beads at the throat, corresponding to those made into the bracelet on her wrist. Right, something rather different in lounging pajamas: ice-blue satin blouse and trous, with a trailing skirt of black satin laced from the waist. Lower left, frilly, feminine negligée of aquamarine chiffon, gathered, frilled, beribboned with deliberate coquettry. Gold satin ribbon holds the horizontal gathering, with a soft bow at the Empire waistline.



Photographs of Ginger Rogers for "Shall We Dance?" by John M. Cole, RKO Radio

Ginger's latest clothes create fashion news! For her new film with Fred Astaire, the screen's dancing darling has chosen costumes combining chic with grace and charm—to be studied for important style points

The gayest girls in the world, the beauties of Hollywood, greet the gayest of the seasons with pert and pleasant new gowns, hats, and accessories



She walks in beauty—and the rustle of taffeta! Meaning Madeleine Carroll, left, in her flame-colored evening coat with voluminous skirt. Madeleine, above, suggests for spectator-sports this ensemble—all-white dress and gay pastel print for the jacket.

Spring-Inspired Star Fashions



Binnie Barnes, right, is boasting about a very welcome gift sent her from "home"—England, of course. She's wearing it proudly here, this lovely yellow twin-sweater set designed especially for her. Wide brims are back for Spring, carols Pat Paterson, at left, and proves it by posing in this big, pale yellow felt with shallow peaked crown made of padded bands of ribbon in tones of yellow and light brown. Pat's husband, Charles Boyer, highly approves of this chapeau, and no wonder!





Two more of Pat's Spring hat collection, at left and right. "Forget-Me-Not" is the title of the hat at right, of black straw with shallow crown of black challis appliquéd with blue and pink flowers. Left, a hat for romance: flower-topped, and set off with a tiny lace veil. Below, Miriam Hopkins in her favorite Spring dinner dress, with squared-off décolletage and a crisp white bow smack in front. Maureen O'Sullivan, lower left, selects a gay print of small flowers on a flame background. Her hat—enormous!—is a creation of matching red straw.



Ronald Colman and Jane Wyatt made love like this, below, before the sun came over the mountain, for "Lost Horizon." Right, Gary Cooper and Frances Dee, romantic for "Souls at Sea," so early in the morning.



Location

Love at Sunrise



IT WAS quite some time before I recovered from the shock. I mean the shock of discovering that the great lovers of the screen didn't love each other at all, that their kisses were as phoney as Hollywood snow, and that the wild look of passionate desire that crept into their eyes as they contemplated each other in breath-taking close-ups was a little trick they picked up in dramatic school. Being a deep-dyed sentimentalist at heart, I was utterly convinced that two people who made love with such exciting beauty on the screen just had to love each other, really and truly. But I wasn't in Hollywood long before I discovered differently. Came the dawn the day I was sitting on a set and saw one of our dearly be'oved heroes eat a huge hunk of garlic before doing a tender little love scene with one of the more ethereal glamor girls.

That was shock number one. Shock number two, and I am still recovering from that, came when I learned to my dismay that those thrillingly beautiful love scenes that have the audiences panting for breath and fairly swooning in the aisles of the theatres are usually taken at six or seven o'clock in the cold rays of a rising sun! Imagine being able to say, "I love you, darling, oh, how I love you," with stirring conviction at six in the morn-

ing, and on an empty stomach. Me, who can't say a civil word to anyone before eleven. And I bet your disposition is just as bad in the morning as mine is. Well, I must say actors certainly earn their money.

Just as it is one of those unwritten laws in cinemania that two people in a picture who have never met each other must immediately do their big love scene the first day of production, just so it is generally understood in Hollywood that location love scenes must be made before breakfast. You can be sure the actors didn't make the law. They don't want to make love before breakfast any more than you and I do—they don't want to get up, either. But it seems that the morning sun is usually clear and bright, and the location cameraman just must have his morning sun. Many a poor star has pulled her pretty coiffure and wailed, "Why must I get up at four in the morning? On the stage I never got up until four in the afternoon. I can't get emotional at that hour! How can I be expected to do my best work?" But all she gets is a curt, "The light is right," from the cameraman and the director, and that is that. Light is far more important in pictures than acting, and a star always finds that out the first time she goes on location.

Also, it might interest you to know, sunsets in the films are usually sunrises, a sunrise being far easier to photograph than a sunset for obvious reasons. Most of the big thrilling outdoor love scenes in a picture, as in life, occur

Here's how stars build up to the romantic mood before breakfast—because the cameras see better in the dawn's early light!

By Liz Williams



at sunset, so that's why the cameraman is so fussy about his sunrise. Afternoon sun is very tricky, shadows are likely to fall any place, and what a bawling out they'd get from the "front office" if a shadow clipped off Robert Taylor's widow's peak just as he was kissing his leading lady. And think how furious Marlene Dietrich would be if a nasty shadow fell across her profile just as she was renouncing love, or life, or the desert, or something. The camera is a most terrifically sensitive instrument. A petite furrow in madame's brow can easily look like a plowed field. Naturally the glamor girls want to look their youngest, prettiest, and freshest in their love scenes, so although they complain bitterly they are right there for the sunrise. Yes, "she walks in beauty"—at six A.M., thanks to the cameraman.

Miriam Hopkins, who is def-



Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, above, dancing with love in their eyes and yawns in their hearts, at 6 A. M. for "Maid of Salem." Left, sun-up often finds that grand team, Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, singing a love duet. Below, fresh, glamorous, and gay, Ida Lupino appears before the camera dressed for evening—before breakfast!



initely "of the theatre" where prima donnas do their best emoting at ten of an evening before the second act curtain, wasn't at all pleased when the assistant director of "The Woman I Love," (Hopkins, Paul Muni, and Louis Hayward), came up to her on the nice comfortable RKO set one afternoon and said, "Miss Hopkins, be at Point Mugu in make-up at five in the morning." Well, Miriam is a trouper if nothing else, though it is bruited about in the market places that she's a very tasty dish too; so she

drove up to Ventura, a little town on the coast, took a room at the hotel, and before the dawn's early light was over on Point Mugu with the rest of the dreamy-eyed company. Point Mugu, an excellent fishing spot, had become for the nonce a French airplane base at the front during the War; and Madame Miriam of Paris was there to visit her husband, Monsieur Muni, and her boy friend, Monsieur Hayward (you know how those triangles are). Miriam and Louis were to have one of those you-are-my-best-friend's-wife-but-oh-how-I-love-you scenes in an old ruin with the planes in the background just as the first six rays of the sun crept over the bay. But it seems that everybody on the "The Woman I Love" company had gotten an early call except the sun—the sun didn't get up at all. And while Miriam and Louis, frozen to the marrow by a chill wind from the sea, waited in an awful yawning silence to fall into each other's arms for their *scene d'amour*, large raindrops began to fall. There are some years in California, and this is one of the years, when Sadie Thompson and the Reverend Davidson might easily mistake the place for Pago-Pago; but assistant (Please turn to page 78)

Take-a-Chance Stewart

By Ruth Tildesley



"LIKE risks," said James Stewart, squinting through the finder of his Leica camera at an airplane flying high above the studio. "Perhaps that's why I'm crazy about airplanes. I have a pilot's license and I fly whenever I can, but the studio doesn't like my taking chances."

"I can't take chances in the air, but nobody cares if I take chances with my Leica!"

He smiled, and his face, which looks somewhat bored and sullen in repose, magically changed.

"When you take a picture, you challenge yourself to get something on the film that expresses *your idea*. I never use an exposure meter—an instrument that tells you exactly what light you need for your subject—because I think it's cheating for an amateur to use one. With a meter you *know* the light is right and so there's no risk. I like risks!"

It was Henry Fonda who first showed Jimmy the possibilities of excitement in amateur photography.

"Hank was always wandering around with his camera or shutting himself up in his dark-room and then yelling for us to come and see something. First thing we knew, all the rest of us—Joshua Logan and John Swope

James Stewart, candid cameraman, and some of his shots. Reading down from upper left: Eleanor Powell, on the set; stop-action shot of a dog; boat, an interesting pictorial study.

and myself, who shared the house with Hank at the time—got Leicas, too, and began shooting.

"Hank is an artist. He paints and sculptures and turns out some real stuff. His pictures are *pictures*. Mine aren't in the same class.

"Being keen about airplanes, I enjoy shooting them. Once I got some good shots at the air races, and the other day I got a couple of pretty decent things of propellers at the airport.

"Being plane-crazy started when I was a little kid.

If it isn't adventurous, it isn't fun to James Stewart, so he risks failure to get enjoyment, even with his candid camera. Read his "snapshot" ideas

One Christmas Dad got me a plane I could sit in and drive around the sidewalk. It had an alarm clock's works for a motor and all sorts of gadgets. It didn't occur to me that it wouldn't really fly if I could once get it off the ground, so when the boy next door suggested that we haul the plane up on the roof of our house and start flying from there, I was all for it.

"Took half a day to get the thing up on the roof, and then I got into the cockpit and rolled off the edge.

"Well, it wouldn't fly. I broke nothing but my heart and the toy plane, for a wonder. But it didn't cure my yen for taking chances."

Gene Kornman, portrait artist at 20th Century-Fox, called Jimmy in just then to continue an all-day session of poster-making for "Seventh Heaven." Simone Simon, in a plain, scant black frock, joined him before the camera. As *Diane* and *Chico*, she sat on his lap; he knelt at her side; she stood before him; they looked up, they looked down, they frowned, they smiled, they ate, they did everything that could be suggested.

"But that sort of stuff is strictly professional," Jimmy pointed out, in a breathing space. "Men trained for it, like Gene Kornman, are so far ahead of the amateur that there's no use competing. The thing for us to do is to stick to candid stuff.

"I like to experiment. I took a shot of myself in the mirror the other day. It wasn't very good, but it had possibilities. Next time I think I'll get something.

"Children are good subjects. Hank's

some pictures of the mother and baby monkey together.

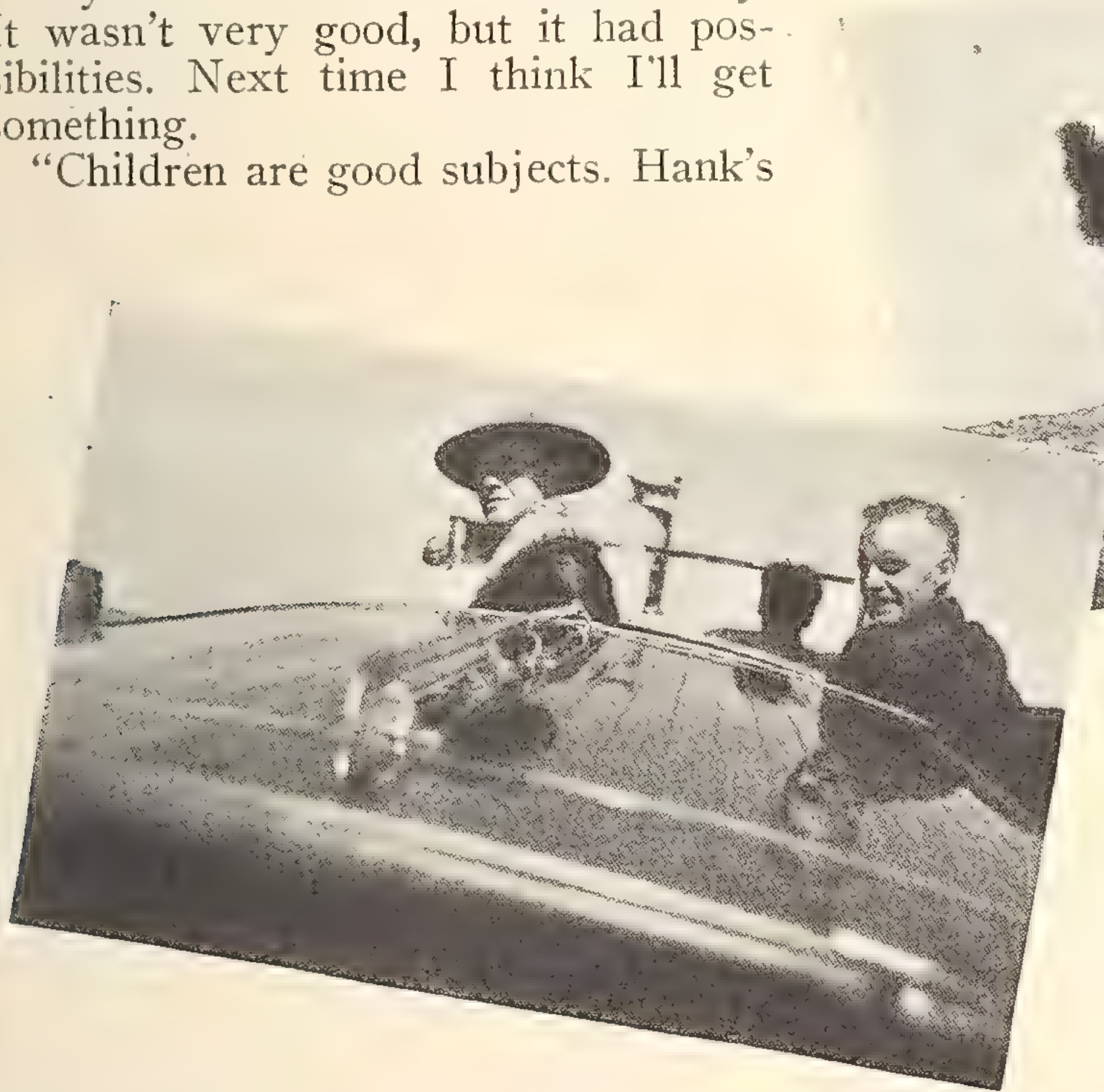
"Ted Allen, candid camera expert at M-G-M, takes swell candid stuff. He's given me lots of pointers. The good thing about him is that he never wears you out when he's shooting you. He takes you from place to place, talks about cameras or something and says: 'Let's try this!' or 'Can we get something different here?' and before you're bored, it's over.

"That's the way to get *real* candid shots. Get co-operation. But you can't always manage it. At home back East recently, I took a lot of stuff of the family and friends, but they all thought it was sort of silly and they were self-conscious, so none of it was much good.

"I often try to catch people off-guard, but unless you're sure of the focus and light you don't get what you want because they move just as you shoot or a shadow comes in and spoils the thing you thought you had.

"I got a good portrait of Eleanor Powell on the set of 'Born to Dance,' but there I didn't have to worry about lights. At home I used ordinary bridge lamps and the results weren't first-class. You can use flash lamps at home and get better results. (Please turn to page 81)

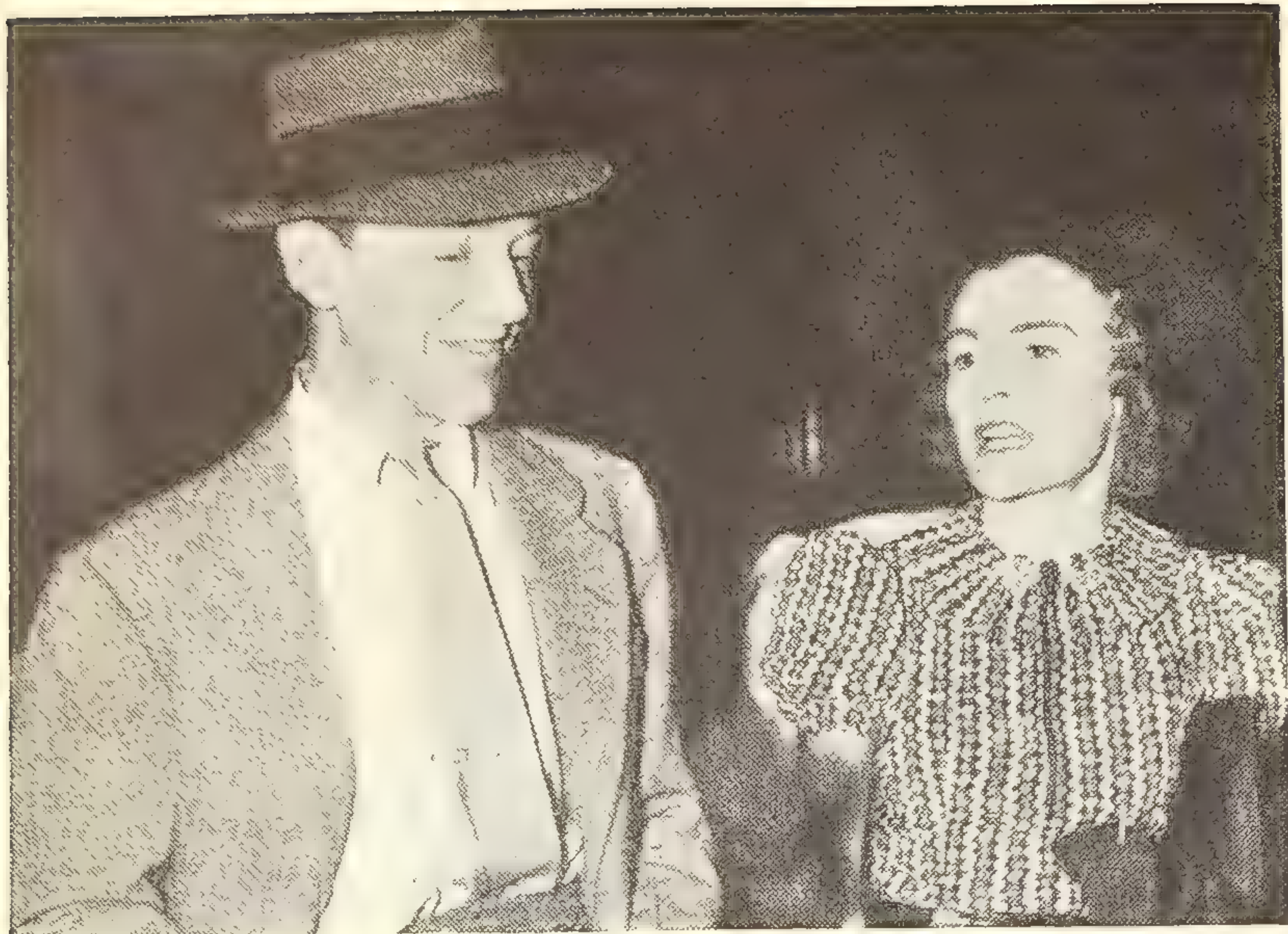
Pictures from Jimmy Stewart's album. Note the "balance" he gets in his views. Far left, Nelson Eddy and companion in motor launch; nearer, view of Joshua tree and rider on the desert. Below: lake scene, and, at bottom, activity on the "Rose Marie" location at Lake Tahoe.



little step-daughter is about five and very pretty. We go out there on Sundays a lot and I shoot her. She's perfectly willing to pose. You know, the old-fashioned panels people used to make of kids? Well, that's coming back with the Leica. You shoot the kid's different expressions as he turns his head. One way to make him turn it is to have someone stand by with a bright or noisy toy and attract him, then shoot the expressions as they pass, and mount them in a strip.

"We do about the same thing with the dog. If someone shows him a ball, he stands quite still. He expects you to throw it, and then he'll go after it, but while he waits, he's perfectly still. That's how we trap him.

"Our next-door neighbor has a monkey that has a baby, just so big," he measured a few inches. "Maybe that monkey's all right to his owner, but he sure is mean to me. I had to hide in the shrubbery for hours to get



Wide World

Sport of kings! Fred Astaire and his wife, seen as they attended the races. Mrs. Astaire seems still excited over the last race. Fred must have had the winner. He smiles.



Acme

Amusing story! At a recent Hollywood party, Barbara Stanwyck told a new one, and W. S. Van Dyke, her attentive escort, Bob Taylor, and Edward Arnold got the humor of it.

Here's Hollywood

THE first thing Bob Taylor did when he arrived back from his recent trip was to buy Barbara Stanwyck a present—a beautiful platinum ring, fashioned like a strap and buckle. It's too, too lovely.

JUST to settle all those rumors about the Errol Flynn's, the truth of the situation is that Lili Damita is taking advantage of the opportunity to visit her mother in Paris, which she had planned before Christmas last year, while Errol will visit England and his family in Ireland. His companion on the trip is a Dr. Erban, whom Errol has known since the old New Guinea days—a grand, middle-aged adventurous character and one of Errol's favorite people in the world. An interesting thing about this friendship is that Dr. Erban speaks very little English while Errol knows practically nothing of German—the doctor's native tongue. Most of their conversing is therefore done in the pigeon English they both learned in the South Seas. From Ireland, Errol and Dr. Erban are planning to visit Spain and, if time permits, South America. It's my guess, though, that there'll be a stop-over in Paris for Errol—long enough for him to spend at least a few days with Lili.

RUBY KEELER once told me she'd rather play a good game of golf than be a movie star. Guess it wasn't all talk, either, as I'm informed Ruby's score runs around eighty most days—which would give most of the men hereabouts a run for their money. Ruby spends every available hour on the golf course.

MYRNA LOY has started a new fad in table service. For each guest she entertains at dinner in her new home, she has supplied a complete dinner service of an individual pattern, so that no guest has dishes like that of any other. Cute, but costly!

JIMMY STEWART is still chuckling over that bet he won the other day. Seems Jimmy lost ten pounds while making "Seventh Heaven" and wanted to put them back on. His doctor volunteered to put on five pounds within the week. "Can't be done," says Jimmy. "Can so," says doc. "I'll bet you," says Jimmy. "Bet's on," says

Candid close-ups of private-life doings of the cinema celebrities

By Weston East

doc. "And what's more, if you don't gain the five pounds, you don't have to pay me!" So Jimmy was sent to the hospital, (feeling kinda silly), put to bed, and kept on a diet of eight quarts of milk a day, with plenty of sleep. At the end of the week, he'd gained one-half pound, exactly. P.S. Jimmy doesn't like milk any more, even though it did help him win his bet.

YOU'D die laughing to see those big hennies, Director John Ford and Victor McLaglen, doing a take-off of a water buffalo for Shirley Temple out on the set of "Wee Willie Winkie." Seems Shirley had never seen a water buffalo and wanted to know how they'd act, on account of there's supposed to be one in the picture. By the way, Shirley's just been promoted to the fourth grade by her private teacher on the Fox lot. The only thing Shirley asked for, when being informed of her promotion, was that she might have a report card like her other friends who attend the public school!

ONE of the strangest luncheon groups we've seen in a long time we glimpsed in the M-G-M commissary the other noon when Gloria Swanson lunched with Harpo Marx, and Adrian, the studio's stylist. And they had fun, too!

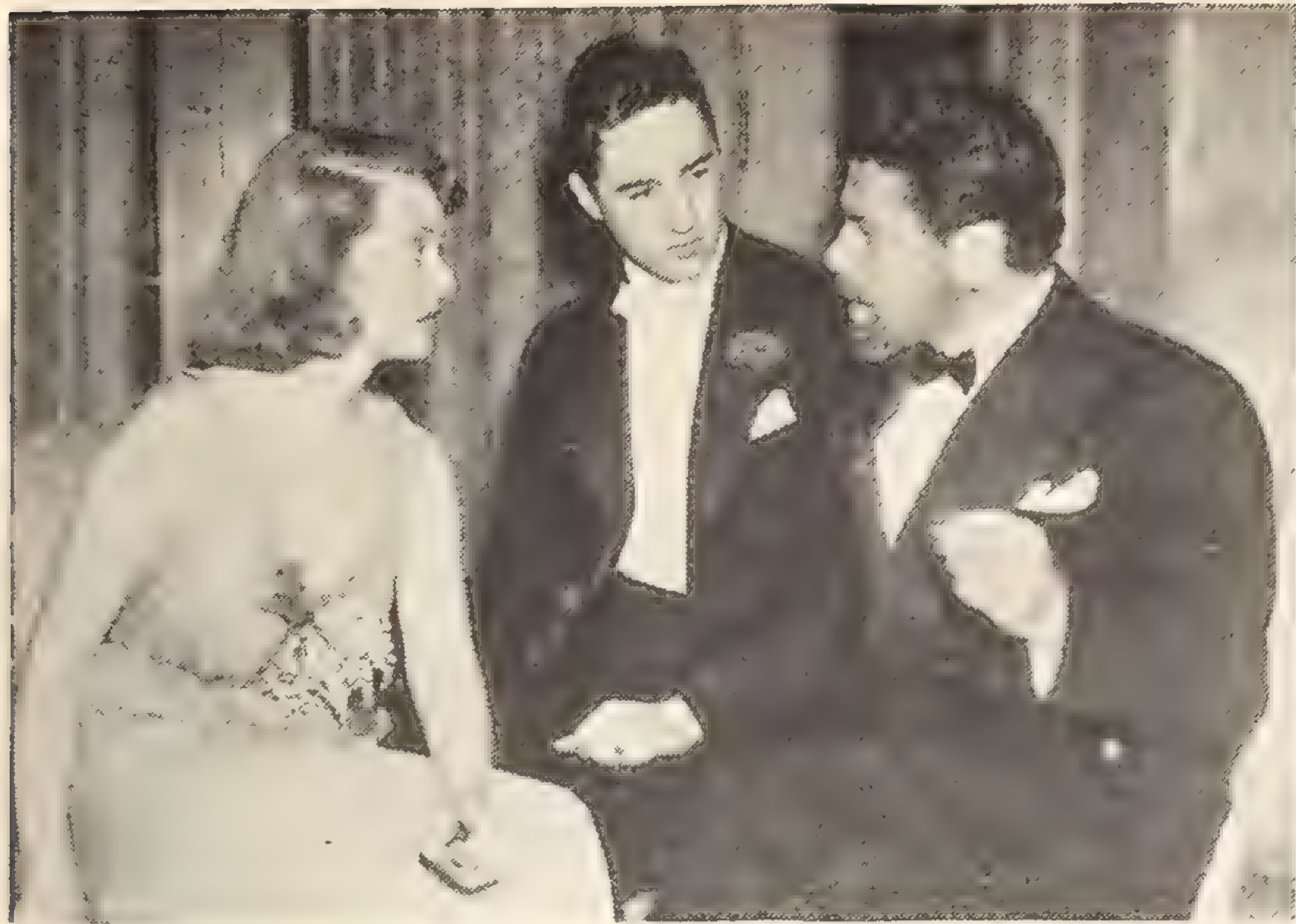
ONE of the sweetest and most touching scenes we've witnessed in months took place at the Santa Fe station in Pasadena when George Raft entrained for Miami. George's big limousine drew up at the platform and who should emerge but George and Virginia Peine's small daughter with her nurse, come to see him off. As the cry of "all aboard" was heard, George picked the youngster up for a last

hug and kiss and hurriedly climbed on the train. The expression on the child's face was terribly pathetic, as she watched the train disappear, while she tried to keep back those tears. Incidentally, Virginia was conspicuous by her absence. There's no doubt but what those two have *pf-ft*, but we're laying a little bet right here and now that it'll probably be patched up, what with George vacationing in Miami and Virginia planning to join the Schenck party on that fishing trip off the coast of Florida.



International

Very social! Ginger Rogers, resplendent in silver fox, and squired by Alfred G. Vanderbilt, attends one of the film colony's brilliant parties.



Acme

Confidences! Bette Davis, her husband, Harmon Nelson, and Paul Muni withdraw to a quiet corner for companionable conversation during the course of a recent social evening.



Wide World

Love in bloom! Arline Judge and Dan Topping, millionaire sportsman, at a popular Hollywood café. Romance began for them when they met in New York not so very long ago.

DID you ever hear of a star who had not only one but *five* doubles? Well, I just discovered the other day that "Silver," Buck Jones' famous horse, has just that. And even people who have worked with Buck and "Silver" for years can't tell the doubles from Buck's favorite. Buck won't take any unnecessary chances with "Silver" and insists that all dangerous riding be done with one of the doubles—just in case.

NO ONE can accuse Tyrone Power of not paying his just debts. Seems Tyrone walked into the Victor Hugo the other evening and was invited to join Loretta Young, sister Sally Blane and Norman Foster for a cocktail. Then Tyrone insisted on buying one for the party. When it came time for him to rejoin his own party, he thoughtlessly neglected to

settle his bill with Norman. The next day, on the set of "Café Metropole," he mentioned the oversight to Loretta. Loretta loves a gag as well as the next one and she saw one looming on the horizon. Without saying any more about the matter, she contacted everyone on the set and collected a penny from each one. These she put in a box and wrapped elaborately, sending them around to Norman's office with a note, explaining they were in payment of Tyrone's debt of the night before!

THEY tell me those red roses which are sent around from the florist daily to Clark Gable are from Carole Lombard's florist. We wouldn't want to say Carole actually sends them, but it is a coincidence.

JOAN CRAWFORD and Franchot Tone were hosts the other evening to Phil Huston and Olivia de Havilland at dinner at the Troc. It appears Olivia was recently presented to Joan, who became so enthused about her girlish freshness, she wanted to know her better. Hence, the dinner party. Phil, by the way, met Olivia when he worked in a picture with her sister and has since become *that* intrigued! Also at the Troc, on the same evening, were Sylvia Sidney with Joe Mankiewicz.

SINCE June Lang has broken her engagement to Victor Orsatti, she's been stepping out with Douglas Fowley, Alfred Vanderbilt, Jr., Earl Carroll, and Carl Laemmle, Jr., alternately.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND is that upset at all the publicity she's been getting about the hermit-like life she leads. She wants it to be known she really isn't trying to be exclusive, but is just so serious about her career she hasn't time to devote to gadding about town to night-clubs, etc. When she's made her mark and meets the right man, Olivia insists she'll tell the world about it.

JOHAN BOLES, Walter Pidgeon, and Doris Nolan got even with director Eddie Buzzell. Eddie had played a mean trick on them all the first day of shooting on "As Good as Married" by presenting them all with "breakaway" presents. The flowers he sent to Doris crumbled into ashes when she picked them up; the watch he presented to John broke into a thousand pieces when he attempted to fasten it on his wrist, and the make-up case he'd brought for Walter broke into splinters as he picked it up. So-o-o they were all laying for Eddie and one morning they had their revenge. Eddie came to work attired in a

pair of very elegant plaid pants. Taking one look at the creation, they refused to go to work. Eddie was obliged to send over to the wardrobe department for another pair of trousers before they'd budge!

HARMON NELSON and Bette Davis are at present staging a reunion. Seems Harmon tied up not long ago with a musical agency in New York. But he got so homesick for Bette, he's had himself transferred to the Hollywood office.

THE Academy awarding event was brilliant, but no surprise party. Final outcome: Luise Rainer, best actress, for "Great Ziegfeld;" Paul Muni, best actor, for "Louis Pasteur;" Frank Capra, top director, for "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," drew "I told you so's" by the bushel.

ANITA LOUISE has just dispatched a cable to the Rod La Roques in England, asking permission to build a fence around their house, which she is renting. In the last six months, Anita has spent over \$150 in rewards for the return of her pet Scotty, which insists on running away regularly. She's hoping the fence will help the situation. Garbo finds fences helpful.

AND speaking of Garbo, despite the persistent rumors that it's more than just friendship between the Swedish star and George Brent, George insists it's just that. He also maintains there's nothing to the talk about Anita Louise as the second Mrs. Brent. They're also just friends. Further, George says if and when he marries again, he will not marry a professional woman but wishes to be the sole wage-earner in the family. So there you are!

TONY MARTIN, of the golden voice, received quite a blow to his vanity the other day when he entertained his former boss, Tom Gueron, manager of the Bal Tabarin Café in San Francisco, by taking him to the fights. They're awfully good friends and can take quite a lot of ribbing from one another. However, Tony was just a little pleased at showing Tom around the town since he'd become somewhat of a success, but was trying not to show it. Just as they came out of the fights, three young boys rushed up. Tony puffed up a bit and got out his pencil to autograph the slips of paper the boys were carrying. But much to his surprise, they ignored him completely and asked Tom for *his* autograph! Tom is quite handsome and they thought he must be a movie star at least, but didn't give Tony a tumble.

(Please turn to page 99)



Wide World

Excitement! Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fonda experience one of racing's thrills, as they await the judges' decision on a close finish at Santa Anita.

Show Your Hand!

Hollywood beauties are adept at the art of making their hands flatter their famous faces

By Elin Neil

There's beauty in every graceful pose of Wendy Barrie's perfectly groomed hands! Her fingernails are red—but not *too* red—from moon to tip.



WHEN Wendy Barrie raises her hand to her face, its smooth whiteness is a compliment to her complexion. And the deep glow of her perfectly groomed fingernails is in complete harmony with the color of her lips.

Wendy knows how important hands are to the beauty ensemble, and she treats hers accordingly. She can be proud to show them anytime and any place, because she's secure in the knowledge that they contribute their full share to her appearance of poise and loveliness. And right there is a beauty rule every one of you should follow to the letter—be proud to show your hands!

Hands have a three-fold duty to beauty. They should accentuate the attractiveness of your face, your clothes, and your figure in action. That sounds like a big bill to fill, but it can be done by any pair of hands, no matter what their size and shape.

Your first job is to keep your hands as soft, smooth, and light-toned as the skin on your face. If they're busy hands with housework or gardening to do, protect them. Use mild soap wherever you can. Wear rubber gloves when it's necessary to handle caustics or cotton gloves when you wield a trowel. You can give your hands a real beauty treatment while they're working in gloves. Before you don the gloves, massage a softening cream into your hands, and put nail conditioning oil or a little vaseline under your fingernails and around the cuticle.

Whether they spend their working hours at home or in an office, all hands lead a strenuous life. They need lubrication to make up for the natural oils that are washed away. In my opinion, a softening hand cream or lotion is just as essential in your beauty equipment as your face creams. Hands respond so quickly to beauty treatment that they literally seem to lap up that cream or lotion that should be massaged into them at least once a day and preferably after each washing.

Even hands that are red and "sandpapery" from work

or exposure can be made soft and smooth overnight! Here's the bed-time treatment: massage them with a liberal amount of rich lubricating cream, from the fingertips toward the wrist. Rub the cream well into each knuckle by making little circles with the thumb of the opposite hand. (Knuckles are vulnerable to "crowsfeet" like the region around your eyes). Include your wrists in the massage, too. Then pull on a pair of light-weight cotton knit gloves and wear them all night. You'll find them quite comfortable, and they keep the cream in contact with the skin so the roughness and redness are smoothed away while you sleep.

There's a very special kind of costume glove that beautifies hands during the daytime hours. It comes in fashionable colors and different weights like any other kid glove. The unusual thing about it is that the inside is treated with almond meal and delicately perfumed so that whenever you take your gloves off, the hands emerge smooth, white, and with a soft fragrance.

And now for the fingernails that tip off those lovely-to-touch and lovely-to-look-at hands! With the vast array of new polish shades, it's fun to make your fingernails carry out the color scheme of your clothes, like costume jewelry. But, first of all, they must harmonize with your lipstick. They don't have to be an exact match. They may be lighter or darker, but the predominating color tone should be the same.

Very few lipsticks nowadays are clear red. The great majority have purple, orange, or brown (sun-tan) undertones. Unless you wear colorless or very light nail polish, (which goes with everything), choose a shade that falls into the same color class as your lipstick. Then when you raise your hand to your face, you won't be guilty of a violent clash between the color of your lips and that of your fingernails.

There's a trick new method of "trying on" your fingernail polish shades just as you do your clothes. Little gadgets like thimbles, each (*Please turn to page 69*)

**YOUNG
MRS.
ROCKEFELLER
PILOTS
A LOW-WING
MONOPLANE**



MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., of New York and Allenhurst, is an aviation enthusiast. She favors jodhpurs, wind-breaker, and close-fitting helmet. Flies a low-wing monoplane. Has had several thrilling experiences in the air. "I've been caught in heavy fog," she says. "That's enough to shatter anybody's nerves. My first thought, when I put my feet on firm ground, was to smoke a Camel. Smoking Camels eases up my nervous tension—sets me right again. I can smoke all I like—and they never tire my taste. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel'—and fly a thousand!"



THE CORINTHIAN ROOM at the Hotel Pierre. Mrs. Rockefeller in the foreground. When she entertains, Camels go with every course. Mild and delicate, Camels accent flavors in food. They also help digestion, increasing the flow of digestive fluids, building up alkalinity. Camels are overwhelmingly popular at the Pierre, as at other famous restaurants. Mrs. Rockefeller says: "When I give a dinner or after-theatre supper—whether here or at home—it's Camels that I serve."

*A few of the distinguished women who prefer
Camel's costlier tobaccos:*

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia	Mrs. Alexander Black, Los Angeles
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston	Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston	Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia	
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York	Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago	Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, Pasadena
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York	

**FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE ...
SMOKE CAMELS!**



*Costlier
Tobaccos*

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand

"Worth stopping for!"



BEECH-NUT GUM and CANDY



SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel... 3 rings of performers
... clowns... animals... acrobats... elephants
... music 'n' everything! Now touring the
country. See it when it visits your city.



ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum
that aids mouth health and
helps fight mouth acidity.
"Chew with a purpose."

Most popular gum in America
is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try
our Spearmint, too,
if you enjoy a dis-
tinctive flavor!



BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating
... doubly delightful that way!
Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.



Try Beech-
Nut Candies
in your fa-
vorite flavor.
Fruit Drops,
Luster Mints, Spice or
Assorted.



You can taste the difference Quality makes

holding a tinted artificial fingernail, are slipped over your own nails until you find a shade that harmonizes with your lipstick and costume colors. Many department stores use this "trying on" system of helping you select the right shades of nail polish.

Radical changes in liquid polish shades have been made since the first red fingernails aroused the wrath of men! Clear, brilliant reds have given way to deep, subtle shades that are combinations of several colors. The most popular polishes now are the opaque type which give the effect of a rich glow instead of glaring brilliance. As usual, women have won the battle by compromise. They've kept their red fingernails, but it's a different kind of red that's gone a long way toward stilling male protests.

The smartest way to apply deep shades of nail polish is from the moons to the tips. Some women still like to cover the whole nail, but it's difficult to do yourself without having the polish run over on the cuticle. White borders at the tips are flattering with colorless or very light polish, but they're too much of a contrast to deep shades, and they do make nails look shorter.

I'll tell you the easiest way to apply polish from moon to tip, so it will be smooth and even. Take the first stroke of your brush across the nail, outlining the moon. Then take two or three strokes to the tip, covering the rest of the nail. Run a cloth across the edge of each nail after you've applied the polish to remove any excess and prevent cracking.

Give your fingernails lubricating treatments, just as you do your hands. There are special nail conditioning oils and creams to keep cuticle soft and to prevent nails from being brittle. It is much better to keep your cuticle soft and push it back than it is to cut it.

If you keep your hands well-groomed, so you're proud to show them, you've won half the battle toward using them gracefully. However, there are a few rules for hands it's well to remember. Move them slowly and surely. That is one of the most important secrets of poise. Fluttery hands give the impression of nervousness.

Teach your hands to be still and relaxed when you're not using them for some definite purpose. Hands that are always fingering things distract attention away from your own good looks to the objects they're playing with.



Gorgeous perfume containers for glamorous girls. Ida Lupino keeps her charm accessories up to date.



Delv Cream keeps your complexion as fresh as May flowers.

A SUCCESS story you'll all be glad to hear is concerning Delv. The demand has been so great for this delightful all-purpose face cream that its makers found they could reduce the price radically without changing the quality one bit! In our opinion, Delv certainly deserves its popularity. It cleanses, lubricates, clarifies, and forms an excellent make-up base. And it does each one of these beauty jobs exceptionally well. It contains a remarkable beauty ingredient blended with vital oils that are whipped together into a fine, light texture. After you use Delv, your skin has a soft, dewy feeling absolutely minus greasiness. If you aren't already a devotee, we suggest you get acquainted with Delv. You'll find it at department and drug stores or you can get a small trial size at ten-cent stores.

WE'RE all agog over a new kind of tooth brush that makes it easy to brush teeth the right way! It's been given the name of "Double Duty" because it's made to clean teeth and massage gums at the same time. It just naturally falls into its job of up-and-down or rotary brushing such as dentists recommend. You won't even be tempted to inefficient cross-wise brushing when you wield a Double Duty. The brush itself is the size, shape, and design specified by dentists all over the country. Then it's set on the handle at an angle to hold the bristles against your teeth in such a way that you instinctively brush up-and-down or around-and-around instead of across. The Rubberset Company makes this tooth brush that fills such an important and long-felt beauty need.

Femi-nifties

Tips on Beauty for Merry May!



L'Oaté combines Vitamin F and vegetable milk for skin beauty.



Complete protection provided by Non-spi insures underarm daintiness.



New beauty for teeth brushed with "Double Duty" tooth brush.

THERE'S beauty for your face and body in L'Oaté, a new kind of oatmeal preparation that contains both Vitamin F and vegetable milk. The ability of oatmeal to keep skin soft, clear, and healthfully vibrant has long been known. But it was discovered only recently that this power lies in the close kinship between the oils in oatmeal and those in human skin. It's the Vitamin F in L'Oaté that makes it so effective in clearing up blackheads and blemishes and reducing enlarged pores to their normal size. It's the vegetable milk that benefits skin inclined to be dry. Mixed with a little water, L'Oaté may be used for a quick daily facial, an occasional youthifying face-pack, or as a body rub to cleanse and soften your skin just before a bath. A little of this powdery substance thrown into a tub or washbowl will soften the water.

DO YOU believe in the "bogey" that stopping under-arm perspiration is harmful? If you do, dispel that illusion! The right kind of anti-perspirant closes the pores in only that small under-arm area and the perspiration is diverted to other parts of your body where it can evaporate quickly. We have no hesitation in commending Non-spi as a definite perspiration check that keeps its promises. It saves you the embarrassment of under-arm odor and it saves your clothes from stain or deterioration. A new siphon-top applicator takes the place of the usual brush and makes Non-spi ever so easy to apply in just the right amount to give you complete protection.

IF YOU'VE been searching for a cosmetic that makes your eyelashes look *naturally* long, dark, and luxurious—you'll find it in Rejuvia Mascara Cream. It covers each lash separately, avoiding that "beaded" look, and imparts a glistening finish that's wonderfully flattering to any pair of eyes. What's more, it encourages your eyelashes to curl up and helps to keep them soft and silky. Rejuvia Mascara Cream comes in a convenient little tube with a brush, both encased in a slim leatherette case. Most five-and-ten cent stores carry it.

How Has He Done It?

(Continued from page 29)



Jeanne Madden and Fred Lawrence, two of Hollywood's own "finds," appear in "Talent Scout."

any severe ones happened to come along.

From the back of it, you see a limitless view of Hollywood and Los Angeles, both places looking small and flat, far below and far away. Nearby is the lovely colonial sample of home recently vacated by Jean Harlow and sold. Still nearby, the recently vacated and sold home of William Powell (that rare spirit!). Right on the spot, one might say, is also the home of Carole Lombard, the ex-Mrs. Powell. All lucky people, risen to the top of the profession.

In his present position, his possessions, his good standing, Warner can say he is lucky. He does not.

"I don't believe in luck," he remarked. "I don't think there ever has been a 'lucky' man. No one could get a thing unless he first imagined himself getting it, and then went after getting it.

"When I started out on the stage, I saw what I intended to get and planned accordingly. Many believe you've merely to want something and sit down and wait.

"A beginner in acting, I knew I had much to learn. I was quite willing to study, for I knew each step I took brought me nearer to my first goal—a solid standing.

"There was only one drawback in my way. I had a dreadful fear of not being able to go through with my acting once I set foot on the stage. I suffered agonies by this lack of confidence in myself.

"Finally, I overcame this fear and never experienced it again. With my first goal reached—an apparently firm foothold in pictures—I started out for the second."

"Then you do not believe there is an end to all things?"

"No. Certainly not! Nothing ends. Life itself is just like that small waterfall down below—a constant flowing through matter and form. The mistake occurs when we clutch at the matter and try to keep ourselves out of the flow of living."

Warner certainly has gone with the stream of events. At the coming of the talkies, he was reaching a good position on the screen. The wild rush of Broadway stage players unset the ascendancy of many really fine film actors.

Many Hollywood players were to blame. They refused to face the facts. A new change had occurred.

Warner accepted the change in a natural manner. "We are going to see something absolutely new," he said to me at the time. "This is going to combine the stage and the screen. For my part, nothing could be better. It means that we of the silent pictures have to start in anew."

This is exactly what Warner did. With his past stage experience, together with the art of pantomime, he made "The Cisco Kid" an outstanding event in early talkies. His was a new type of romantic characterization, while he could talk and act and hold your interest all at the one time. From then on his career is well known.

Of course, don't think for a moment that Warner merely walked into good jobs. His career in Hollywood has not been one of continual ease.

I recall spending an evening with War-



Secret agents may want to arrest him, but Ketti Gallian has a career for Paul Lukas in "Espionage."

ner, ten years ago, at his modest home on Beachwood Drive. He and his wife Winifred had just returned from New York, where he had played with Gilda Gray in "Aloma of the South Seas."

Previous to this, things had been pretty bad for Warner. Only now was he able to afford to have a couple of extra rooms built onto his house. "Until now I couldn't have afforded it," he said. "Today, I am doing what I planned to do several years ago—have a comfortable little home of our own. Later on, when my standing is even more secure, I plan to build a larger place. A home in its own grounds. A place in the country but near the town."

Ten years change many things. Today, Warner has his new home in the country. Had I not heard him plan to have it years ago I might have disregarded his own statement today.

"It has not been an easy time all along," he added, after we finished our reminiscences in the heights of Bel Air. "Many times I've been deeply discouraged. Grave obstacles have stood in my way. Yet after surmounting them, I always discovered I had gained something worthwhile from the struggle.



Ann Beniger, 19, went to Hollywood to see Gary Cooper. She did, and got his autograph as well.

"Don't think I'm a fatalist. I believe you only get what you work for—if you work along with changing events. So far as my picture profession goes, I've always gone with it. Up or down, bright or dark, I've never stood apart from it in a scoffing manner, such as I've heard others say they do.

"Since I chose acting, I put into it all I possibly could give. No matter even if the picture was stupid in plot, I've played my rôle as though it was the greatest chance of my life."

I have never seen Warner give a poor performance, and I've seen practically every picture he has appeared in. Today, the audiences are with him, mentally and emotionally. At a showing of "Robin Hood of El Dorado," a typical thing occurred to prove this statement. As *Joaquin Murrietta*, Warner gave a splendid performance. When he was tied to the tree in the market place and whipped, the entire audience gave forth an "Oh!" of compassion.

Warner has, perhaps more than any actor, outside of Paul Muni, the ability to feel and show suffering. "The Prisoner of Shark Island" and "Road to Glory" were two splendid pictures, in which he revealed depths of human suffering. In neither was he 'actory.' We might have been looking in at the actual events.

So many stars try to escape from the rest of humanity. For some strange reason, they believe they are beyond the common herd. Warner Baxter has never failed to keep in touch with other people. Perhaps no other professional in Hollywood has done more kindnesses to his fellow men than Warner. He has helped many people along. Moreover, it is the spirit in which he does things that is most noticeable. There is no condescension. No "I-come-from-the-heights-down-to-earth" attitude.

This is the chief trait that has made Warner Baxter outstanding in his line of work. He feels the mass mind. *He is one with humanity.*

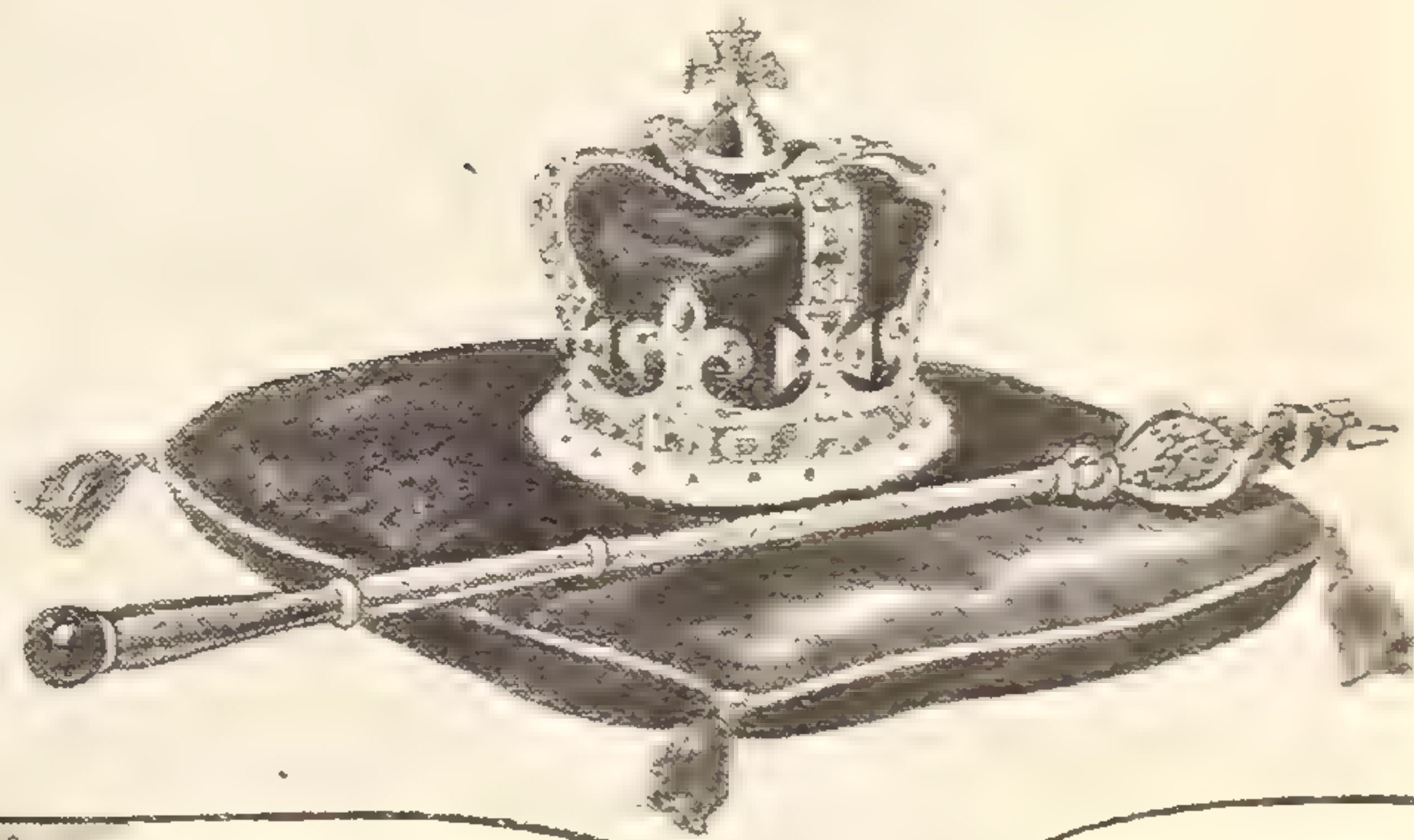
This is how Warner has done what very few stars do—hold the public attention as an actor who understands.



Britain's Coronation

AWAKENS NEW INTEREST IN
TITLED BRITISH BEAUTIES

*Duchesses, Countesses
Viscountesses and Ladies
guard
their Loveliness
the Pond's way*



The Duchess of Leinster
CENTER TOP

The Countess Howe
LEFT CENTER

The Viscountess Milton
LEFT BOTTOM

The Viscountess Dunwich
LEFT TOP

The Lady Barbara Gore
UPPER RIGHT

The Lady Helena Fitzwilliam
BOTTOM

WHEN BRITAIN'S great pageant takes place, the beauty of her high-born women will play no small part in that pageantry.

Over and above their beauty of line and feature, the world will pay tribute to the fragile, transparent beauty of their exquisitely cared for skins.

Could you ask these high-born beauties how they care for their delicate skins, you would be impressed by the number who simply answer—"Pond's."

Duchesses, Countesses, Viscountesses, Ladies are among those who say they guard their skins' beauty with Pond's. Pond's is the largest selling cream in England and in all the dominions!

Here is the method English and American beauties use:

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

Every morning—(and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Send for **SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE**
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 7S-CE, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

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he loves
ardent color...
he hates
lipstick
parching!



Yes, he likes bright lips...they look expressive and responsive.

But how his admiration chills, if lips are dry and rough. Parched lips are old lips!

Remember, then, your lipstick has *two* duties. It must bestow thrilling color. It must protect you from Lipstick Parching.

Coty's new lipstick, the "Sub-Deb," does just that. Because of a new softening ingredient, "Theobroma," it keeps your lips smooth and soft, dewy as a fresh petal. Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in 5 ardent and indelible shades, 50¢.

"Air Spun" Rouge is another thrilling Coty make-up discovery! Cyclones blend colors to new, life-like subtlety and smoothness. In shades that match "Sub-Deb" Lipstick, 50¢.

COTY
SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Precious protection!...Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.



Bravest Bride

Continued from page 34

week-end and I've had to work every Saturday!" She has a long-term acting contract with RKO-Radio where she'll shortly begin "Serenade On the Seine." He has a night-club contract as master of ceremonies and orchestra leader at the College Inn in Chicago. "Roger is expecting to be out here soon, broadcasting on a national hook-up," she explains.

Meanwhile, they spend a lot of their money long-distancing one another and every night Ann tunes in for a melody played especially for her benefit. But would a thousand love songs, sung two thousand miles away, satisfy you? They were deluged with handsome wedding presents; now Ann has her beautiful silver and linen and china and she has all sorts of notions about fixing up a perfect house. But she can't settle down when there's no husband on hand!

A nice pickle? What she gets for whirling into such a fine, gay romance? Yes. But there's more to all this than just that abrupt conclusion. While her marriage isn't exactly what she dreamed it could be, in the long run it'll be a model to shoot at or I don't know Ann at all.

"Certainly I'm not as happy as I might be," she confesses. "I'm lonely—often. But I'm not feeling sorry for myself; I realized what Roger and I were letting ourselves in for, and believe me when you are in love as wholeheartedly as we are it's terrible to have to be separated by half a continent. Of course I'm eager to begin real housekeeping, to begin using our lovely wedding gifts. But I learned—before this—that I can't have everything I want precisely as I want it; I've already learned that half a loaf is better than none, and that's why I am sure that eventually I shall be quite happy. If Roger and I strive we can have a home and family like other lovers.

"I was recklessly romantic all right, but I insist that I wasn't simply silly. What does a girl get by over-valuing her freedom? When you know you've found the one man you know he is worth any price. You no longer want to scheme selfishly. You'd rather have *him* than a flock of yachts with anyone else. Perhaps I'd climb faster in Hollywood if I married with an eye for material gain, or if I remained unattached. But that never dawned on me.

"Maybe it is childishly romantic to some people to marry when you are faced with obstacles, up against odds; but I don't see it as immature. For me, love is the greatest of inspirations. I am more determined than ever to be a better person, a better actress. I want Roger to be proud of me!

"I go out occasionally with mutual friends; I haven't become a recluse. We're combining common sense with our romanticism, honestly! And this is another thought I've had lately: in looking about me here in Hollywood it occurs to me that we may be avoiding that business of two tired actors coming home and only being together when fatigued and cross. Many split-ups seem to come when temperaments are frayed."

By nature Ann becomes nervous within herself, but she is habitually calm on the outside. Roger, on the contrary, is moody. But they share strong interests in acting and music, in plain fun. Both are sincere about desiring a genuine home. They whisper about purchasing a few acres over the hills from Hollywood, for a small ranch with city conveniences, but they can't do more than plan towards this until he is located more permanently. He

switched from acting to the musical field right after their marriage (he is the son of Arthur Pryor, the illustrious bandmaster), and his success is bound to keep him on this new track.

Amazingly, Ann met Roger in Chicago in the very same night club in Chicago where he is currently featured. Both were enacting leads in plays in adjoining theatres, and Ernie Byfield, who owns the hotel where the College Inn is, chanced to give a party and introduce them. Isn't life always more fantastic than fiction? Neither Ann nor Roger fell in love at first sight, nor even anticipated picture prominence.

Two major studios had had Ann under contract, but she hadn't been awarded breaks and she fancied the stage was her metier. Roger had a wife from whom he was separated and if Ann's triumphant return to California when a third studio demanded her services was a jolt, so was his whisking into pictures! Universal signed him for a lead and rushed him to New York where the film was to be made; to his wonder they handed him a flock of songs to croon. His protestations that he'd never sung a note were received as false modesty; so Roger just sang and so well that Hollywood grabbed him. He had to hero Mae West to escape from musicals!

They didn't experience love at first sight, Ann and Roger, but when they met later in the West they remembered one another. Ann's footlight record so impressed studio executives that she was set.

Then love did happen to these two—and then was when Ann's romantic nature went on display. Hollywood stars frequently announce an engagement before one fiancé is free. Ann steadfastly refused to discuss marriage with Roger. After he got his divorce they might become engaged. She had dreamt of a long engagement and a big church wedding, and, anyway she just wasn't sophisticated enough to be engaged to a man who had a wife, no matter how finished the former marriage was.

For three years Ann was unhappy, balked by fate. She didn't care to go out with anyone else but Roger, but she did. She was in a pickle; quite innocently she had fallen for a man she couldn't have. But finally Roger was given his freedom. Ann could go ahead, but Roger had determined to change over into the musical field. He had gone away from Hollywood, while she was tied down here.

Their agents arranged for them to star in the radio broadcast of the play "There's Always Juliet." Roger, his deal for the College Inn on paper, flew West for three days of frantic rehearsals before going on the air with Ann. She met him at the airport. He kissed her enthusiastically and cried, "Honey, let's get married!" Ann had yearned for this moment so long that all she could reply was, "Let's have dinner!"

That was Wednesday night; the broadcast was Saturday evening and they vowed they'd be married right after it. Thursday morning the commotion started. There is a three-day waiting law in California between getting your marriage license and the ceremony—so they had to schedule the event for one minute after midnight Saturday night. Having settled this essential matter, the two of them and a retinue of agents hastened to the NBC studio to pick up their scripts, and on to the Brown Derby. "My wedding dress!" gasped Ann, "I've got to have a gorgeous one."

Her business manager spoke up, "You just bought a new dress; wear that." To which Ann retorted romantically, "I should think not! I'm going to have a

She thought it was "Another Woman"



... till her Doctor told her the Truth about Intimate Feminine Cleanliness

"MY HUSBAND is cruel," she told the doctor. "He no longer loves me."

How mistaken she was! It was just because he *did* love her, and *couldn't* be cruel, that they had been drifting apart. How could he tell her that *she* was the only "other woman" in the case... that *she* had changed, in one important way, from the girl he had married?

Often wives fail to realize that after marriage there is a special obligation to be dainty and fastidious. The more tender love is, the more easily it may be bruised by "little" neglects, that are so hard to put into words.

Many family doctors—and many husbands, too—know that one of the enemies of happiness is the wife's neglect of intimate cleanliness at all times. One can talk about superficial things like clothes,

or complexions. But not of intimate things like feminine hygiene.

If you have been seeking a method of feminine hygiene that is wholesome and cleansing, ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. For more than 50 years this scientific preparation has been the choice of many doctors, and millions of women.

Among many good reasons for this are these six essential qualities which "Lysol" disinfectant provides—



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2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is active under practical conditions... in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
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New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands, and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

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Posed by
professional
model

- 1 Rich red blood, necessary to properly nourish and build up every part of the body, is especially promoted by this new discovery where iron is needed.
- 2 A healthy digestion which gets ALL the good out of your food requires an adequate supply of Vitamin B. This new discovery supplies this precious element.
- 3 Normal, regular elimination to remove poisons and thereby promote health and growth requires adequate Vitamin B. This is the third important purpose.

SKINNY? New Quick Way Gives Thousands Solid Pounds **FAST!**

WHEN thousands of skinny, friendless people have gained pounds of solid, normally good-looking flesh with this new triple-acting treatment, it's a crime for thousands of others to remain thin and unattractive. Actually, with this quick new body-builder, you may not only gain weight, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep and popularity.

Scientists recently discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite, and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. The finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, whole yeast and other ingredients in pleasant little tablets.

If you, too, need these elements to aid in building you up, get these new triple-acting Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal. Soon you feel like new.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, these new Ironized Yeast tablets should aid in building you up in just a few weeks as they have helped thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money back instantly.

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wedding dress with a long white veil." Then Roger interrupted. He didn't think a white veil was quite proper inasmuch as he had been married once. They compromised on a blue veil! Leaving the men, Ann whisked over to Irene's where she stumbled upon a moonlight blue lamé gown that was the answer to her prayers. But before she tore away she had to order the wedding supper, to be served at her house, and it was a knock-out with champagne trimmings.

That same evening (Thursday), Joan Bennett gave a shower for the bride-to-be, and Gene Markey threw a bachelor shower for Roger. In Hollywood practically a legal week-end holiday was declared. Oh, in between all the fun the honorees managed to put in hours of rehearsing at NBC.

On Saturday night Joan Bennett and a woman friend of theirs drove Ann from her house to the church. It was the memorable ceremony Ann longed for. "When you have a lovely church wedding and a good minister," she sighs, "it's more serious." The gala crowd all went to Ann's house afterwards. Sunday night everyone was at the airport to see the two off on the plane. Joan Bennett slyly decorated it with festoons of white satin and orchids.

"At 2 A.M. we were forced to land. What a sight we were traipsing to the one little hotel in the neighborhood! I had all the orchids and the first thing I asked for was the refrigerator, to park them in! My maid carried my fur coats I was taking to Chicago. There was only one vacant room in the funny hotel; it was so discouraging that Roger and I tramped down the street at 3 A.M. to a deserted coffee shop that was open all night. We sat at the counter, drank coffee, and ate hamburgers.

"We resumed our flight and when we landed in Kansas City Roger, who'd stepped out first, gave me the high sign. I was a trifle airsick and very weary, and a mob of reporters and cameramen had jumped on him; I shot directly to the ladies' waiting room and stayed there until we left! But at Chicago the welcome was indeed something. Roger's orchestra played *Here Comes the Bride* and about five hundred people met us. We were covered with rice, there at the airport, and I recall an old shoe, too! I was exhausted, but everyone—or so it seemed—came on to the hotel and eventually we got to sleep."

But came the dawn and a madhouse of work for Roger. He opened the revamped College Inn in a very few days; he had to rehearse the floor show and so Ann tried to relax. Of course she merely tried. She was vitally interested in his doings and on the opening night wore her best gown and received terrific applause when she appeared. "Roger and I found the same table we'd had the night we met."

Theoretically the Pryors have two establishments—Ann has kept her house in Beverly, and they have a suite at a North Shore hotel in Chicago. Ann had six weeks' vacation. "No," she states honestly, "I didn't attempt to cook—I don't even know how." When she had rested a bit she bought a police puppy to replace Roger's beloved police dog that had died; she called old friends and did her Christmas shopping. And gave no less than eighteen interviews!

A honeymooning star is apt to be swamped with duties. Her studio wired Ann that a week's personal appearance in a Chicago theatre might as well be undertaken while she was there. So Ann did four shows a day and five on a Saturday and Sunday. "And I never have been so petrified. I had been on the stage, yes; but personal appearances are quite different. I sang three songs and, standing in a blinding spotlight, I couldn't see a soul for two whole days. Finally I glimpsed the people in the first two rows and was a

bit cheered up. But it was like a black abyss and I never got over my fright the entire week!" She broke box-office records, though.

When Ann stepped onto the Hollywood-bound plane she expected to be back at Roger's side as soon as she completed "Dangerous Number" at M-G-M. She had Metro rearrange the last week's shooting so they'd be through with her in time for her to fly to Roger for New Year's week-end. I was on her set the final day of this film. Paradoxically, Ann and Robert Young were enacting bride and groom in a hotel sequence! "Whenever I see the electricians or the prop boys idling I want to shout *Hurry*," she said. "I'm going to work late and then take tomorrow morning's plane. I have to get right back to begin 'Fifty Roads To Town' at 20th Century-Fox." And despite a sudden spell of most unusual, stormy weather Ann flew to Chicago.

The divorce of her parents taught Ann two important things. The daughter of a Seattle broker and a concert singer, she learned to depend on herself. "As a child I found I was responsible for my own happiness. My mother and father hadn't wanted to divorce, but that's the way it was to be for them and it was up to me to make the best of it. I'm glad they remained friends, for this has shown me that mismatched couples need not descend to hatred. Also, I later realized that I should marry a man in my own profession. Though Roger and I are apart, we think alike and have the same goals; we understand the peculiarities of our careers because they are similar."

It was in Minneapolis that Ann's mother had known William Koenig, so when she was in Hollywood she did some voice coaching for him at Warners.

"I went along with her to his office one day and he offered me a stock contract. But I didn't become a star like a flash," remembers Ann distinctly.

After her six months at \$75 a week Warners let her go. The casting office hadn't bothered to cast her. She'd sample the life, however, so she lined up a contract at M-G-M for \$250 weekly. There she was magnificently ignored, too. Luckily, Florenz Ziegfeld came talent-hunting and realized her potentialities. Ann and her mother hastened to New York where she was a genuine musical comedy heroine.

Surprisingly, in a pretty hard-boiled business, Ann actually is almost unsophisticated. She'd as soon walk to the neighborhood movie as sit in state at the Trocadero. She prefers a stiff game of tennis to a session before a mirror. She hates to write letters, so the Pryor telephone bill is terrific; and adores to chew gum. Ann is fond of children, but dislikes modern architecture. She no longer practices her singing because she doesn't want to be typed as just a songstress. Her sense of humor is keen—she even laughs at herself when she is out skating and unexpectedly sits down on one of Beverly's best and hardest sidewalks. She doesn't believe she is cleverer than all the other actresses who have fizzled at marriage; she admits she was impulsive—but she is going to try to make her wedding stick. There is a true simplicity about her that is irresistible.

I said she was ardently sentimental. She has her wedding dress, Roger's tie that he was married in, the bridesmaid's handkerchief, and the best man's collar all laid away in lavender. Her one sorrow is that she didn't get that old shoe that was thrown at her when she landed in Chicago. She wanted to scramble for it, but with five hundred fans whooping it up Ann thought she'd better give them that movie star elegance!

She is Hollywood's bravest bride, a romantic rebel who's gone over the top for the man she loves.

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shine like the stars!

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Fred Macmurray



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OUT IN HOLLYWOOD, where a "starry" smile is worth more cold cash than anywhere on earth, they found out how Calox makes teeth *sparkle*! So it's *Calox* in the dressing rooms of many famous stars! *Calox* for the last important brushing before the picture is "shot."

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What Marriage Means to Dick Powell

Continued from page 28

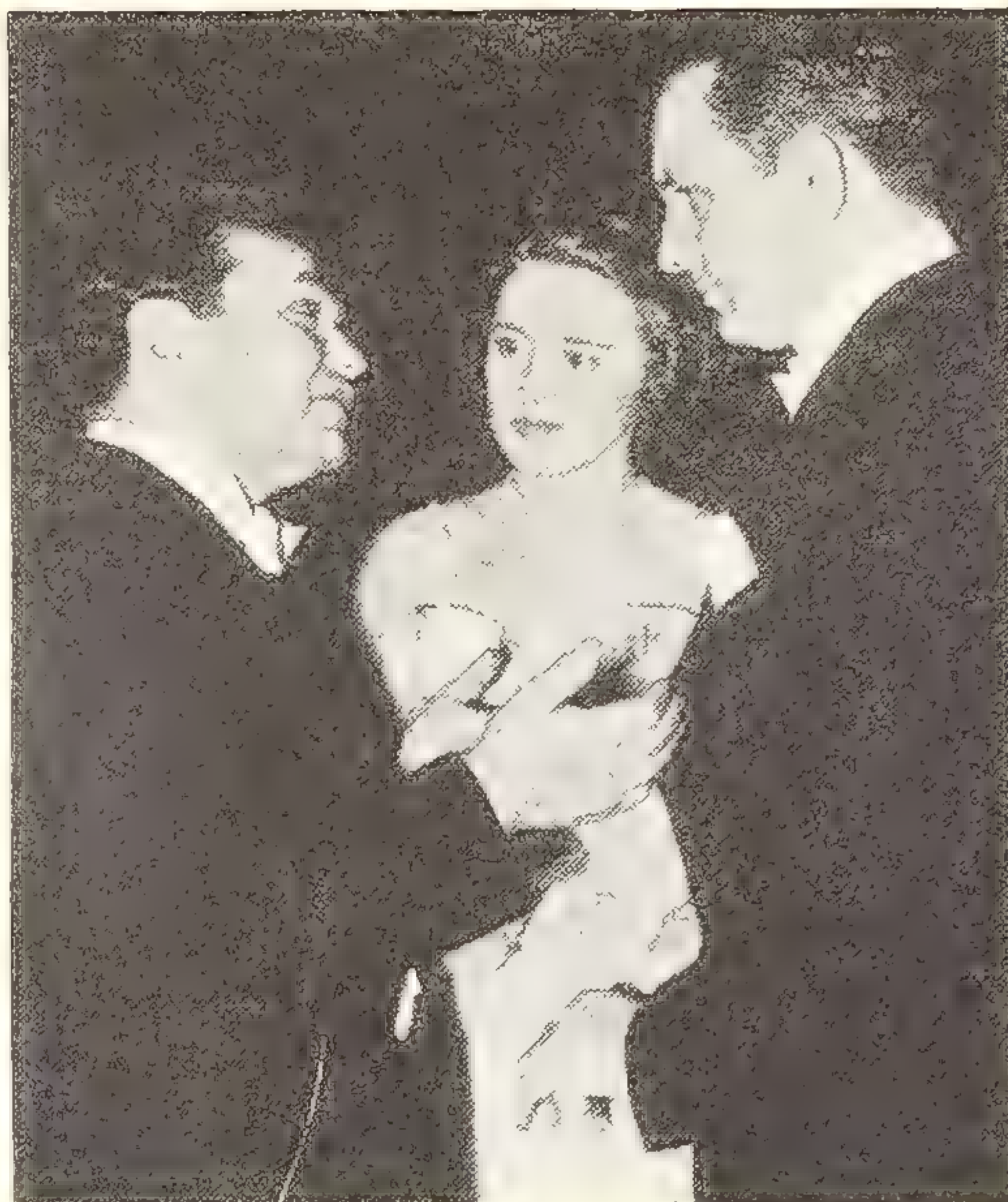
upstairs with a package from the jeweler's—and it contained my garnet bracelet!"

"It seems," said Dick, adjusting his tie, "that the first package from the jeweler's had contained my wrist watch. After testing the catch Joan put it on the table, and when I came home that night I found it. Of course," added Dick with a genial smile, "all catches do look alike. More or less. And now I must rush to Twentieth Century or Warner Brothers or the broadcasting station or somewhere. What marriage means to me?" he tossed from the doorway. "You certainly ought to know by now." I *did* have a rough idea.

From the front door Dick yelled back at me, "But I asked for it." And then from the driveway he yelled again, "And I love it!"

Dick's painstaking neatness not only applies to himself and his home, but also to his car. A scratch on a fender is like cat-snip on a tie. How brilliantly the fenders of his car used to shine. I say "used to" because all that was in his B. B. days (before Blondell). For little Missy Joanie can do more to a fender in a day than most people can in a lifetime. She has a perfect knack for knicking fenders. Marriage means constant garage bills for Dick Powell. And hang around while I tell you the sad story of the parked car. Husbands will love it.

Take one morning on a quiet street in Beverly Hills. Joan Blondell Powell, who learned to drive a car in the great open spaces of Texas and never learned to back or park, is about to swing into



Wide World

Edward G. Robinson, Florence Eldridge and Fredric March talk it over as they meet at a party.

her driveway. Ah, she missed it again, and hit the curb with a bang and that's awfully good on the tires. She's going into reverse, and back a bit, and try it again. But Joan is one of those women who never looks back when she backs. Crash—bang—crash! She has backed right into the car parked on the opposite side of the street.

It's a quiet street and no one has seen her except her own butler who comes rushing out to help her.

Miss Blondell: Arthur, look what I have done! I wonder whose car that is? I certainly smashed the fender, all right, didn't I? It's quite a large car, isn't it, and looks terribly expensive. But I'm in a hurry, Arthur, I haven't time to investigate now. See, I'll just put my card in the seat of the car and write on it 'Please communicate with me regarding repairs—Joan Blondell.' Oh the owner is going to be awfully angry, but I couldn't help it, could I, Arthur? He had no business parking where I had to back. Look after things for me, Arthur, I must be at the studio in twenty minutes.

(The scene changes now to the breakfast table in the Powell home the next morning. Mr. Powell is worried. Mrs. Powell is trying to be worried too.)

Dick Powell: But I don't understand it, Joanie, Arthur never acted like that before. He has been a marvelous servant. And seems so devoted to all of us. Now just why did he do a thing like that? I told him the day I employed him that he was not to take any of the cars out at night. Ever. And he was gone until four this morning with our car. We can't permit that. I'll have to speak to him. If he does it again, I'll have to fire him.

(Arthur enters and serves the breakfast, giving Miss Blondell an encouraging smile.)

Dick Powell: Arthur, you had my car out until four this morning. You know I don't permit that. What were you doing

FLASH!

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Let ARTHUR MURRAY, World's Most Famous Dancing Instructor, teach you the New Dance Steps

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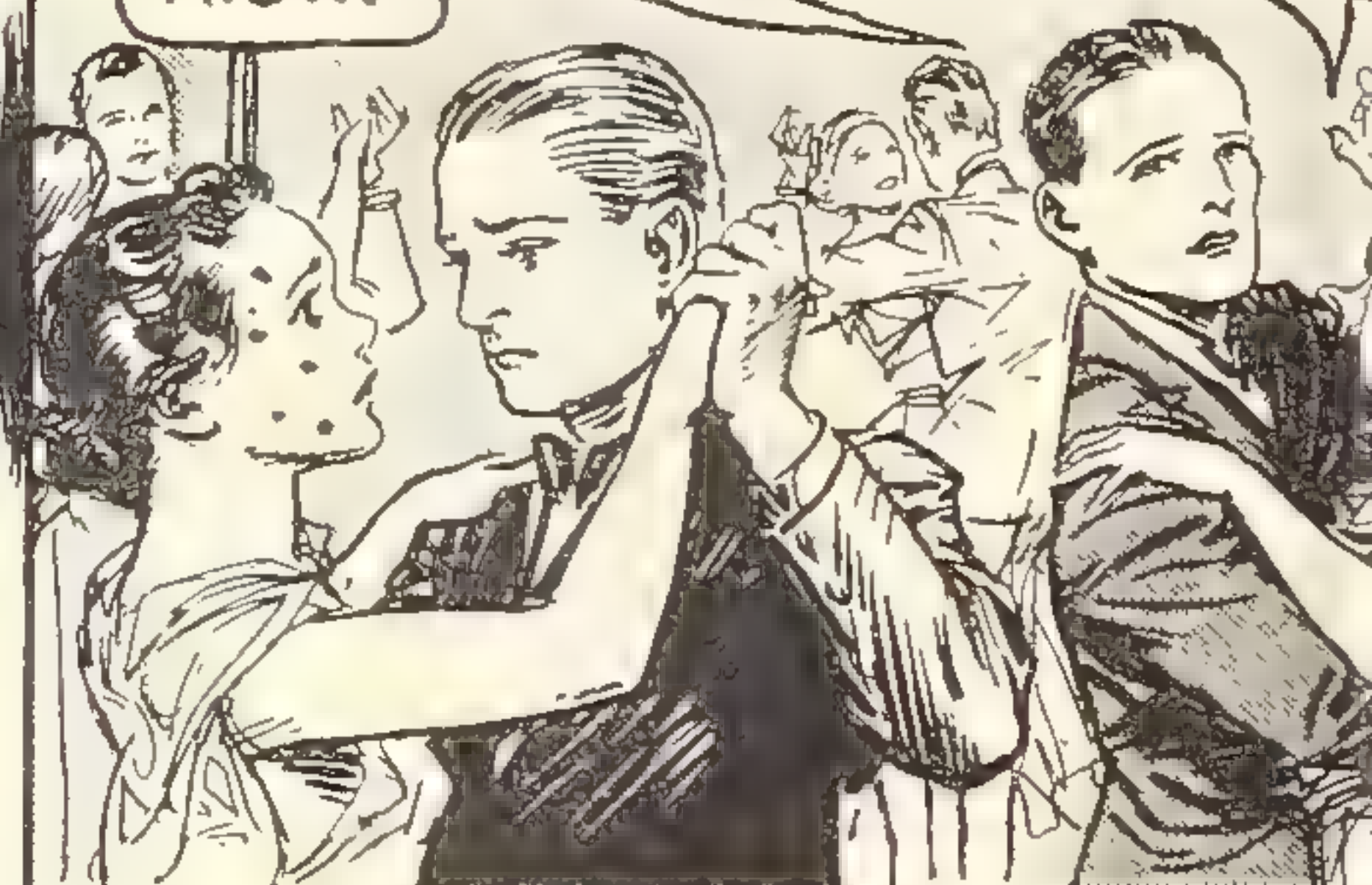
IT WOULD COST \$5 EACH PRIVATE LESSON TO LEARN THESE STEPS IN ARTHUR MURRAY'S NEW YORK STUDIO...



BEGIN NOW

TOO BAD HOW AL ALWAYS GETS STUCK WITH THAT SISTER OF HIS...

HER FACE SURE SIGHT - WONDER SHE DOESN'T FLEISCHMANN'S FOR THOSE PIM



4 WEEKS LATER
PEG SENDS HER FILLED-IN CARD FOR THE ARTHUR MURRAY DANCE BOOK

FEW DAYS LATER

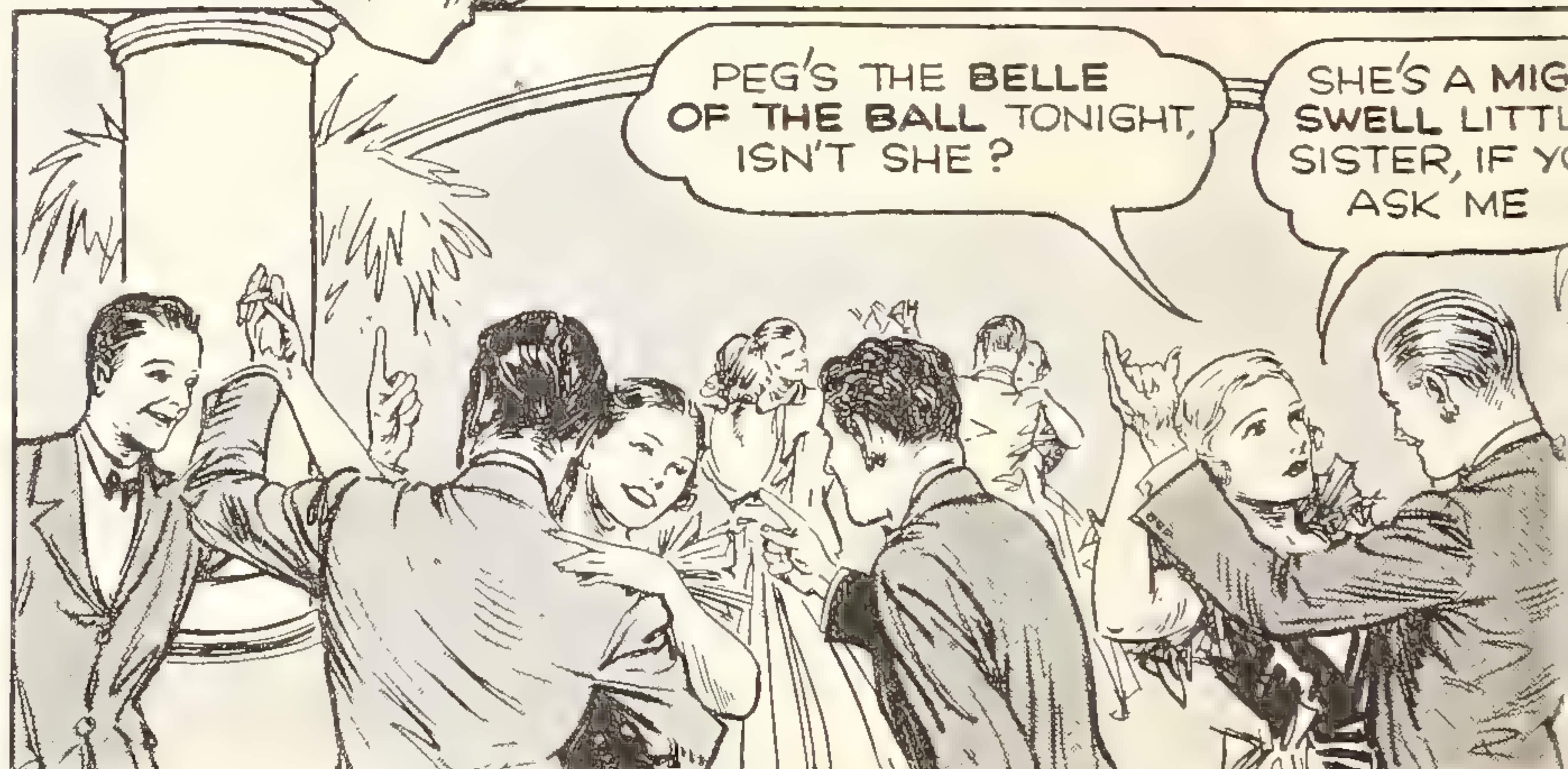
LOOK, AL - I CAN DO IT NOW - THIS ARTHUR MURRAY BOOK'S WONDERFUL! MY I'M HAPPY!

YOU LOOK IT KID - AN' SAY THOSE YEAST CAKES SURE FIXED YOUR FACE UP FINE



PEG'S THE BELLE OF THE BALL TONIGHT, ISN'T SHE?

SHE'S A MIGHTY SWELL LITTLE SISTER, IF YOU ASK ME



with the car? (Arthur gives Miss Blondell another look, this time more beseeching than encouraging.)

Arthur: Well, sir, I'd—I'd like to tell you, sir. But I can't, sir.

Dick Powell: You can't tell me!

Joan Blondell: Arthur, why do you keep looking at me? What's wrong? Tell Mr. Powell what you were doing with the car?

Arthur (greatly relieved): Oh, Mrs. Powell; I didn't think you wanted me to tell Mr. Powell.

Dick Powell (exploding): What?

Joan Blondell (amazed): What?

Arthur: You know, ma'am, the car you backed into yesterday. It was pretty badly smashed.

Joan Blondell: Yes, Arthur, I know. Dick darling, remind me to tell you about it. Whose car was it, Arthur?

Arthur (bewildered by it all): Why, Mrs. Powell, ma'am, it was your own car, the town car. It was four o'clock this morning before they got it fixed.

Joan Blondell (muttering): My own car!

Dick Powell: Arthur, bring Mrs. Powell a strong cup of coffee. (Several hours later):

Joan: Dick, dear, are you mad about the car?

Dick: No, my pet. But I have decided that you should have a chauffeur. No, no, now, don't get excited. I don't mind—well, not much—about the fenders, but I just wouldn't have anything happen to you for all the world.

And that's how Dick Powell managed the fender situation in his married life.

The problems of the little woman's utter disregard for phone messages, keys, and jewelry have not been solved as yet. Joan rarely ever remembers to give a phone message, and when she does, she in-

The best of pals, are that romantic couple, Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond, and the aristocratic setter they entered in a recent dog show on the coast. Here they are, all proud of the ribbons won by the "champ" dog.



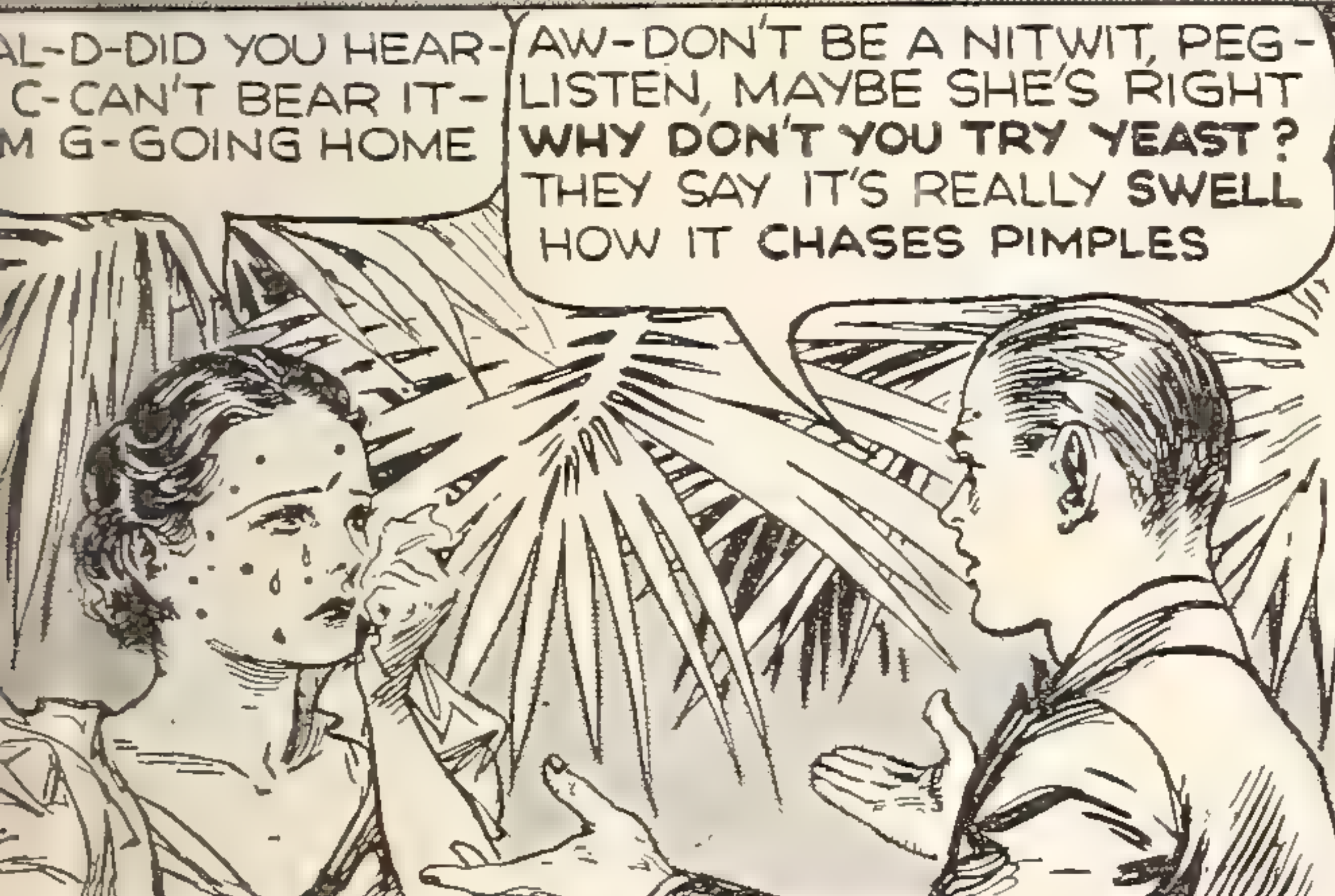
Wide World

variably forgets the name of the person who called. Keys, she has never been able to cope with keys. She can never find them when she wants them, and they have the weirdest way of turning up weeks later in Dick's dresser drawers, or Normie's paint box. But strange to say, Dick doesn't seem to mind.

Of course every actor must have a good night's sleep before he has to face the cameras the following morning. And actors are very fussy about this good night's sleep. Dick used to get it in the old days—but marriage with Joan Blondell changed all that. Joan is one of these very nervous

sleepers who fancies she hears strange noises all during the night. She has a burglar phobia of the worst sort. Poor Dick, rarely a night passes but he is awakened from a sound sleep by his little bride who shoves a revolver at him and tells him to go hunt burglars downstairs. If the studio ever wishes to star him in Westerns, Dick will be in perfect training for there isn't a better gun-toter, (thanks to Joanie), in all of Beverly Hills. However, I must say his nightly prowls have left no sad effects. Dick has never looked better. Well, that's what marriage does to you.

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Swing into it, boys and girls! Don't miss this chance to get ARTHUR MURRAY'S exciting book of DANCE LESSONS. Learn the latest steps! Pictures, diagrams make every step easy!

You can't buy this book! The ONLY WAY to secure one is by saving labels from Fleischmann Yeast Cakes! Ask your grocer for a FREE Fleischmann Dance Card—paste the yeast labels on. Send it in.

If your grocer has no Dance Cards, you can get the book if you paste 81 labels on a piece of paper, or mail them, in an envelope, with your name and address to Fleischmann's Yeast, 701 Washington Street, New York City. (This offer holds good until August 31st, 1937.)

(Details of securing Dance Book differ slightly in states West of Denver and in Canada, see newspapers or ask your local grocer.)



"Keep it up faithfully," says Dr. R. E. Lee, well-known physician, "and Fleischmann's Yeast will help clear up ADOLESCENT PIMPLES..."

After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This disturbs the whole system. The skin gets very sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out!

Fleischmann's Yeast has proved a great help in clearing up a pimply skin. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Eat 3 cakes every day—plain, or in a little water, a cake about 1½ hour before each meal.

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Don't be a hollyhock!

SAYS

Jane Heath



• HOLLYHOCKS are always standing around by walls. Any girl would rather be a daisy . . . with lots of

bachelor-buttons clustering round. Men love glamorous eyes, with mysterious, appealing lashes; and whatever you were born with, you can have them. Strong spring sunlight demands long dark lashes. Darken your lashtips with LASHTINT LIQUID. They will look twice as long and alluring, but completely soft and natural. Water-proof; dries instantly. Try it today. Brown, black, green or blue. \$1.



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• EVERY day curl your lashes like daisy-petals!

More light enters . . . and what flattering shadows the lashes cast on your face! Use KURLASH, the little implement that curls them perfectly within 30 seconds. No heat, cosmetics or practice. \$1 at all better stores.



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• THE girl with brittle, bleached-looking lashes stays in the corner too. Use KURLENE, a scientific formula for promoting growth and luxuriance in lashes. Rub a little on your lashes each night and see how silky they stay all the next day. Tube 50c, Jar \$1.



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Location Love At Sunrise

Continued from page 61

directors are an optimistic lot, so the company just took shelter in cockpits and old ruins until the shower should blow over. It didn't. By afternoon even the assistant director was willing to concede the point that it was a deluge, and when the company was told to return to Ventura and come back tomorrow they discovered that they couldn't get away. The strip of land that connects Point Mugu with the mainland was completely under water and the company was marooned. "I thought everything had happened to me," said Miriam, "but I had never been marooned before. It isn't very pleasant." So then some bright person remembered the planes, which for a wonder weren't prop planes, and by nightfall everybody had been flown to the nearest airport. The next morning it was all to be done over again at five o'clock, and the sun's first rays found Miriam and Louis (having been carted through the mud on tractors) dying for love of each other—and a hot cup of coffee. But before there was a perfect "take" the tide went out leaving the beach fairly strewn with exhausted fish. "Love before breakfast is bad enough," said Miriam, "but with fish—!"

Point Mugu was immediately christened Point Mudgoo by the company, and "at the front" took on a very realistic touch. But despite all the mud and cold and rain of "The Woman I Love" location they will tell you at the studio that Miriam has never been less temperamental on a picture. Could it be that she is really in love with the director, Anatole Litvak? It could easily be.

Ida Lupino is one of the girls who claims that she can take an early morning location in her stride, after two years in Hollywood. "But what really gets me down," Ida adds, "is to have to appear on a location before sunrise in an evening gown. You have no idea how horrible it is to have to get up at four in the morning and get into an evening gown, sandals, jewels, and all accessories, and appear at some far-off location by seven o'clock. You don't feel exactly like waltzing." In "Let's Get Married," the picture that Ida is now making with Ralph Bellamy at Columbia, she does many of her best love scenes at six in the morning all dressed up and no place to go but to work.

The charming dance sequence in "Maid of Salem" where Claudette Colbert, as the shy Puritan maid, and Fred MacMurray as the gay Virginian, dance the gavotte was taken at the ungodly hour of six A.M., which is no time, as Claudette will tell you, to put your heart and soul into a gavotte, even with Fred MacMurray. Claudette is a girl who loves her morning slumber, even as you and I, and it's like pulling eye-teeth to get her up before eleven. She's the type who says, "Just ten more minutes." But at Santa Cruz, California, where most of "Maid of Salem" was made, the sun has a maddening habit of rising early, so there was nothing for it but that Claudette and Fred must do likewise. And cold—Santa Cruz at that time of year might well be called Little America. The morning of the gavotte Fred arrived at the woodland location all wrapped up in a polo coat over his cavalier uniform. When the cameraman had said "The light is right," Claudette called to Fred, "Climb out of that coat and expose yourself to a good case of pneumonia." But it wasn't pneumonia Fred caught. He dropped his coat hastily, not looking where he dropped it, nor did he look when he put it on later after the last "take." But it wasn't long before he

broke out with poison ivy! "It's bad enough to get out of a warm bed in the morning and have to dance gavottes with your teeth chattering," mourned Fred, "but to get poison ivy besides—!"

The shortest location on record, it seems, was the one made recently by the "High, Wide and Handsome" company. Irene Dunne and Randy Scott received studio calls to be at Chino, California (several hours drive south of Hollywood), at six the next morning to do a love scene for the picture. In fact, they were requested to bring their luggage with them as they would probably be there catching the morning light for several weeks. So Irene sorrowfully quoted, "Theirs not to make reply, Theirs not to reason why, Theirs but to do and die," and with a fond kiss on little "Missy's" baby cheek grimly left her happy home at four one morning to give her all to the cinema in Chino. It was freezing cold, and Irene wondered all the way down just how she and Randy could warm up for a love scene without muffling themselves in fur coats, and just how long it would be before she had laryngitis, which would fix everything up just ducky for her songs. It's in moments like these that stage stars always wonder why the heck they ever come to Hollywood anyway. Whoever heard of love before sunrise! Why, it's utterly insane! Well, it seems that southern California was having one of those "unusual" bits of weather (what, again!), the thermometer had dropped to seventeen degrees in the orange belt, and the ranchers were smudging away for dear life to save the citrus crop. The sun had come up by the time Irene arrived (having definitely decided that she would return to the New York stage at once), but alas, no one could see it through the oily smudge. "Back to Hollywood and the studio," said Director Rouben Mamoulian.

Just in case you might get the idea that all locations around Hollywood are cold, I'd just like to correct that impression right now—before Marlene has a stroke. Those famous passionate love scenes between Dietrich and Charles Boyer in "The Garden of Allah" (oh boy, as Martha Raye says), were made not at the discreet little hour of six in the morning, but at three! Imagine that! Imagine the glamorous and sophisticated Marlene condescending to arise from her downy couch at such an hour. Well, she didn't want to at first, you may be sure, but one day she keeled over in a dead faint—a sun stroke, no less—and it frightened her so that thereafter she was one of the first to get to that location no matter how early. The picture was taken down in the desert sand dune country of southern California, where a little thing like 110 by noon is nothing at all. Marlene would arise at two, put on her make-up, and by three o'clock would be doing her love scenes with her moody monk against the most gorgeous desert sunrise. By ten o'clock she was back in her cabin having cold showers (of sorts).

That exquisite scene in "The Good Earth" where Luise Rainer plants the peach seed on her wedding night while Paul Muni gazes upon her with eyes of tender devotion—the nearest we have to a love scene in that magnificent production—was made, just as you guessed, at six in the morning in far-away Chatsworth. Imagine being able to play such a thrillingly beautiful scene with the sleep still in your eyes! Poor Luise certainly suffered for her art all through that picture. The make-up alone took about two hours to put on, what

with wigs and eye-tilting, so Luise would have to get up between two-thirty and three, drive from her home in Brentwood to the M-G-M studios in Culver City, where Jack Dawn, make-up magician, painstakingly changed her from a glamorous personality into a simple little Chinese woman, and then dash like mad to Chatsworth, forty miles away, to be able to catch the first rays of the sun. Due to the extreme heat all "shooting" had to stop early in the afternoon, so it was work before breakfast and like it. Luise says that she didn't mind the make-up so much on that picture, it was the dirty clothes that got her down. Once away from Chatsworth she spent most of her time in the bath-tub. And I hear rumors to the effect that she didn't mind at all that there was only one love scene with Mr. Muni.

The Valley of the Blue Moon, which will simply knock you out of your seats by its sheer beauty when you see "Lost Horizon," happens to be Sherwood Forest, which is on the inland route to Santa Barbara. It is here that Jane Wyatt and Ronnie Colman, under the distinguished direction of Frank Capra, first meet and fall in love in the screen version of James Hilton's "Lost Horizon." *Sondra*, the part played by Jane Wyatt, is a new character, but don't let it upset you. Mr. Hilton didn't. Well, you know how trees are in forests, always casting shadows, so you can readily understand why the cameraman would have to say, "The light is right," so early in the morning that not even the birds had gotten up. But I suppose if you do have to work at falling in love at six in the morning at least having Ronnie Colman as the object of your affections makes it easier. I don't believe I could take Wally Beery that early, even if I were a good actress.

There's a cab scene in "Maytime" which is really very amusing. Jeanette MacDonald



Miriam Hopkins and Louis Hayward in a love scene made on location. The accompanying story tells about Miriam's experiences on the trip.

as an American opera singer studying in Europe is rescued when her cab breaks down in the early morning outside of a French café by a young student, none other than our Mr. Nelson Eddy. While the cab is being repaired Jeanette and Nelson promptly fall in love, and as the cab joggles off down the street Nelson runs after it pleading with Jeanette to have a breakfast of ham and eggs with him—his

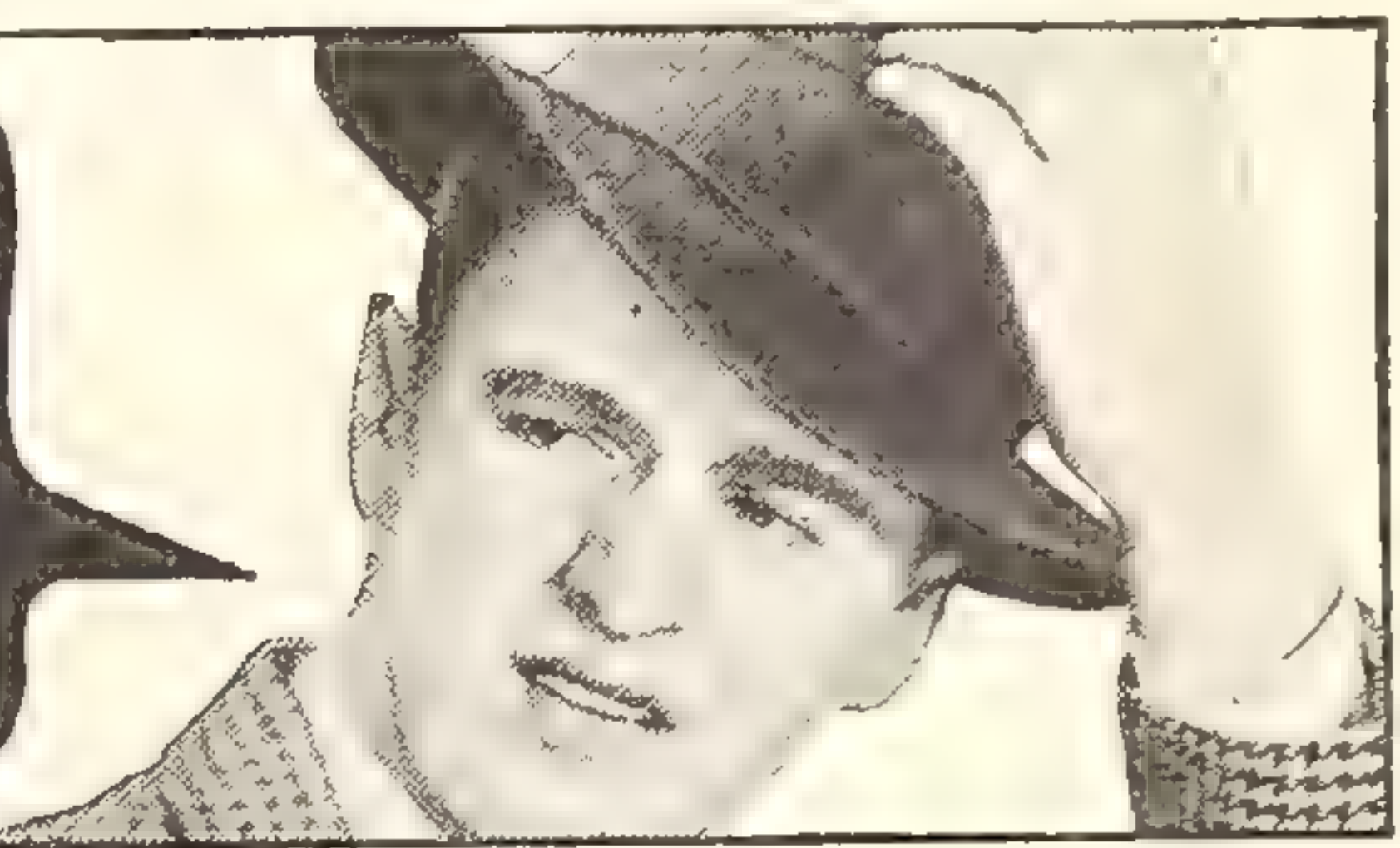
pleas rapidly turn into a parody about ham and eggs to the tune of opera. "As we took that scene at sunrise," said Jeanette, "you can just imagine how I felt about ham and eggs. I was fairly drooling at the mouth before Nelson could finish his song. When the scene was finally shot I think I ate more ham and eggs at the commissary than I have ever eaten before in all my life."

Those who went on the "Souls at Sea" (Cooper, Dee, and Raft) location on Catalina Island tell me that Gary, my pet romance, is no dream prince at four in the morning. The siren would ring at the location camp at three-thirty every morning and Gary and Frances and George and other members of the cast would have to be at the dock in make-up by four-thirty to take water taxis out to the tramp steamer where most of the picture was made. Gary, they tell me, never had his eyes open once, just walked around like a man in a trance. But he's no man in a trance when he goes into those love scenes with Frances Dee. The most romantic love scene in the picture was made at five o'clock one morning on a rough sea with Gary half asleep and Frances worried about her little boy who was ill at the hotel on the Isthmus. Smart people, those actors.

Well, I guess even the most stubborn of you are willing to admit by now that locations aren't the picnic you always thought they were. In fact actors hate locations worse than they do supervisors. That is, all of them except Shirley Temple. (Who, thank goodness, is yet to do a love scene.) When Director John Ford told little Shirley that there would be twenty-five days of location at Chatsworth for "Wee Willie Winkie" Shirley smiled happily and exclaimed, "Oh, goody! Twenty-five box lunches!"



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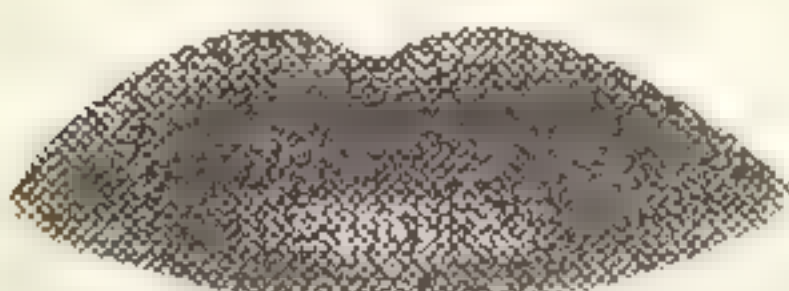
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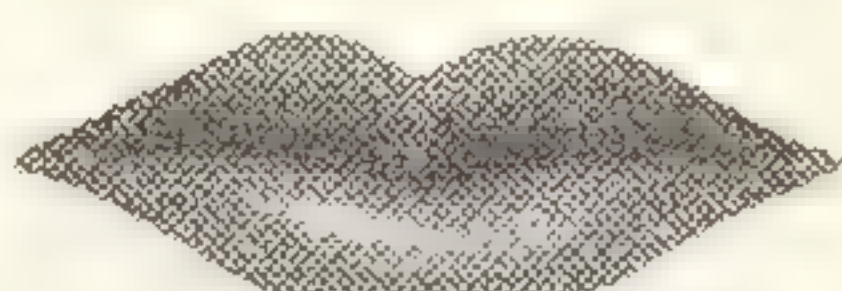
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London

Continued from page 51

stock and determines to have her revenge.

Charles Laughton has achieved a masterpiece of make-up even for him as the limping stuttering *Emperor Claudius* with the Imperial laurel-wreath always crooked across his brow because he is seldom sober enough to wear it with appropriate regal dignity. "I'm perfectly revolting," he declared serenely. "You know, I said I'd never play another of these historical monsters but I don't seem able to resist a good part and they are so full of character opportunities. But my next film—the one I'm making for my own new company which I've formed with Erich Pommer—really will be a straightforward comedy. I've chosen the story myself and I'm an ordinary suburban business-man wearing my face natural." He grinned. "I expect all the fans will write acclaiming England's new handsome romantic!"

Charles the Producer will still continue his close relationship with Korda, making his future films in the latter's palatial studios at Denham. The stages will be housing Korda's own new comedy film at the same time, called "Storm in a Teacup" and set in a quiet little Highland town—a kind of Scottish. "Mr. Deeds" in fact—with a quarrel about a stray dog and the local upset that ensues.

Vivien Leigh is the heroine. She's Korda's latest starlet and he's industriously grooming her until she blossoms out as "a screen sister to my Merle" as he tactfully puts it. Vivien first played *Lady Cynthia* in "Fire Over England" and then she was promoted to be the mysterious spy girl with whom Conrad Veidt fell in love in "Dark Journey." Now Korda has put her under a long-term contract and is launching her spectacularly on a stellar career.

Nineteen-year-old Vivien is a lithe, exotic little lady, exquisitely poised and sophisticated because she belongs to an aristocratic family and is married to a London barrister. Sports have no appeal for her—she prefers the cultured aesthetic things of life, collecting Chinese porcelain and knowing as much about old books as many a professional connoisseur. She has a two-year-old daughter and a small modern house in Bohemian Chelsea where the cool, perfectly arranged rooms hold just a few pieces of antique furniture and masses of Vivien's favorite lilies and lilac branches.

Another new star appealing for your attention this summer will be Lilli Palmer, the vivacious blonde you saw with Richard Arlen in "Silent Barriers." She is now at the Pinewood Studios making "Vienna Sunset," a romantic musical film set against a colorful background of Vienna, the Italian Lakes, and North Africa. Tullio Carminati plays opposite to her.

Lilli is just twenty-one and made her first public appearance upside down—the producer wanted a girl who could stand on her head for five minutes in a comic revue scene. With the money she earned, Lilli paid for a course of real acting lessons at the famous Austrian conservatoire where Marlene Dietrich, Elisabeth Bergner, Luise Rainer and many another now-famous star studied under Max Reinhardt's direction and wept at his acidly scathing criticisms of her early histrionics.

At Pinewood too, Herbert Wilcox is busy on the first of the coming cycle of Queen Victoria films. (Since the King raised the ban on screen and stage presentations about his Royal great-grandmother's life, all our leading producers

have been enthusiastically ordering Victorian stories because it was such a richly historical period and those oval-necked crinolines so attractive!)

Wilcox has decided to begin with the meeting of the Queen, played by Anna Neagle, with the handsome Prince Albert whom she later married. He is Anton Walbrook, the Viennese star just returned from Hollywood, and perfectly resembles the Prince Consort in build, features, and accent, as well as being exactly the same age as the Prince was at the time.

Gaumont-British go into the competition next with Nova Pilbeam starring in their production of "Girlhood of the Queen" which shows the famous Victoria as the shy young Princess unexpectedly called to the Throne and before she achieved her



Marta Labarr, whose resemblance to Garbo started rumors that Greta was in London, appears with Charles Oliver in a new English film.

life's romance. Meanwhile the G-B studios are proudly ensconcing the biggest set piece ever to be constructed in London.

It's a faithful scale replica of one of the colossal air-liners scientists calmly declare will be daily winging across the Atlantic in a few years' time. It carries eighty passengers and has a dining-saloon, a cocktail bar, and a dance lounge in which you'll see blonde Anna Lee partnering John Loder though Oscar Homolka and Frank Cellier plan crooked doings out on the promenade deck while ostensibly admiring the passing clouds. They're calling the film "Non-Stop New York" and it's a point of honor with the technicians to include even more sensational futuristic effects than they did in the celebrated "Transatlantic Tunnel" last year.

George Arliss looked in to admire the air-liner the other day. He seems much fitter after the winter rest his doctor advised and now he's assiduously reading stories again because he is due to start work on his next production early in May.

When Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., comes back from Hollywood, his producing company here, Criterion Films, will set off for the Scottish border to shoot scenes for the historical picture in which Douglas plays *Bonnie Prince Charlie*, adventurous seventeenth-century Royalty. Some of the

film was made on the moors last autumn but in the middle of it the rainy season began, bringing the mists that stay until Spring; so the unit had to pack up and come back to town, and only in June will the days again be clear and sunny enough for work to be resumed.

Douglas's director, Raoul Walsh, gave a little party at his London apartment the other evening and most of the visiting Hollywoodians attended. Ruth Chatterton and Mary Ellis were there, along with Neil Hamilton and Otto Kruger and dark saturnine-looking Victor Jory. Rene Ray and June Knight looked in too.

A rumor that Garbo was in London startled the newspaper reporters last week. When they rushed along to the address at which the star was said to be staying they found a tall slim blonde with a deep voice so amazingly like the Swedish Sphinx in every way that she had to show them her personal papers to prove her identity. She was Marta Labarr, American-born French actress, come to play in a dramatic film called "Second Bureau." Her resemblance to Garbo does not particularly please her. People gasp and exclaim wherever she goes, though she does her hair as differently as possible and tries to dress the opposite style too.

Marta started her career on the Paris stage, acting a small part in a comedy in which Simone Simon starred. When Simone was ill, Marta deputized in the leading rôle and Simone's rapid recovery was said to be little short of a medical miracle. Some months later, Simone was appearing in another play and decided to have an operation. The manager sent for Marta—and Simone considered her operation could wait. Though it wasn't really arranged so simply as that, because both girls have the true Gallic temperament, passionate and turbulent.

Marta goes to Hollywood later in the summer, having attracted the attention of Twentieth Century-Fox. I wonder what Simone will say to her if they happen to meet at the studio!

Take-a-Chance Stewart

Continued from page 63

Ted Allen has invented a gadget that will set off the flash at the same time you move your shutter.

"The place to get unusual effects is in the dark room. We print all our own stuff. Did you know you can mottle a print with your hands? You get a paper negative first. That is, you have the film up about here on your enlarger. That throws the print on the paper down here. Then as you print it, you do your stuff with your fingers between the two and make the shadows you need in the right places.

"You can get trick stuff in the dark room, too. Print an upright figure just as it appears, then shift the film and get him bending to the side, both on the same print. It's very spectacular if you get just the right angle.

"You can blur a print just enough to give it a spooky effect, too. Soft-focus stuff is fun, if you have the right sort of picture."

Jimmy sometimes uses a home movie camera, but he says it doesn't give him the same thrill.

"There's been stuff printed about my 'discovering' a girl for the 'Born to Dance' picture," he recalled. "It was an accident. I was down at the beach one day with the movie camera. I saw a bunch of girls running in and out of the water and dancing

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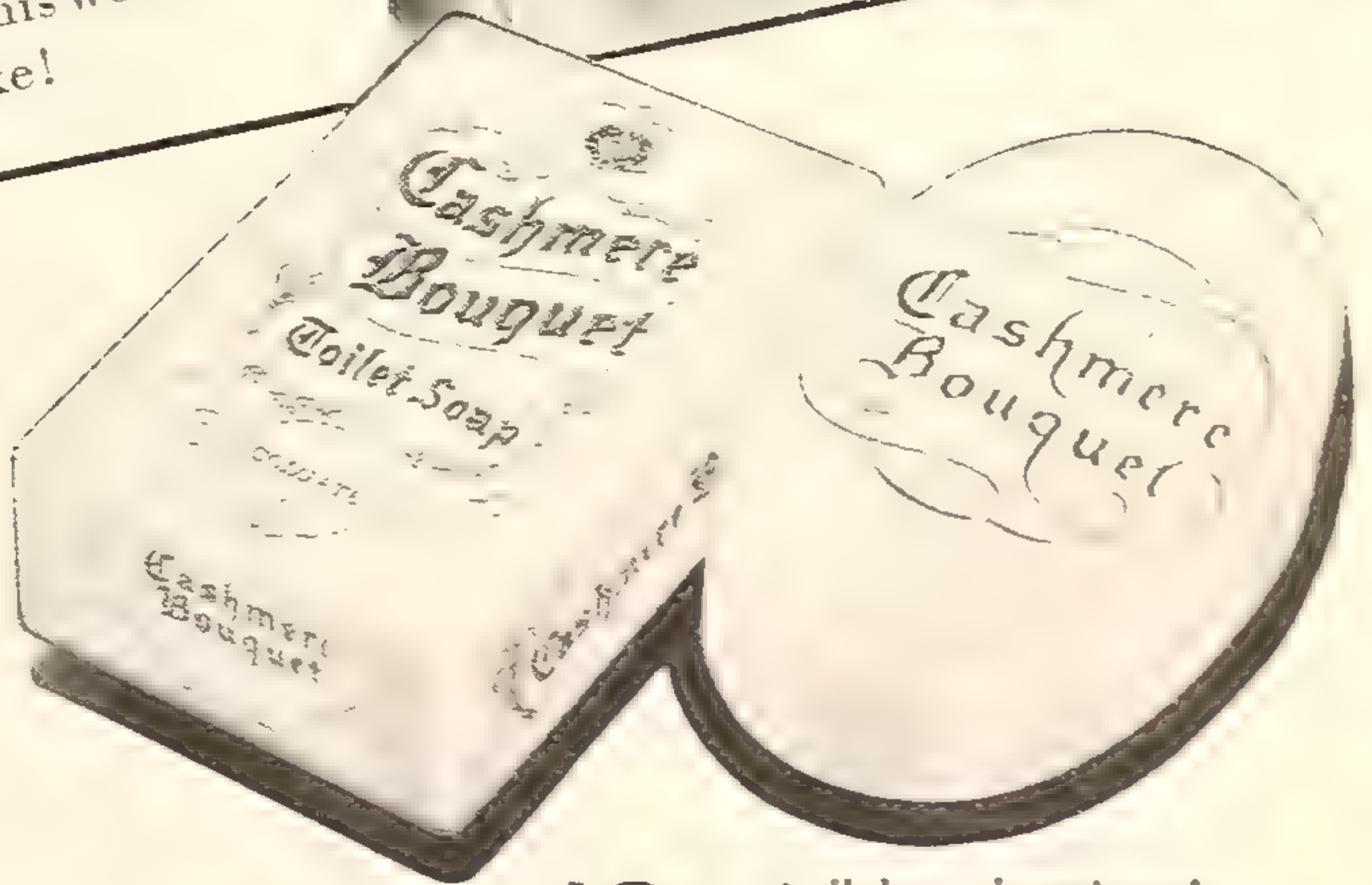
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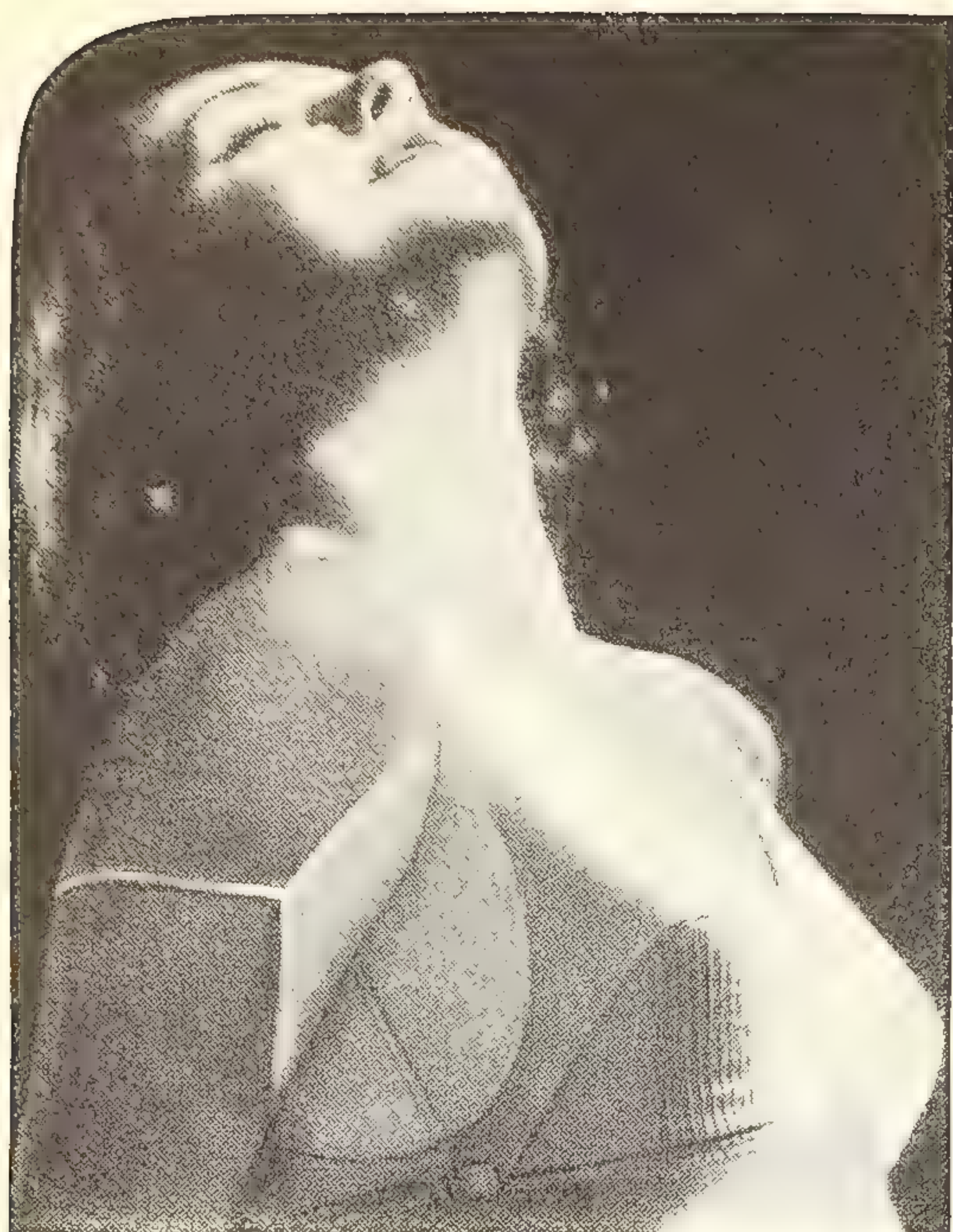
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* The Bra-form illustrated above, is of fine batiste, \$1.25



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TORONTO, CANADA... LONDON, ENG.

around on the sand, so I shot some film of them.

"Roy Del Ruth was there when I happened to run off the shots and he thought one of the girls looked pretty good. We found out who she was, and she got a part in the picture. She seemed O.K. Anyway, they are using her again."

In his M-G-M picture, "After the Thin Man," Jimmy found the fog scenes interesting.

"I made some experiments with the fog, and got a few things I liked, but they are not sharp enough for you to reproduce," he explained. "You can't make a fog to order, except at a studio; but there are interesting things you can do with smoke from a bonfire, if you're looking for experiments."

Analyzing Jimmy's candid camera work, his friend Ted Allen assured me that the reason the actor's pictures are interesting is that he has a sure sense of the dramatic.

"Each of his pictures has definite balance, something that's very rare with an amateur," he pointed out.

"Notice that his airplane shots are in balance—never the amateur idea of object-in-the-center of the picture, but a nice balance. See the beautiful balance in this lake scene—the dark shore line and the light waters, the shadows at one corner, the high light at the other.

"In this shot of Nelson Eddy and his companion in the launch, he had them both face center, but he didn't make them the middle in the film. The reflections are good in that one, too.

"Most amateurs would have had the Joshua tree in the desert picture over close to the edge, but Jim balanced his dark rider with his dark tree. That's drama.

"There's drama in his view of the boat. See how tall the masts seem, and how

black! If he'd used a filter, the masts would have been lighter, and if he had shot directly onto the vessel instead of pointing his camera upwards, they wouldn't have seemed so high.

"Jim's always asking questions and profiting by the answers. We disagree about some things and he's right according to the way he figures, and I'm right according to my ideas. For instance, the use of the exposure meter. He thinks it's cheating to use one, but I think it's a matter of economy.

"If you went to Death Valley, for example, the light would be so different from the light we're used to here that we'd ruin rolls of film by going according to our own estimates. At stop 11 on a Leica, say, the exposure in Death Valley would be one 250th of a second. The same shot here in Hollywood at the same stop would be one 50th of a second.

"He likes risks, I know. But he can get them with an exposure meter if he goes into the snow country. Snow can throw you off any time. You look at the meter for your figure and then the reflection of the snow fools you."

There's one risk James Stewart hasn't taken so far—and that's the marital one. He likes to go out with girls, to dance with them, to play tennis or take their pictures. But he seems wary about getting serious.

"Look at him as if you loved him, Simone," directed Gene Kornman, as the little French girl leaned back in Jimmy's arms.

"Oh, but—I think I *do*!" said Simone, snuggling deeper.

She looked impishly charming.

Jimmy shrugged, failed to smile, and remarked, quoting *Chico*: "Well, no wonder. I'm a very remarkable fellow!"

Hollywood's Riddle Woman

Continued from page 26

ing announcements set all heads, wise and otherwise, in a whirl. Meanwhile everyone sincerely hoped that all was well with the newlyweds, at the same time wondering whether the creator of a Chinese character had, on her side, turned into a Chinese puzzle.

Certainly I myself was made to feel, shortly before the notable marriage, that behind a green gate in greenest Brentwood was hidden the screen's strangest actress. Her lot cast in Hollywood, she wanted none of it. Shut out from its life, she was shut in with her own.

This could be felt as the green gate swung noiselessly open in the twilight. Across the paved forecourt a winding path led to the wide-porched house standing white against stilled treetops. Its evening hush was broken only by the whirring bell. Answering it was a quiet-tongued housekeeper who slipped the way to a dim-lit room spacious as silence.

Little did I guess this very same room would, before many days had passed, be the scene of a simple wedding, so simple, indeed, that the bride-elect would herself tenderly build the modest flower-decked altar before which she was to stand. That there would be no guests, merely two witnesses, the motion picture director Lewis Milestone and his wife, and Superior Judge Thurman, who was to officiate. That, however, the radiant bride's beloved Scottie "Jonmay" would be in wagging attendance and duly aware every dog doesn't have his day in a huge white satin bow.

Nor could I conjure up another amusing vision of an earlier day when Miss Rainer would burst forth from the marriage li-

cense bureau waving a crackling document and happily exclaiming, "Now I'm married!" only to be advised by her more legally informed companion in premeditated matrimony she must wait till a later ceremony had been performed.

No, the walls of that room, if they could have spoken, now had nothing to say of the coming event. All that I heard was the voice of the housekeeper.

Miss Rainer—this scarcely above a whisper—would be down in a moment. Assuring, but not exact. Miss Rainer was down in a rush. Swift as the wind, in sky-blue slacks and white-silk blouse challenging her raven hair, she swept in, vibrant with the cry: "Oh, it's you! I am glad!"

Impulsively, she gave both her hands, warm, firm, friendly. Lighting up vividly, her magical face with its burning eyes seemed to set the room ablaze. But not to her. For, after turning on lamp after lamp, she frowningly decided: "It's dark here. We go somewhere else, yes? Would you like to come up to my bedroom?"

W-well, who wouldn't?

She ran nimbly up the stairs, bounding youth in her white-shod feet. Then stood stock-still. "You see?"

What I saw was no mere bedroom, but a domain of rest, long and wide, high and airy, a hospice for strained nerves, a Nirvana for tired genius.

"But this is what I *really* meant!"

She turned into an ante-room, what a woman might call a boudoir, what a man would call a den. Glowing with the pride of possession, she waved me to a couch running the whole length of one wall, fixed a cushion for my back, then perched her-

self comfortably, alongside cross-legged. "Now we are comfortable," she gladly sighed. "This is the room I like best. I spend all my free time here."

"Don't you ever go out?" "Why should I? Here I have everything I want—good books and the best music. I wonder," and her tone was significant, "have you read something I am reading."

Heeling over, she darted into the outer room, skimming back with an opened book, a new one about Duse. Never having seen the Italian actress who was the greatest of them all, she asked about her, of her face, her voice, even her hands, hungry for knowledge.

"Duse must have been wonderful," she reflected, studying a drawing of her cut from a newspaper. "And what a wonderful life! But so sad. She gave so much—everything—that her life was one long sacrifice."

What, I wondered, of the sacrifices of Luise? For into the sensitive face of the gifted Viennese actress had come a sudden emptiness.

"I am lonely," she replied, slowly, thoughtfully. "I will never get over my loneliness, not if I live to be seventy or eighty. This cannot be helped. Why should it? I believe it is the good in us, because we want to be better, that makes us lonely. I am not unhappy, but always I have a longing for something beyond me, something I will never reach. Yet for ever I am trying to reach it. Every day I start completely new. Before me are all the new things I want to conquer, behind me all the old things I have lost. My greatest loss, in coming to Hollywood, has been the people I love. It was hard for me to leave them, for love is as important as food. And when I left Vienna I was in love with a man."



Nothing camera-shy about George Murphy's collie, as he poses with his master, above.

But now the unpredictable Rainer was in love with quite another man. At the suggestion, she smiled mysteriously, plumped herself down on the floor a curious mixture of child and woman, and gave my foot a playful poke, with: "I may tell *you*, but not the public."

She did not have to tell me; I knew the lucky man was Clifford Odets.

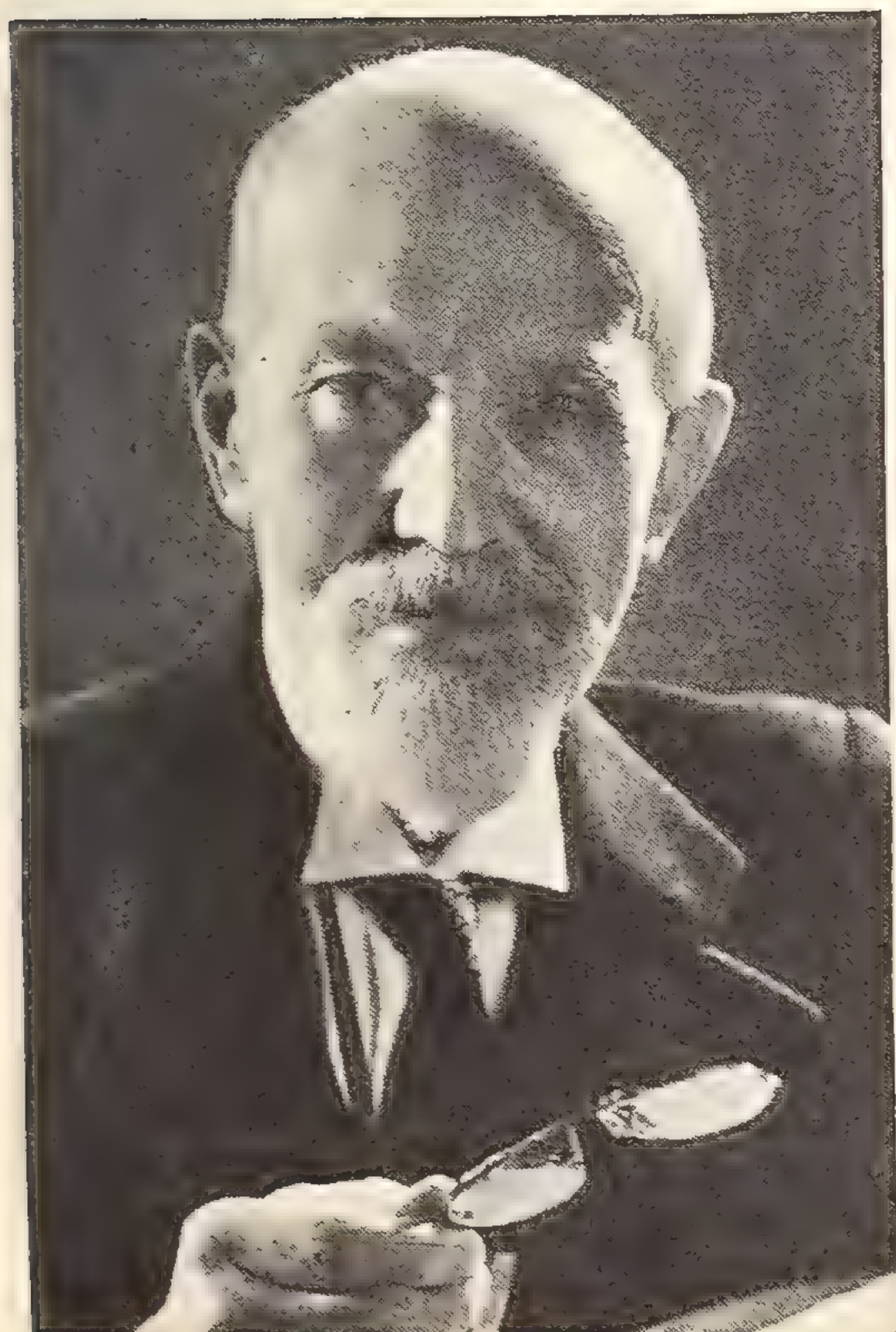
Then there was something more, seriously: "My biggest sacrifice is my private life. That is gone. Hollywood has robbed me of it. So that you may understand let me put it this way: There are two men. One I call my occupation. The other is the

man I love. I want to give myself to both, but I can't." (This may explain the present situation.) "What I do for the man who is my occupation I take from the man I love. One pulls me away from the other, and my happiness is sacrificed between them. I cannot be steady with either, for I am always compelled to go back from one to the other. I am going, going somewhere, but I am blind, seeing nothing."

"Not even glamor?"

"I swear by God," she fiercely declared, rising to her feet and standing stark to her oath, "I am not glamorous and I never have wanted glamor! I have worked, and

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"Her Husband Lies"



FRANCES LANGFORD
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Paramount Star

when a little attention was turned my way I was surprised. Why not? What have I done?"

What, indeed, hasn't she done, flashing from one brilliant success to another in "Escapade" and "The Great Ziegfeld," and now reaping her richest harvest of fame in "The Good Earth"?

"Nothing," was her withering estimate, sweeping it all away with a ruthless gesture. "It means absolutely nothing to me. Whatever it may be, it has come too easily, too quickly. We have to struggle to go through, to get to the right and the real things. Do you think that Duse and Bernhardt thought themselves glamorous? Well, perhaps you are right in believing that Bernhardt did. But neither could possibly have thought so at first, for then both had everything to struggle against, even poverty. It was only when they had accomplished great things that they deserved the glamor which surrounded them. Then they were famous. And fame is not of your own making, but something given you by many people in return for what they have got from you. Right fame, true fame, is something to be thankful for because it comes as a gift from the people. But sudden glamor, coming as it may with a single picture in Hollywood, is unhealthy, untrue. It is the last thing I should want, for I am afraid of it. It is dangerous."

As Miss Rainer seemed to be saying no less of Hollywood, I put the question point-blank to her.

"Hollywood is the most dangerous place in the world," was her positive opinion. "It is sure to be for an actress, who has to work on herself as a human being more than anyone else because she is supposed to be a symbol of many others. This may mean the sacrifice of her own human values. For myself, I'm too much alive to see any sacrifices I may have made. Maybe someone later will see them for me. But it doesn't matter. Always before me is another sacrifice to be made. This is good for me because it means there is always something I am trying to find. But it doesn't mean peace, for there is no one who could come and give me rest. It is a weary light that Hollywood throws on you. And there's so much light here that you are blinded by it. There's the light before the cameras, then the light at great openings; which can easily make you blind, and so you lose your way. I envy women who are out of it, safe in their private lives, where they can be more content, much happier. They can build their whole life on love. This an actress, particularly a Hollywood actress, cannot do. Oh, well! After all, the love you get is not important. It is the love you give. And the measurement of what you give is the measurement of how big or how small love is to you. I'd like to be a woman with nothing else in life if I felt another interest made the man I love unhappy. But I don't think I'd ever really want to change places with a woman who had nothing but love. If I am what I want to be nothing can affect me. Yet I want a man who will say yes to my work—and I think I have found him. Sometimes I want to throw everything else away, then I realize I can't."

In short, Luise Rainer is first and last an actress, how fine a one you need not be told. But don't ever tell her.

"I have a deep inferiority complex," she gravely assured me, "when I compare myself with other actresses. Please don't laugh, for I mean it. Every time I see another actress on the screen, no matter who she is, I think I'm terrible. For this reason, I seldom go to pictures—they discourage me." (She even stayed away from the premiere of "The Good Earth.") "Anyway, I feel I'm not meant for them. For

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that matter, I never expected to be on the screen, even when I came to Hollywood."

Stretched on the floor, she suggested nothing so much as Hollywood's most baffling human puzzle.

"I'll tell you something I've been keeping to myself," she volunteered. "My only reason for coming here was curiosity to see the country and new people. I never thought I'd be in a film. There was a clause in my contract giving the studio the right to send me back after six months, so that's what I thought would happen. If it happened sooner so much the better, for I was in love and wanted to go back as soon as possible. This seemed more than likely, as I knew no English. I studied it as best I could, but always with my mind on seeing things. I thought I quick would see them, then go home. So I bought a camera and took it with me every time I could get away. On those trips, which I loved, I saw something of Mexico and Canada, as well as a good deal of California. Everywhere I marvelled at the richness of nature and the fairness and comradeship of the people. Then, to my surprise, after two months they put me in a picture. I didn't want to go in it, and that I should make any success at all was the biggest surprise of my whole life. Now that I am still in pictures it is all so strange that I don't know what to make of it."

What to make of her, after that astounding revelation, was the problem. I recalled that in an earlier talk she had told me she would leave the screen for ever at the end of her contract and return to the stage. Was she still of the same mind?

"Nothing can make me change it," was her decisive answer. "I must go back to the stage and stay there, if only for my peace of mind. Here I can have no peace. It is impossible in pictures. You never know what is going to happen. I began 'The Good Earth' in July, and here it is January. But what do I know about my part of it? Nothing. Since the picture was finished twenty hands have been on my work. How can I tell what it will be like when they are through with it? The last thing they told me was that a thousand feet still had to be cut out of the picture. Those doing it may think they are leaving in what is good. But will I think it is good? On the stage I can go straight ahead from eight to ten, and no one can stop me. If what I do is bad, the audience will tell me while I am doing it, but during that time the audience cannot interfere with my work. In Hollywood there is always interference. This demands the biggest sacrifice of all—peace. I am wishing for it always, but I will never find peace."

A deep silence weighed upon her. Looking at this creature of moods brooding there on the rug, I was struck by the classic lines of her sculptural face. She might have been *Electra*. Only there was something more tender in that face, the beauty and the sorrow of life. A wistful smile played across it, her head half-turned, her eyes wide but unseeing. She rose silently. That same silence walked with her down the stairs, out the door, and along the winding path in the darkness, her eyes like stars beneath her midnight hair. It held her in a moment's pause. A hand lifted. The green gate closed.

Has another since opened to her—the gate to happiness? Who knows?

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THE HOUSE OF **PINAUD** PARIS NEW YORK

Interlude in Gay Paris

Continued from page 55

"Rather the guillotine as murderer than jail as a thief!" the little cashier said desperately. "Either you give me the money now or I'll—I'll—" His voice broke and he glanced wildly around the room. "I've got to know what you did with that four hundred and fifty thousand francs I loaned you! Only two more weeks and our books must be closed for the company auditors, and you have not returned one franc!"

"Oh, no, no!" Victor felt steadier now as he saw the man's spurt of courage dwindling. He turned his back on him casually and opened a bottle of cognac and began pouring it into two glasses. "I should never dream of returning a single franc. My intention is to give you back the whole sum in one lump. So understand how happy it makes me to be able to tell you that tonight at six o'clock sharp I shall place in your hands the entire sum. Four hundred and eighty thousand francs!"

"Oh, Victor, I knew you wouldn't let me down!" The weak eyes behind Maxl's thick lenses watered and his hands shook from relief now as he lifted his glass to his lips. "But you only took four hundred and fifty francs from the cash. How like you to be so generous to me. I can't accept it. A new hat, perhaps, but not thirty thousand francs!"

Victor's smile came slowly, engagingly. "That is the sum which you are going to lend me now!"

"Never!" The little cashier's glass came down with a crash, but even as he spoke he knew it would be like all the other times, that he would hand the money over and it would be almost as if Victor was doing him a favor in accepting it.

There wasn't so much as a quiver to betray Victor's tenseness as he stood before the baccarat table again. He pushed the thirty thousand francs towards the croupier and the bank was his.

"Who says Banco?" the croupier's voice urged. "All stakes admitted up to thirty thousand francs."

"Banco!" shouted a voice, and the game was on.

Luck was with Victor now. Again and again he doubled his winnings, and then at last there were two hundred and forty thousand dollars in the bank. One more fortunate turn of the cards and he would be in the clear.

"Who says Banco?" came the croupier's sing-song.

"Banco!" Even before he turned to look at him Victor recognized the exuberance of the voice that had been so recently demanding roasted eagle of the Metropole Café. And the young man's casual smile returned his as he stood at the table.

Easily, almost indifferently the young man turned up his cards but Victor could no longer control his emotion as he lifted his. Then he breathed easily again. He had won. It would be as he had promised Maxl. Tonight he would return in full the money he had borrowed from the cash box.

"I—I'm afraid I haven't my check book." The young man had sobered completely as he faced Victor.

But it really didn't matter, the croupier assured him blandly; there were blank checks in the office, and so the young man followed them and sat down at the desk and filled one out. Suddenly he straightened, and crumpling the check he had just signed threw it in the waste basket.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen." He squared his shoulders unconsciously as he faced them. "I have no bank account. In fact, no money

at all. I'm broke. When I shouted 'Banco' I'm afraid I overlooked the possibility of a miracle."

There was talk of the police, but Victor shook his head and asked to speak to the young man alone. He studied the passport the young man gave him.

"You are Peter Lynch?" he asked at last, and then as the young man nodded: "People who give thousand franc tips generally have some resources. A family? Friends?"

"Not me!" The boy's mouth twisted. "A few months ago I had all the friends in the world. I had just inherited a million dollars. Do you know anything about that great American institution, taxes? When I got through with them and the lawyers' fees, my net inheritance came to six thousand dollars and eighty-five cents, of which I gave you the last tonight! I'm afraid when I shouted 'Banco' your champagne had made me forget I was no longer a millionaire."

CAFE METROPOLE

20th Century-Fox Picture

THE CAST

Laura Ridgeway.....Loretta Young
Peter Lynch (Prince Alexis).....Tyrone Power
Victor.....Adolphe Menjou
Paul.....Gregory Ratoff
Margaret Ridgeway....Helen Westley
Joseph Ridgeway....Charles Winninger
Maxl.....Christian Rub

A Darryl F. Zanuck Production

Story by Gregory Ratoff. Screen Play by Jacques Deval.

Directed by Edward H. Griffith.

There was reluctant admiration in Victor's eyes as he looked at him. A man who could say "Banco" with such nonchalance, as though he had the Duchy de Normandie in his right-hand pocket and the bank of France in his left, could be an invaluable asset.

"See me at my office tomorrow," he said crisply. "In the meantime I'll hold your passport to insure your coming."

It was a different Victor who faced Peter across his desk the next afternoon, the Victor known only to those who worked for him.

"I know a gambling debt is no debt in the eyes of the law," he said grimly, holding out the discarded check he had retrieved from the waste basket the night before. "But the law makes up for its indulgence by being inexcusably severe in the matter of bad checks."

As the boy faced him he outlined the plan he had made, and now again Victor was suave and courteous and even a little gay. It would not be difficult for one with Peter's personality to impersonate a member of the old Russian nobility, say Prince Panaieff, who he happened to remember had been sent to the salt mines in Siberia, and the task he had picked for his Russian would be such a delightful one. All he had to do was to entertain a charming young American heiress who happened to like celebrities.

There was nothing for Peter to do but agree; to practise a charming Russian ac-

cent under Victor's adroit tutelage; and to await the coming of the Ridgeways with a distaste that crowded out every other feeling—even the feeling he had early in the evening when he went into the flower shop to select a boutonniere and saw a girl hesitating over the corsages spread before her.

Only an American girl could smile with that instant frankness as he held a cluster of orchids towards her. When she smiled like this it was like Spring just beginning, a lovelier Spring than any he had known. The kind that poets sang of and artists painted.

"Compliments of Victor," Peter bowed, and quite forgot the accent that was to have been born that night; and she laughed a little as she pinned it to her dress and he knew that Spring could be full of music, too, and of stars sparkling in a girl's eyes.

Victor was even more gracious than usual when he walked over to the Ridgeways' table.

"You remember my daughter?" Ridgeway tried to conceal his pride in her by the brusqueness in his voice, and as Victor nodded gravely: "She's looking for celebrities. You might begin with the kings and queens—"

Laura was gazing ecstatically into space, and even her aunt's short laugh could not wipe out the wonder in her eyes.

"He looks like a prince, at least," she half-whispered, staring at a man who sat alone in regal state.

"He's a paper clip manufacturer." Victor dismissed him with a shrug. "But the lady yonder who looks rather like a cook and not a very neat one is Her Grace, the Duchess of Marleton. And the young people at the next table looking so very humble and timid are the cousins of the empress of Austria, spending one week's in-



Randolph Scott, as a Pennsylvania farmer of 1859, has the two-fisted support of Ben Blue (note Ben's fighting spirit as evidenced above), in "High, Wide and Handsome."

come for one hour at the Café Metropole. Disappointed?"

"I should hope so!" her Aunt Margaret said truculently, and then she stopped and stared with all the rest as the band broke into the old Russian National Anthem and a young man paused for a moment at the top of the stairs.

With a murmured apology Victor left the table and hurried to Peter's side, and Laura flushed a little as she saw the deep

bow he swept him. And this was the man she had mistaken for a clerk in the flower shop!

"He must be royalty!" she said in a hushed voice, and her father leaned over and patted her arm.

"I have but one rule about titles," he laughed. "If they're charming, they're fakes; and if they're genuine, they're stupid."

Victor was all obsequence as he ushered

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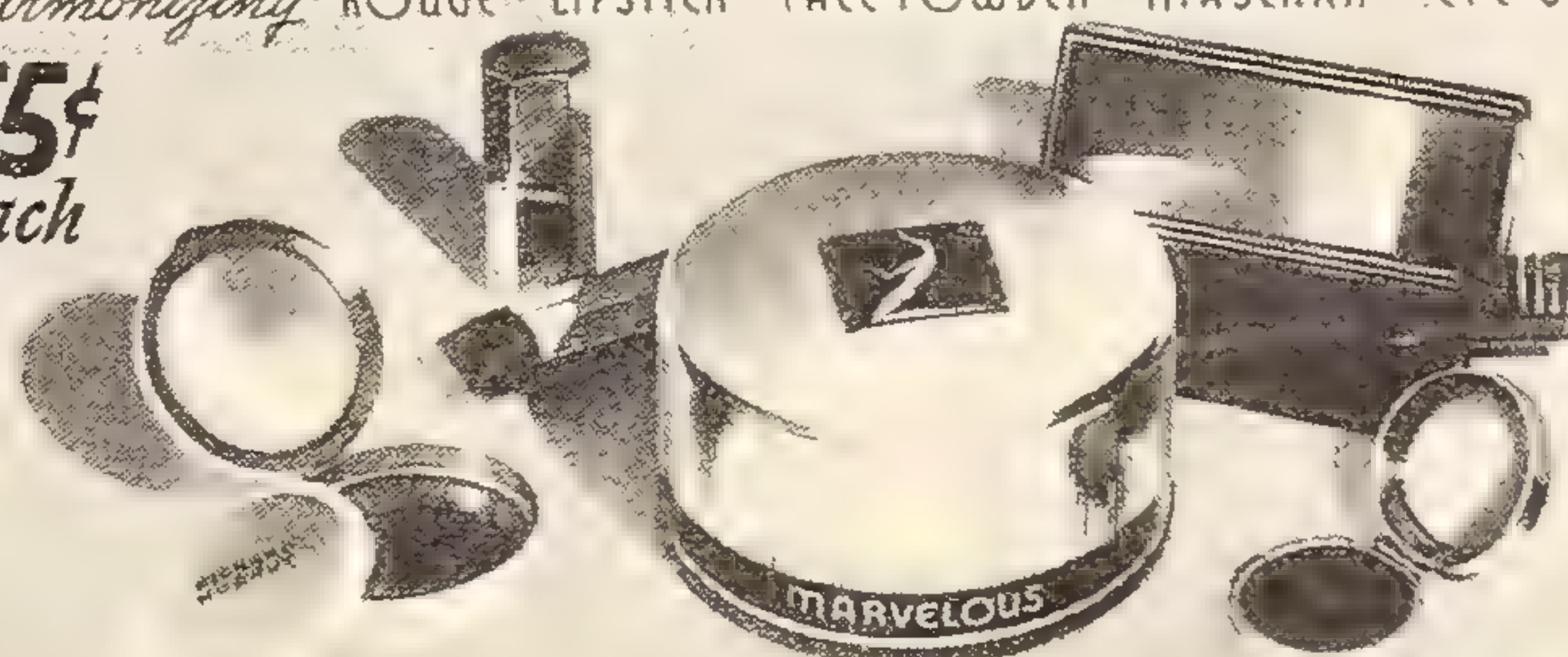
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Peter to his seat, and then he was back at the Ridgeway table.

"With your permission, Mr. Ridgeway, His Highness Prince Alexis Petrovitch Panaieff requests the pleasure of dancing with Miss Laura." And then quickly, as Ridgeway glared at him: "It's the royal prerogative, 'sir, quite without impertinence."

"Tell His Highness, yes, with pleasure," Laura said, as her father started to bluster.

"It sounds like the royal pick-up to me," Aunt Margaret sniffed, and she glared as Victor came back bringing Peter.

"Please?" Peter slurred the word in his most Russian fashion, and offered Laura his arm and they swept out on the dance floor.

"It's funny," Laura looked up at him guilelessly. "But in the flower shop I didn't even notice the trace of an accent. Even now it is so slight. Just enough to be pleasant."

In spite of himself Peter's arm tightened about Laura's waist.

Peter would have liked a Scotch and soda, but in true imperial fashion he ordered vodka instead, and he was almost glad of the interruption when a waiter said he was wanted on the private telephone. On the short walk to the office the waiter was all deference, but as soon as the door had closed upon them he turned on Peter, snarling.

"So you are His Highness Prince Alexis Panaieff! Answer these questions." And he spat out a torrent of Russian. "So you're not even Russian!" he shouted as Peter stood silent. "What Russian would dare steal such an exalted name? I—I am Panaieff!"

"It seems we have just one too many Panaieffs in the cast," the boy grinned as Victor came into the office.

It was going to be a more expensive gamble than Victor had thought, for after looking at the passport the real prince spread in front of him, he knew he would have to pay Panaieff off, and it took all the tact that even the great Victor could



Ladies of the ballet for the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers filmusical, "Shall We Dance?" must be pretty as well as light on their toes. These lovelies qualify.

"My accent, she comes and goes, comes and goes," he deepened it on every word, and then for a little time there was silence and his arms holding her and his heart wishing it might all have been so different and that he had the right to hold her like this.

He brought her back to the table and saw how her father and aunt stiffened as she introduced him. And then as the flower girl passed he called to her and selected a spray of red roses and with a short bow gave them to Margaret.

"It was so nice of you to leave one little touch for me to add," he said, and even though it made him feel more of a swindler than ever to see Laura's aunt smile with that new friendliness for him in her eyes, he was glad of the ally he had made. For he had need of allies, had Peter Lynch falling in love for the first time in his life.

"Long ago in Russia, I heard about you, Mr. Ridgeway." It wasn't so difficult now that he had stifled that first impulse to tell them all the truth, to try and win Ridgeway over too. "Perhaps you do not realize what a famous man you are and what a great honor it has been to meet you?"

Even Ridgeway was smiling now. "Oh, do sit down, Prince," he urged. "You don't have to go anywhere for a while. Let's all have a drink."

master to offer money to a member of the imperial family, even though working as one of his own waiters. Not to speak of the amount of money it took to buy off a genuine prince! Dash it all, they should have better guards at the salt mines. If the man hadn't escaped it would all have been so much simpler.

The days went on and always there was Peter's gift of flowers for Laura in the morning, and luncheons alone and dinners with the family; and sometimes when he almost forgot the part he was playing he was happy, but most of the time he remembered and was sad.

But Laura was never sad these days. It was always so easy to laugh when she was with "Alexis." Only when he was quiet as he was today it was almost as if his quietness were a part of her, too, pulling happiness away from her.

"You've hardly said anything," she said at last. "Are you sick?"

"No." It was so hard to dissemble with her wide eyes looking at him that way. If only she weren't so lovable he might not be quite so miserable playing Victor's little game for him. "I am in what you call the mood. You can never tell about Russians."

"You've got something on your conscience," she said gravely, and then her laugh tripped after her words. "Did you

kill anybody? Come, tell me about it."

"No. That is the trouble." Peter smiled grimly. "I should *like* to kill somebody. No, to tell you the truth I was thinking about the cossacks."

"Your old regiment, I suppose," Laura said, and was he mistaken or was there really a mocking glint in her eyes? "Now why don't you tell me the truth?"

"The truth!" Peter was so startled he forgot his accent. "Why—I'm—I *am* speaking the truth."

She leaned across the table toward him. "Have you ever been to America?"

"No, but my parents go there on the honeymoon." Peter caught his accent again and hung it heavily on his words.

"That's where I'm going on *our* honeymoon," Laura said, and her mouth quirked up at the corners like a child who knows she's talking out of turn.

"Perhaps we must dance, yes?" Peter countered.

"All right." Laura got up solemnly. "But none of that Russian sitting-down dancing." It was a wonderful afternoon at the café, where they lingered after everyone else had left, even if Alex did go to sleep with his head unconventionally pillowed on her knees and she sat staring down on him wondering if he really were sleeping or if this were only a new way of evading an issue. And then the artist came over to sketch her.

"He is your sweetheart?" he asked as he blocked in her eyes.

"What?" Laura laughed on too high a note. "No, certainly not." And then as her hand furtively touched Peter's dark hair. "Well, not yet."

"Why not?" The artist was aghast. "Do you not love him?"

"Why, yes!" It was impossible not to meet the man's frankness with equal candor. "Yes, of course I love him."

"Is it, then, that he does not love you?" The man sounded aghast. "Keep your chin up higher. How is that possible?"

"You know," Laura smiled impishly. "I can't understand that, either! I'm such a nice girl."

"You kiss?" the man ventured, and then as she shook her head: "That is bad! Kissing is very important at the first."

"Oh!" Laura said, and then suddenly her head went down and she kissed Peter's forehead.

"No, no!" The artist was impatient. "Not like that. On the lips."

Laura took a deep breath and then her head went down again and this time it was Peter's lips that her own touched and then it wasn't as if they were in the café at all with Peter's arms suddenly reaching up to hold her and with his lips kissing hers.

But afterwards as they walked down the street together there was the old wall Peter was always putting between them.

"As I was saying, Miss Laura—" he began, but her laugh stopped him. "You can't call me miss, right after kissing me," she protested. "It's silly."

"You're a fresh little—" suddenly Peter remembered the accent, "Americain."

"That's the way to talk to me." Her head bobbed approvingly. "As if you love me."

"You're making things very difficult," Peter said gloomily. "It might be better if you go away. We had a very beautiful time, a lovely interlude in Paris. But such things end, always. We smile, we kiss, we part. For a little while a sweet memory—"

"Oh, phoo!" Laura grinned. "I wouldn't leave for anything in the world. Oh, look. Isn't that terrible?" She pointed to a woman's hat in the window they were passing. "Let's go in. They have men's hats, too, and the one you're wearing makes you look like an eccentric pall-bearer."

"Give him an American type hat," she ordered the clerk, and then her eyes broke



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into little pieces as she looked at Peter. "You do love me, don't you?"

"Of course, I love you!" Peter turned on her furiously. "I love you too much! I love you so much that I won't marry you."

"Did you ever in your life hear of anything so ridiculous?" she demanded of the clerk.

"No, Madame." He put a hat on Peter's head. "This one's very smart, Your Highness."

"The brim's too narrow." Laura dismissed it airily. "Why can't you be frank with me?" she demanded.

"There is no hope for us, ever," he insisted. "It is the whole history of the Panaieffs. For three hundred years its women have been unhappy. The man's love is deep but short. It bursts like a skyrocket and dies again."

"Pull that one down a little on the left—there," Laura interrupted. "You mean your love is like your accent. It comes and goes, comes and goes."

She was laughing at him as he paid for the hat but afterwards when they walked back to the hotel the laugh had gone even from her eyes.

Victor was waiting for Peter when he walked into his suite.

"My boy, I want to congratulate you on a beautiful performance," he exulted.

"It can't go on, Victor," the boy turned on him suddenly. "I was coming to tell you tonight. I'll tell her the truth, the whole story from the beginning. Funny, I'm not afraid of jail any longer."

He stopped as the telephone rang and Victor gave him the receiver with a mocking bow.

"Tell her now," he suggested.

"Will you marry me?" Laura's voice came over the wire, turning his heart to putty. "I can't let you go away, and if you won't ask me I'll ask you. I know you love me."

It was more than Peter could endure.

"Yes I do!" he cried. "I love you more than anything on earth. No, you mustn't come down here. I'll see you tonight."

He hung the telephone up and Victor's sardonic smile met him. "You see?" His voice was exultant. "You see how easy it was?"

"Get out!" Peter said dully. "Get out!" But Victor was not to be dismissed so easily. There was the matter of the marriage settlement, say half a million before the ceremony and the other half afterwards, and so much for each child that might be born and so much—but Peter suddenly interrupted him.

"It's no use. I'm through!" he announced. "You can call in the police now!"

"That's the trouble with a flawless plan," Victor sighed. "There's always a flaw in it. There are two in this one—your conscience and my luck. You can go now. What satisfaction would I get out of jailing you?"

Peter stared unbelievably at the passport pressed into his hand and then he squared his shoulders and left. He was free again but what did it matter, since he knew that never again as long as he lived would he be free of love.

Victor managed to hold the sorrowing, gallant smile on his lips until the door had closed, then his triumphant laugh came as he went in search of Ridgeway. Funny how quickly the new idea had come to him; even as he despaired it had come, and now a new confidence was in his eyes as he knocked at the millionaire's suite.

It was all so simple; that drooping shrug of his shoulder, the shame in his voice as he told of the way Peter had fooled him with forged credentials and how aghast he had been when he discovered him a penniless American. But he had done what he could to right the wrong he had so un-

wittingly caused them. He had sent him away and received his promise that he would never see Laura again.

"As old as I am, I would give a million dollars for five minutes in a locked room with that fellow!" Ridgeway stormed. "But what can I do now, Victor?"

"I've already done it, sir." Victor shrugged his shoulders. "The responsibility was mine alone. So I paid him the five hundred thousand francs he demanded."

Victor waved away the check the millionaire made out to him and then as the other insisted, accepted it with the charm that made Victor the power that he was. But some of his assurance went as Laura came into the room.

"You've got to prepare yourself for a shock," her father warned her. "Your 'Alexis' is a fake."

"But of course, he is, dear," Laura sighed patiently. "I've been waiting for days to have him explain to me so that I could explain to you. Now what have you done with him? I'll have to find him so I can propose to him all over again."

"You will not!" her father's bellow could be heard on the Boulevard. "The man is an international adventurer!"

"International, my foot!" Laura didn't even look in a mirror as she put her hat on. "Don't you think I've been out with enough Princeton men to recognize one when I see him?"

But after all Laura had only inherited her wilfulness from her father, and he was an older hand in displaying will power than she was. Before Victor could stop him Ridgeway had called the prefect of police and ordered the arrest of the swindler calling himself Prince Panaieff.

Laura was paying now for being the pampered only daughter of a millionaire, for being a spoiled darling whose every wish had been gratified, who had never known what a moment of worrying had been. Oh, yes, she was paying for all that adulation now, lying awake and fearful in her bed and despairing of ever getting the only thing she had ever really wanted in her life.

When the telephone rang that morning she had summoned every bit of energy she had left to reach out listlessly for the receiver, then as the excited prefect of po-



Errol Flynn, completing the first leg of his trip to England, arrives by plane at Newark Airport.

lice talked she suddenly came back to life again, could feel the warm rush of blood to her cheeks, the pounding of her heart.

"Keep him there!" She was dashing out of bed as she spoke, her free hand unfastening her pajama jacket. "I'll be there right away. Don't let him get away."

But when she was ushered into the cell tier, she stared unbelievably at the middle-aged man who glared back at her.

"But who are you?" she managed to whisper at last.

"Who am I?" The man drew himself up regally. "Is my whole life to be ruled by crazy Americans? I am Panaieff, twenty-five times related to the czars, five times legitimately! And my bargain called for silence, not jail. But you will pay for this outrage, you and Victor!"

Laura almost embraced the bars of the cell as she leaned closer.

"So Victor is in this?" she exulted. And then: "Tell me, how much do you want to talk about Victor and your bargain with him?"

Even as he protested that he was a prince and a man of royal honor, he was bargaining with her, and even Laura gasped at the high price of getting royalty to talk.

"Wait here!" she demanded. "I'll be back with the money."

She almost collided with the gendarmes who were bringing an arrest into the station. She was so excited that she probably wouldn't have looked at the man if he hadn't turned his head away so quickly.

"Darling!" She was rushing up to him then and Peter, after that first moment, didn't have the courage to be as he had planned to be, cold and remote as if a million worlds separated them.

Instead he held his hand out and touched hers, and somehow it wasn't so hard to tell



Patricia Walthall, daughter of the late H. B. Walthall, famous film star, begins her screen career at the Warner Studio.

her everything and with her eyes looking at him as if all those lost stars had come back again even his own part in the story no longer seemed despicable enough to separate them.

Victor's charm was turned on full blast that evening as he walked into the dining room. Easy to be charming now with the money he had stolen safe in the cash box again. There wasn't enough he could do for his guests that evening.

Then suddenly he straightened, for sitting at a table were Laura and Peter, and with them were her father and her aunt, and as if to see them all so happy and gay together hadn't been enough, there was Prince Panaieff too, raising a glass of champagne to his lips and his eyes ogling the middle-aged Margaret.

Laura smiled disarmingly as Victor made his slow way towards them.

"Dad tells me he gave you a little money for Mr. Lynch," she said softly. "But Mr. Lynch doesn't remember your turning it over to him. I think he would like it now with his caviar."

"Of course he would," Ridgeway assented heartily. And his voice became almost confidential as he turned to Victor: "I'm giving it to them for a wedding present. So hurry it up."

"Very good, sir!" Even though the mask had dropped over his face again, the charm was still there in Victor's voice as he left them. Then in a moment he was back again bending low over Peter and laying a slip of paper before him.

There was just a ghost of a smile on Victor's lips as he moved away again, and Peter smiled a little too as he picked up the worthless check he had made out to Victor. But both Laura and Ridgeway had seen it and there was a glint in the millionaire's eyes as he took off his glasses

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and laid them ominously beside his plate.

But no one, not even a self-made man, strong and domineering, can fight a man with charm. Even as Ridgeway rose to go to Victor's office the waiter was there beside him with a basket.

"The wild strawberries, sir, from the Austrian Alps." He almost smacked his lips as he set them before him. "With Mr. Victor's compliments."

There was no resisting a gesture like that, so Ridgeway ate his own words and the strawberries too; and Laura and Peter smiled ecstatically as they moved on to the dance floor and rediscovered heaven in

each other's arms; and Prince Panaieff's eyes glowed as he lifted another glass of champagne with a czarist gesture towards Margaret.

"Ah, but you are beautiful to-night, Mademoiselle!" he sighed. "Beautiful enough to be a princess!"

The wild strawberry Ridgeway had just selected from the basket fell back into it with a soft little plop, and Margaret laughed at the look of consternation that came over him.

"Get out your check book, Joe," she giggled. "Here we go again!"

THE END

Gable and Taylor Rivals?

Continued from page 25

started I was at least what might be called a home-grown, or garden variety of actor. Sprouting in Akron, after coming down from the Ohio back-hills, I was just about as green as they come. With Taylor it was different. He came out of college, where he had played in the dramatic society. But it was simply the glamor of the theatre that got me. I'd sit pop-eyed in the gallery watching the actors and say, 'Oh, God, if I could only do that!'

"I didn't want to be an actor," discloses Mr. Taylor. "But I did want to be the next thing to it, an orator. Maybe I just liked to hear myself talk. Be this as it may, I was strong on lung-power. When the dramatic society at Pomona was planning to do 'Journey's End' I was all set to go to an oratorical contest in Seattle, having already been to one in Detroit. I changed my mind for purely a sentimental reason. I took the part of Stanhope simply because that was my mother's maiden name. But I thought it would be my last stab at acting. Not knowing there was a studio casting director in the audience. I was amazed when I got a letter from him. It meant just one thing to me—a job. Dad, who was a doctor, had died three months before, so my source of income stopped. I had to go to work, and here was a chance to make thirty-five dollars a week. After six months I was getting fifty, but felt I wasn't anywhere and made up my mind to quit. A friend thought he could get me a job in a San Bernardino bank at sixty-

five dollars a month. I was all for it when the studio pushed me into a picture. I might have been better off and a lot happier if I'd taken the bank job. Then I could have settled down in a small place, probably got married and maybe raised a family. Of course, you *can* marry and *may* raise a family in Hollywood, but it's lots harder."

"I've done all kinds of work and in looking for it gone more places than a Fuller brush man," Mr. Gable tells you. "But acting is the only kind I really like. Taylor, in time, will probably get to feel the same way about it. So far as that goes, he has every reason to feel so now. Somebody has said, unless I've forgotten my lines, we live and learn. That goes for me in Hollywood. But I've probably learned more from men than from women."

On this point Mr. Taylor admits: "An actress can mean an awful lot to an actor. If he has any doubt about what to do she can key a whole scene for him and make it go—that is, if she's a good actress. But Gable knows exactly what to do before he goes into a scene. He doesn't need any help."

"Bob has come along like no other actor in the business," warmly adds Mr. Gable, "and instead of looking on him as a rival I'm mighty proud of him."

"Clark is so big," glows Mr. Taylor, "that all I can do is look up to him."

So there they are—just like big and kid brothers!



Our exclusive story tells about the Taylor-Gable "rivalry." Here's a story telling without words how Bob and Jean Harlow feel toward each other in "Man in Possession."

Hollywood Holiday

Continued from page 31

THE STORY SO FAR

Marsha Drew didn't want to be an actress. She is so happy to be working in the movies that her job as script girl at one of the smaller studios is a complete satisfaction—perhaps a step toward being a writer. Marsha's studio borrows the very popular Rupert Drake to star in a film, and she has the good luck to be assigned to hold script on the production. However, so far as Drake is concerned, Marsha is just another person on the set. But one day a question of action in a scene arises. Marsha settles the point by proving that Drake is in error. He accepts the correction with perfunctory politeness. And that is all—until, later, Marsha trips and falls. It is Drake who rushes to help her to her feet. A conversation that ensues culminates in the popular star eagerly inviting Marsha to dine with him at a prominent café, and Marsha eagerly accepting.

and shimmering evening clothes danced by, most of them flattering their partners by expressions of such happiness that it couldn't be entirely real. And still Keith didn't return. Marsha wanted to do something about it—didn't know what to do. She didn't know anyone else there, except most casually.

Just as she felt completely miserable, Keith came back. He came back gaily, nonchalantly, without even a murmur of apology. And he brought back a curious assortment of four people. A little man with a fatuous grin, a tall, lank man who looked vaguely disagreeable, and two rather good-looking blonde girls. They had all met at the bar, it seemed. Keith had bought drinks—had insisted that the group come to his table.

Marsha gathered, from what everyone said, that this was not an odd occurrence with Keith. He always wandered to the bar, it seemed, and gathered together a little crowd of his own, buying champagne—and paying the bills without a murmur.

Marsha thought the whole thing a bit odd—but then the whole evening was odd, anyhow. But she did really begin to object when she saw that Keith had been drinking far more than was good for him. And he kept on drinking!

She tried to remonstrate with him. It's hard to tell a famous motion picture star that he's on his way to getting drunk when you're no one but a script girl—and haven't even been out with him before. Marsha's rather timid advice was received with a bland smile.

"Don't you know that the more you tell a man not to drink the more he goes on drinking?" Keith smiled at her a bit unsteadily.

"What is the way to do?" Marsha asked.

"Just don't say anything," said Keith.

"That's the way I started to do," said Marsha. "And it didn't work."

"Nothing works," said Keith, "if a man wants to drink."

Which got her exactly no place. And Keith took another glass of champagne.

"It's on account of Maria Griswold," one of the blondes volunteered. Marsha knew Maria Griswold by sight—a pert little motion picture star.

"What do you mean?" Marsha wanted to know.

"She threw him over."

"Oh," said Marsha, and couldn't help adding, "Why did she do that?"

"Because he was drinking," said the girl.

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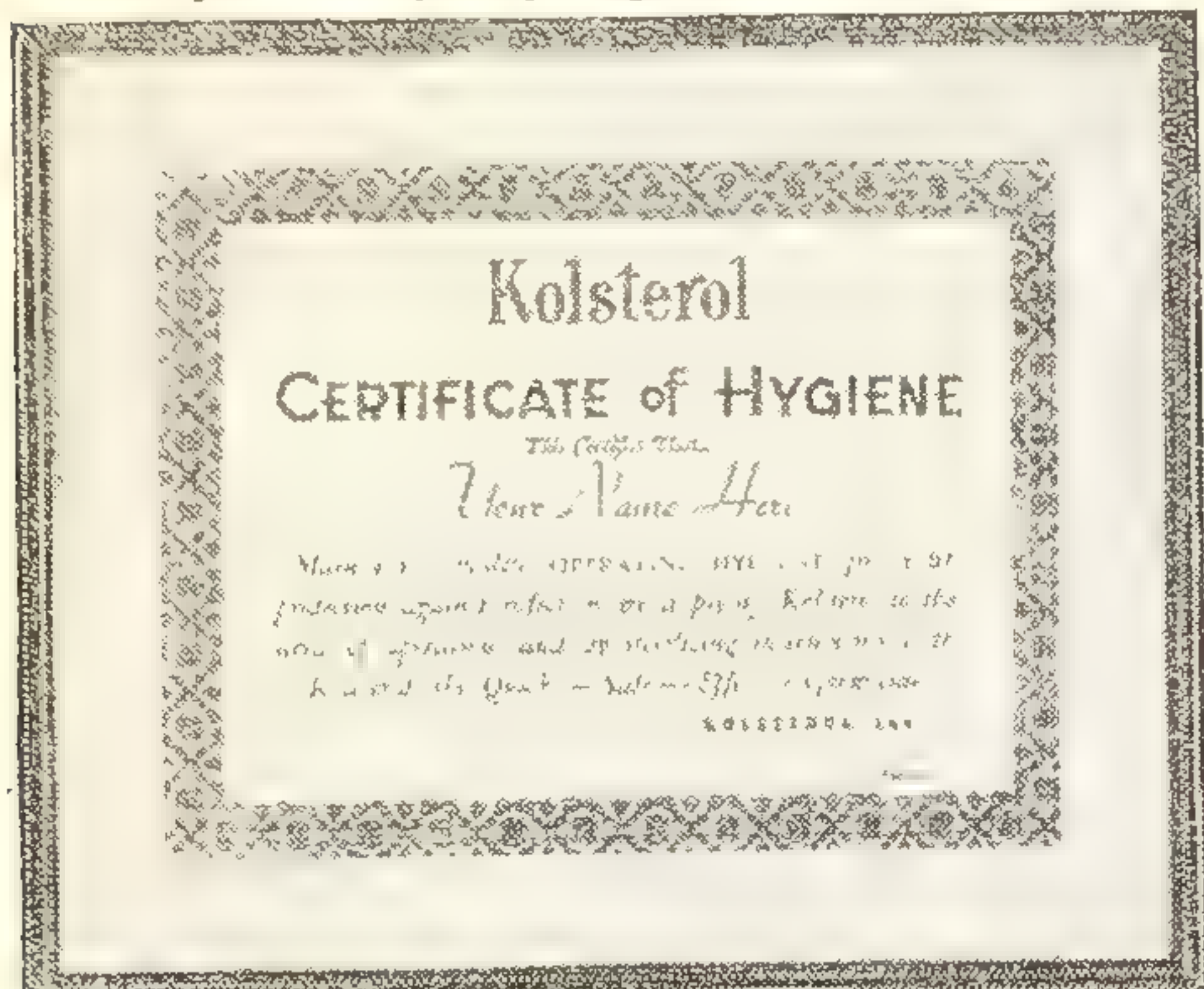
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It didn't quite make sense. But then, nothing quite made sense all evening.

When Keith was so drunk that he could hardly hold up his head—and so drunk that he was no longer ordering champagne, the others drifted away. Marsha was so ashamed! She didn't care about herself. No one knew her. A script girl is just as invisible socially as she is at the studio. But Keith Knowles was a star—important. People would look at him—see that he was drunk. It wasn't until the Trocadero thinned out and Keith said he was willing to go home that Marsha gathered that everyone took Keith's drinking for granted. That meant that he was drunk all of the time—too much of the time, anyhow. It was too bad.

Keith took hold of himself, when he was ready to go out. His eyes were half closed but he managed to walk rather steadily. He got his hat from the girl with the lamp-shade skirt. They went outside. Keith ordered his car.

"Do you want me to drive?" Marsha asked.

Keith looked at her coldly.

"Of course not," he said.

Marsha didn't know what to do. She had driven with her friends when they'd had a few drinks—but she hadn't liked driving with them. But Keith actually was drunk. She couldn't force him to let her drive without making a scene. Of course she could take a taxicab. She knew, instinctively, that that was the thing to do. But she didn't do it.

"He'll be all right," said the boy who brought Keith's very smart car around. "He drives like this all the time."

She hated the boy's tone. Condescending. A bit superior. To talk this way about Keith Knowles!

Keith wasn't too drunk to tip the boy too lavishly or to climb in and take the wheel.

They started off. Down Sunset Boulevard. Marsha sat as far away from Keith as she could. She didn't say a word. Maybe, if she didn't disturb him, everything would be all right.

Keith drove in a fairly straight line. Most of the traffic lights had been turned off so Marsha didn't know how capable he was of stopping the car. After the first few blocks he went faster—but he never got beyond forty-five miles an hour. That was fast enough, goodness knows, in the heart of Hollywood—but the streets were fairly clear. It was half past two in the morning.

And then Keith turned off Sunset to reach the street where Marsha lived. The street curved now and was not well lighted. Marsha was afraid. She couldn't say "Be careful!" She already knew Keith well enough to know that was exactly the thing *not* to say. She couldn't take the wheel. She couldn't even say, "Let me out." So she sat there, quivering a bit when Keith drove too fast around a curve—and hoped and *hoped* that nothing would happen.

They were only two blocks from her apartment house! Only one more curve! Marsha dared to breathe a little easier. After all, maybe Keith wasn't as drunk as he seemed. Didn't the boy say he drove that way all the time? She was just a silly girl, didn't know about life. Maybe stars weren't like other people.

A car came toward them. A big black car. The car swerved a little. Keith swerved a little. Marsha closed her eyes, put her hand over her mouth to keep from crying out. There was a crash, the horrible sound of breaking glass, of metal crumpling.

Three men got out of the other car. Marsha knew she had to do something—and had to do it right away. She never knew, later, quite how she thought of

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things so quickly—nor how she did anything.

She jumped out of the car, ran around to the back, opened the door on the left, gave Keith a mighty shove that landed him pretty well where she had been sitting a minute before. Luckily the street was very dark. Even more luckily, the men were busy examining the damage that had been done to their own car.

Marsha tried to act casual—and as if she were just getting out of the driver's seat.

"Well, we certainly hit!" she said.

"It was your fault," said one of the men. "You'll have to pay for this."

"It was *not* my fault," said Marsha. "Look, both cars are on my side of the road."

"You're to blame," said the man.

And suddenly Marsha thought of something else.

"Luckily no one was hurt," she said, quickly. They looked at her. Looked at each other. Yes, it was too late to claim any physical damage.

Then one of the men looked at her.

"You weren't driving," he said.

"What do you mean?" asked Marsha.

"A man—that man," he said—and pointed to Keith.

"Don't be silly," said Marsha. "That's my brother. He's ill. He hasn't been able to drive for weeks."

"Drunk!" one of the men said.

Marsha looked at the three of them. Decided to take a chance.

"You're none too sober, yourself," she said. "Don't you dare make such an accusation! You've all been drinking!"

The remark hit home. They sputtered.

"Perfectly sober," one said. And another, "Don't say that to me."

"Then don't say that about my brother being drunk!"



Thyra Samter Winslow, author of SCREENLAND's current serial success, "Hollywood Holiday," seen at work on a new screen play.

"What's that about being drunk?" said Keith. "I know what I'm doing, I tell you. I—"

Marsha looked at him. He was starting to get out of the car! That would never do. They might recognize him. Then there would be real trouble. As long as he was unknown they might be reasonable. If they found out he was a picture star they'd never let up. California laws are most stringent against drunken driving—as well they might be. Let them swear that Keith was drunk—and driving—and a huge fine

—and undoubtedly a jail sentence—accompanied by pages of the worst sort of publicity loomed ahead. Hollywood careers have been wrecked by less, as Marsha knew.

She leaped into the car.

"Don't get out!" she said, with seeming calm, to Keith. "You know what the doctor said about your getting excited."

"I'm not excited. What's it all about? What you doing?" He put his hand on the handle of the door.

"Stay where you are," said Marsha. She looked at the men. She was almost in the shadow, there in the car. She turned away from them as much as she could. Would she be able? It was the thing she had to do! She'd never done anything like this before. She half-closed her eyes, doubled up her fist. She remembered she had always heard, "Lead with your left!" She couldn't do that, now.

She put all of her strength into it. Gave a sort of wordless prayer. And, her movements hidden by her body, she gave Keith as strong a clip to the jaw—to that perfect jaw she had wanted to touch just a few hours ago—as she could.

He was still, then. She wondered if she had really knocked him out. Perhaps she had killed him!

She slipped out of the car again. The men hadn't watched her. They were still muttering.

"Let me see your license," one said. Luckily, Marsha had put it into her evening bag. She had done that without thinking—because she so frequently drove her own car when she went out at night and liked to have her license with her.

She handed the license to the man. He read it without special interest. He'd never heard of Marsha Drew.

"Let me see your license," she said. He

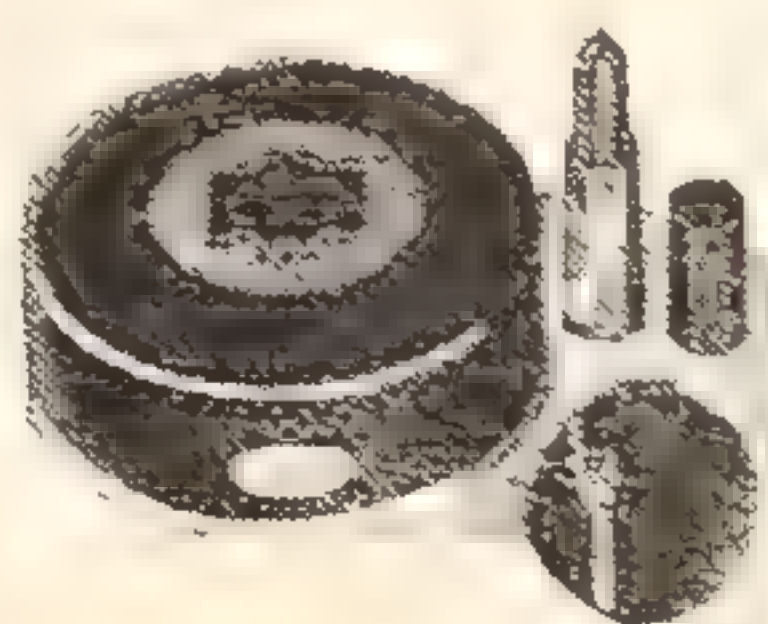


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handed his license to her. With a hand that trembled so she could hardly do anything she fished a pencil out of her bag, copied the number and name and address on a bit of paper.

She handed back the license. Took back her own. Looked at the cars.

Keith's beautiful car was badly damaged. One fender was completely crumpled. The bumper was bent. The radiator was badly bashed in. The other car, large but not new, was hurt just about as badly.

"I'll sue if you don't pay for the damages," the man said. Marsha looked at him closely for the first time. He was badly dressed in an unpressed blue serge. He needed a shave. His brows were heavy, his eyes close together. He wasn't the type you could be reasonable—or chummy with.

"How foolish!" said Marsha. "For then I'll sue. And then what will you have? I'm afraid, gentlemen, that this is one case where you pay your own damages—and watch a little more carefully the next time you're driving."

"We won't pay for your car," the man muttered.

"Perhaps I'll have to charge it off to hard luck," said Marsha, "though I think you ought to pay." She knew they'd be suspicious of her if she didn't say something like that.

The men got into their car, still muttering. Marsha got into Keith's car—into the driver's seat this time. Luckily, neither car was damaged too badly for driving. They drove away.

In front of her house Marsha stopped the car. Keith had come to—if he'd ever been really knocked out. He was groaning a little.

"How do you feel?" Marsha asked.

He opened one eye, looked at her—and she would have sworn he winked. Then he closed his eyes.

"I feel like the devil," he said. She would have given quite a lot to know what he was thinking about—if he were thinking at all.

"I've locked your car. Here are the keys," she said and gave them to him. He managed to get them into his pocket.

"I'll go in and call a taxi," she said. "You can send for your car in the morning."

"All right," said Keith, strangely acquiescent.

Marsha went quietly into her apartment. Eleanor was asleep in one of the wall beds. Tiptoeing—and speaking in a whisper, Marsha dialed the Yellow Cab Company,

asked that a cab be sent immediately. She tiptoed down stairs again.

The cab came in just a few minutes. Marsha didn't have to explain anything to the driver. He was used to drunken occupants of his car, it seemed. He helped Keith into the car. Keith was able to give his address. The car drove away.

Marsha went up to her apartment again. She undressed slowly, quietly. Eleanor didn't wake up. In her pajamas Marsha went to the window, looked out on the quiet Hollywood street. Funny! An odd ending to a Hollywood evening. A Hollywood holiday. The accident had been slight, after all. She knew the man wouldn't sue. But she knew, too, what trouble he could have made—and undoubtedly would have made had he known that the man who hit him was Keith Knowles, the movie star. And Keith drunk at the time!

She had started out just a few hours ago so gay and carefree. And she'd been dancing at the Trocadero with Keith Knowles—and been in an accident with Keith Knowles—and knocked out Keith Knowles! Well, Keith wouldn't be arrested or his reputation damaged. Not tonight, anyhow.

She was still shivering a little as she crept into her little wall bed next to Eleanor. She closed her eyes.

Well, that was finished. She had been out with Keith Knowles. And so what? He had got drunk. And she had learned that he got drunk frequently. And Keith was in love with another woman. And that *wasn't* finished. And Marsha knew that, though it was perfectly ridiculous of her, in spite of the fact that Keith was a star and that he drank too much and that he loved someone else, she was in love with him. Hopelessly? Undoubtedly. But, for the first time in her life she was really in love. And that was just beginning.

And, although she didn't give it a second thought as she fell asleep, there was another thing that wasn't finished. For, in front of her apartment house, for anyone to see who happened to be passing by, stood Keith Knowles' automobile. And it was to stand there all night and well into the morning. And it was a well-known automobile, distinctive as to both color and number. The accident had happened on a dark street and the men hadn't even taken the number of the car—or paid much attention to it. But the car stood directly under a light, now. And soon it would be daylight. Anyone who passed could notice it.

(To Be Continued)

In Defense of Snooty Stars

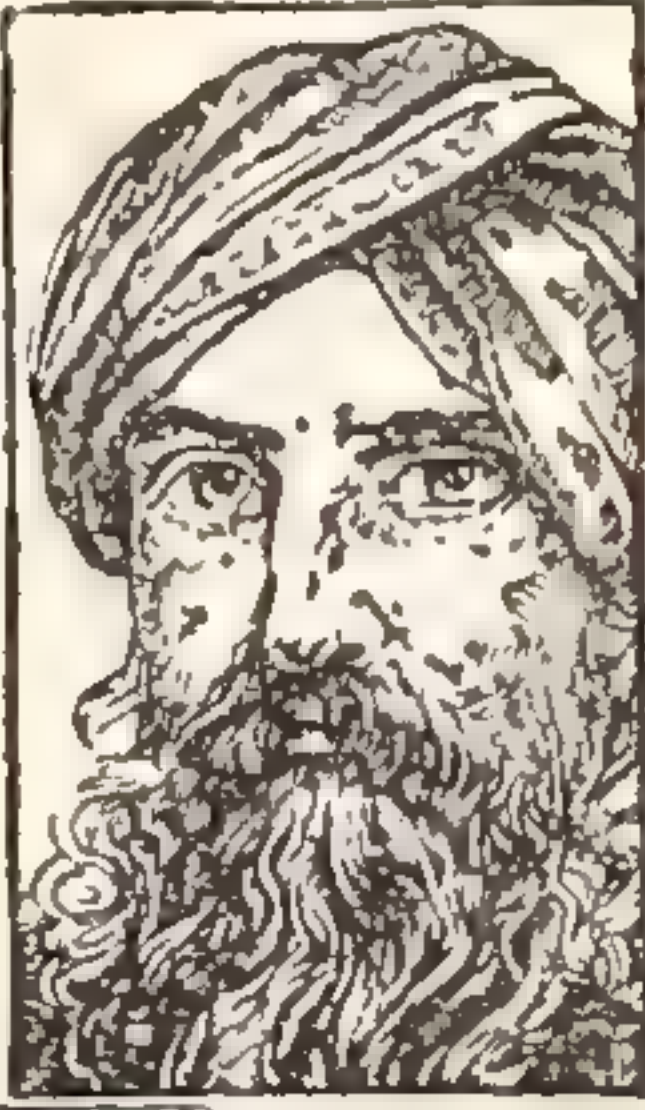
Continued from page 33

not give interviews to the Press and she hides out from her public. This makes Luise different from the big smile Give Girls. Luise, being one of the twenty-eight, is immediately pounced on by the Five Hundred who have just been bawled out by their editors for sending in tepid copy about Paula Stone, and a Roman Holiday of Rainer is begun. I don't have to tell you what has been written about the lovely Luise who made such an exquisite *O-lan* that she still haunts me; you can read; and how those pet words "temperament" and "neurotic" were tossed about like a volley ball. Well, you might like to know that when Luise first came to Hollywood, a lonely girl from Vienna, she was rather taken back by the frenzied goings-on in the film capital. She was a foreigner in a strange land and a strange tongue, with the most awful verbs in it, and she wanted to do what was right, but what *was* right?

Nice, kind Metro got an earful of Miss Rainer's English and lifted an eyebrow and said Um-m-m-m. But before Metro had gotten around to calling on Miss Rainer officially she had already spoken a few pieces to the Press. She was having a bit of trouble with her tenses and her proper nouns, (they often became improper), and she always said "make" instead of "do." The Press went into hysterics and quoted Miss Rainer as saying the most frightening things. (When you confuse "make" with "do" you can be *very* frightening.) "But I did not say that," Luise would weep when she read her interviews in the papers. "They misquote me. I am so ashamed. They make me a fool. Please—" No one could resist that please, certainly not Mr. Mayer, so Luise was granted permission not to give any more interviews. And nice kind Metro, who was getting a bit worried about those "makes," drew

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a long deep sigh of relief. So did Luise.

If you are inclined to be very shy and sensitive, naturally you don't want people to burst out laughing right in your face, so Luise in self-defense kept away from people. This makes her definitely a Snooty Star. She has been studying hard and her English is much better now, but a burnt child dreads the fire. There is a rumor to the effect that Luise, overjoyed by the grand reception given her pictures, is ready to meet the Press and her public once more, but that Metro says No. A little episode that occurred the day of Luise's wedding with Clifford Odets just might happen to explain things. Some one asked Luise where she was going to spend her honeymoon, and the darling of Vienna, not quite certain of that word honeymoon, replied "Upstairs." Before nightfall every paper in the country, practically, had carried the story.

Because she couldn't articulate well and didn't know a good English vowel from a consonant, Greta Garbo became the great star she is today. When Greta first arrived in Hollywood she was all over the place. Shoppers along Hollywood Boulevard could see a tall, gawky, foreign-looking girl gazing in store windows wistfully any time of day. She was about as elusive as a bill collector on the first of the month. If she got invited to a party, which wasn't very often, she went. If Metro told her to pose with a couple of lions, she did. If anyone wanted to talk to her, she talked. But they couldn't understand what she said, so it was embarrassing. Metro sort of suggested, in a nice way of course, that Greta should stay home and learn English and American ways before she talked any more to the Press and public; and Greta, eager to please, did just that. And then like a forest fire the Garbo myth swept the country. The lonely little Swedish girl who did so want to "belong" suddenly found herself an exciting woman of mystery. And once you become an exciting woman of mystery there's nothing to do about it but remain elusive and keep your mouth shut. Nothing can spoil mystery so effectively as a good thick Swedish accent. So Garbo was sort of forced into becoming a Snooty Star, and whether she likes it or not is something I don't know; anyway it pays good dividends. Last year, returning from Europe, she decided that she could take on the Press of New York and of several cities her train passed through, but it was rather an unfortunate venture. The Press remarked that her hair was stringy, and her feet large. Nasty old Press. So Garbo went into hiding again as soon as she reached Hollywood, and wisely so. And she has a bona fide excuse now for dodging her public—her health. Somewhere during the transition of a Swedish barber's assistant into the most glamorous woman in the world Greta lost her natural robust health. As you could see readily in "Camille" she has become too thin for her own good.

Katharine Hepburn, being a gal from Connecticut, with more knowledge of verbs and past participles than most of the Five Hundred, cannot blame her elusiveness in Hollywood on a strange language and a strange people. Katie and the Press simply got off to a bad start in Hollywood, and I guess the fault should be split fifty-fifty. Just as there are movie stars and movie stars there are writers and writers. When Katharine made her hit in "A Bill of Divorcement" RKO invited the writers in to interview their new discovery. The line formed on the right. But unfortunately for RKO (who should have known better), Hepburn, and the Press in general, it so happened that the baddy writers were the ones who got first crack at Katie—and

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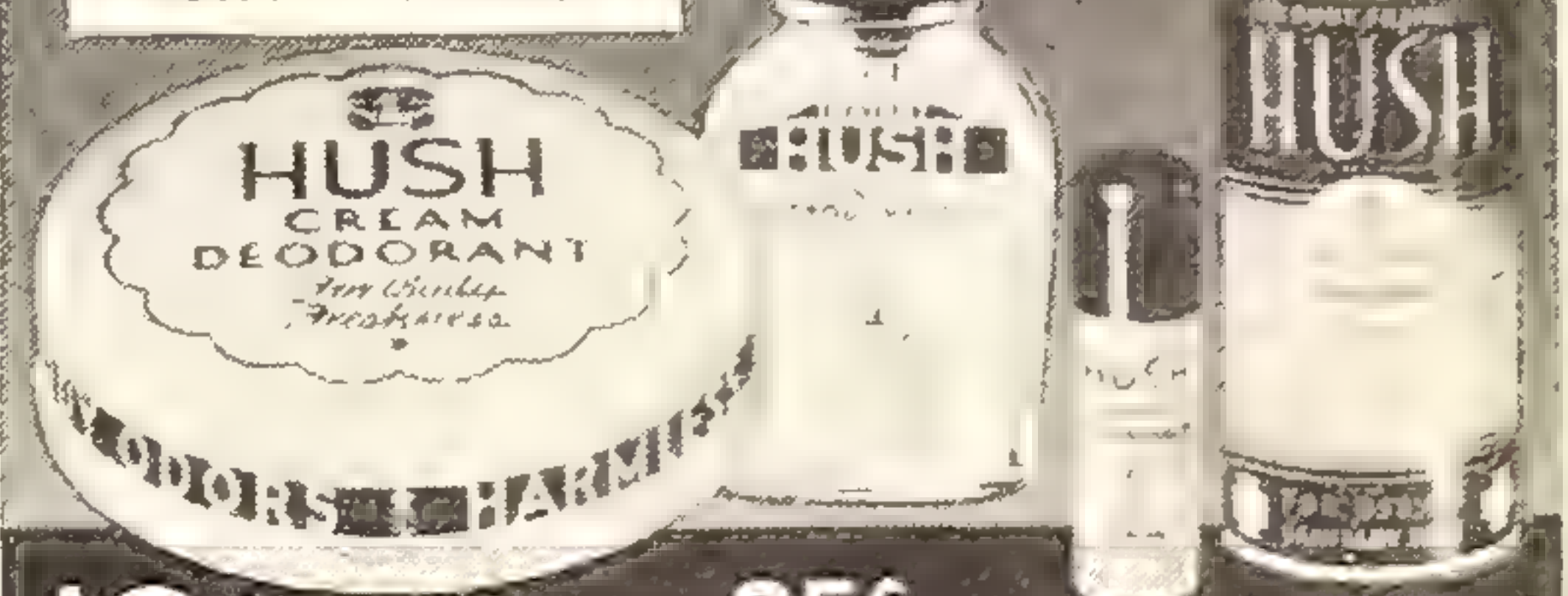


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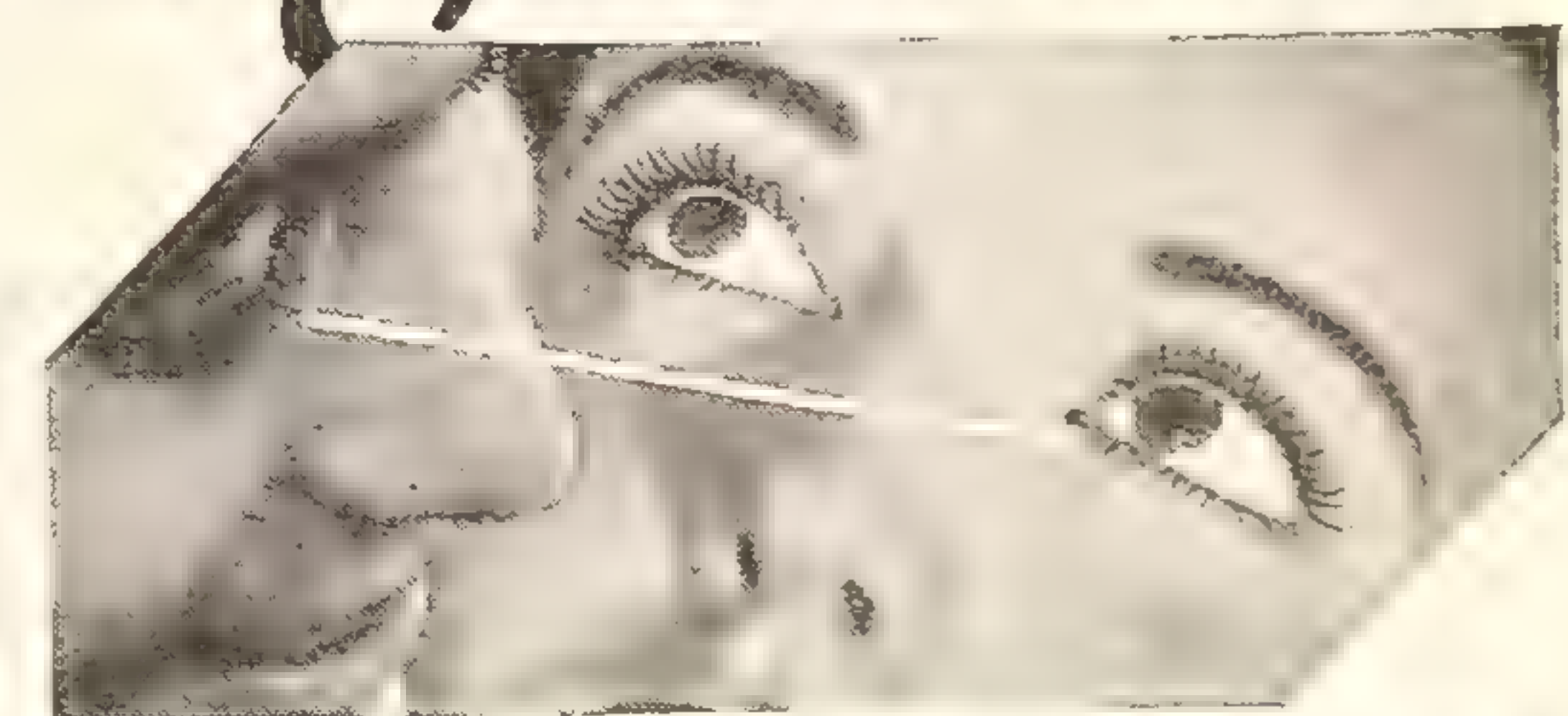
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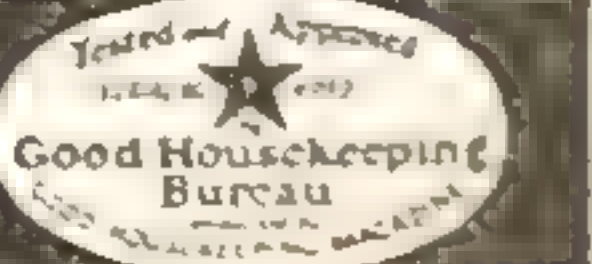
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when she read their stories in the newspapers and fan magazines she burned to a beautiful crisp. And so would you. Everything that she had done since coming to Hollywood that was a little different from the things Anita Louise does suddenly showed up in print as Something Awful. What would you do in a situation like that? That's just what Hepburn did. She called off further interviews. There's nothing that miffs a person so much as being snubbed, so when the Press learned they were being given Little Alaska by *la* Hepburn they just sat up nights waiting for her to do something so they could take umbrage. Some of the many Hepburn stories are true, and some aren't. It is not true that she threw a bucket of water on Ginger Rogers' new mink coat. It is true, I hear from eye witnesses, that when the waiter of a certain restaurant asked her to autograph a picture he had of her for his little daughter she tore up the picture. But it also happens to be true that she is adored by all the people who work with her on her pictures, from directors down to the lowest prop boy. Only last week I heard of an extra who had worked on "A Woman Rebels" tell of Hepburn's kindness to her. It seems the girl was badly in need of a major operation, but like so many extras in Hollywood, didn't even have next month's rent, much less a doctor's fee. Hepburn, noticing how pale she was on the set one day, sent her immediately to her own personal physician, and when he announced that an operation should be performed at once to save the girl's life Katie made all arrangements with the hospital and paid all expenses. The studio knew nothing about this; it was not publicized. And it happens to be just one of many examples of the Hepburn generosity to those less fortunate than herself.

Sylvia Sidney and Miriam Hopkins share Hepburn's aversion to the candid camera and the pop-up photographer. It's pride with the girls, and after all you can't blame movie stars for having a bit of pride. Sylvia and Miriam are usually very nice about going into the studio gallery and having their pictures taken by the studio photographer all day if necessary. They are in make-up, they are movie stars, and those are the pictures they wish their public to see of them. When they are not being movie stars they claim their private life is their own, and nothing makes them madder than to have a photographer suddenly snap them when they are putting food into their mouths, or some other glamorous pose. When Sylvia travels, and she does constantly, she likes to travel in comfort; she usually wears baggy slacks and an old sports coat—but her public expects to see her in mink and tweeds, so naturally she dodges all photographers who meet the transcontinental trains. The photographers, extremely annoyed, tell the Press; and Sylvia, simply because she has a little pride, becomes a Snooty Star.

Miriam Hopkins has very light eyelashes—naturally, being a decided blonde;



International

Dancing to romance? Virginia Bruce and David Niven waltz well together.

so the candid camera that catches her without make-up simply makes her look like a prize albino. Miriam and the photographers in Hollywood used to wrangle something terrible, with Miss Hopkins saying things and the boys saying things, but lately they have called a truce. When she is in make-up she is willing to pose for the boys for hours; when she is being a private person they are to let her alone. But just the same Miriam is still considered a Snooty Star.

Claudette Colbert has been called a Snooty Star because she won't give interviews about her marriage or be photographed with Dr. Pressman. But Claudette is only trying to protect her husband who is a well-known nose and throat specialist; and like all medical men has a horror of seeing his picture in papers and magazines, and reading silly little things about himself.

Carole Lombard is called a Snooty Star because she won't give interviews about her romance with Clark Gable. But after all, Mr. Gable, though separated from his former wife for a long time, is *not* divorced, so it would be very bad taste indeed for Carole to shoot off her mouth. She won't do it, and rightly so.

With little Simone Simon, snootiness is a defense mechanism. She, too, is a foreigner in a strange country. The story goes that when she first arrived in Hollywood she had a talk with Marlene Dietrich, and Marlene told her that if she wanted to be a success in America she would have to be as snooty and as temperamental as all get out. Otherwise the Press would pay no attention to her. I don't know how true the story is; but anyway Simone has done all right in grabbing space, if that's what she wanted. Everything she does is supposed to be temperamental, and is spread over as many pages as possible by the eager Five Hundred, who simply pray for more stars like Simone. At present she is the Most-Talked-About Star in Hollywood, both by the Press and by the stars themselves. Maybe she minds, and maybe she doesn't, but she does seem a rather sad and lonely little person. She has no close women friends, no great "romance;" in fact, her only friends seem to be the Charles Boyers. You can hear Simone saying to herself, "So they don't like me here. I'm French. I'm a foreigner. All right. So I don't like them either. I'll take every cent I can get and go back to France." Maybe I'm being too magnanimous, maybe I'm sprouting wings; but I do think that if Simone were handled properly she would not be a Snooty Star.

But on the other hand, why not be a Snooty Star? You have lots more fun than the Give Girls. And get lots more copy.

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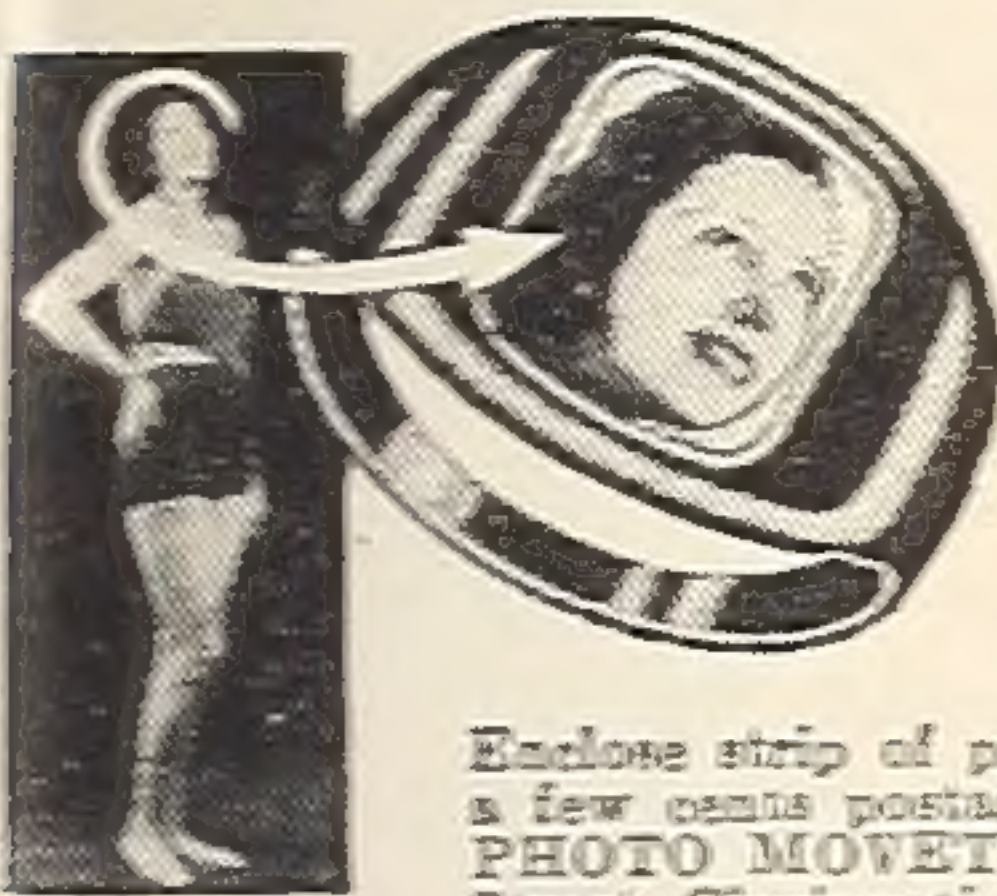
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ADELE MILLAR

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Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 65

YOU don't hear much about it, and certainly not from Carole herself, but we've known for a long time that Missy Lombard is one of the best-hearted gals in town and never misses an opportunity to do a good turn for someone. Carole recently sponsored young Margaret Tallichet and insisted that she be tested for screen work, but has also been instrumental in bringing her to the attention of David Selznick, where she has just been placed under contract. Recently, although she won't admit it, Alice Marble was tested at Paramount and signed to a contract through Carole's insistence. Alice, as you probably know, is one of Carole's best friends.

YOU'LL see no more publicity about those "amusing" hats of Betty Furness'. That is, if Betty has anything to say about it. She's so tired of picking up every paper and periodical to find some crack about her headgear, she's taken to wearing no hats at all. At the present writing, she hasn't had one on her head for two weeks!

GAIL PATRICK and Robert Cobb have started a real budget to systematize their newly-acquired housekeeping problems. They had a long conference, going into their saving campaign in detail, and deciding on several items of economy. One that Gail pointed out was the florist bill, for Bob had been sending her a large box of roses each and every day since their marriage. The next evening, Gail walked into her bedroom and there on the dressing table, instead of the usual large bouquet, was a single rose! And Gail was that pleased!

WALLY BEERY is mourning the destruction of his favorite house—the little cabin at Silver Lake in the High Sierras where he's spent vacations for the past fifteen years. The heavy floods during the first part of the year damaged the place almost irreparably—over \$15,000 worth of treasures. The house was located on a small island in the lake and the heavy rains washed all sorts of debris down from the surrounding mountain sides, carrying away the tiny bridge which connected the house with the mainland, all Wally's favorite fishing tackle, boats, etc.

LEAH RAY, that cute little singer who used to be with Phil Harris' band, has solved the problem of keeping her figure fit for picture work. She's been making a walking tour of Los Angeles and Hollywood, sometimes covering as much as twenty miles a day. She lost ten pounds the first week and eight the second, which puts her just about where she wants to be—and she eats everything from soup to nuts!

RAY MILLAND is one young man who takes a most avid interest in his fan mail. And believe me there's plenty of it since the release of "The Big Broadcast of 1937." He gets just about two thousand letters a month now, in comparison to less than a thousand. And every day Ray picks up a big batch of letters at the mail room, reads each one carefully and thoroughly for constructive criticism.

OVER on the RKO lot, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers worked eight solid hours to complete a simple little scene in an elevator for "Shall We Dance?" And then had to rehearse a dance number for the next day! Some fun!

(Please turn to next page)



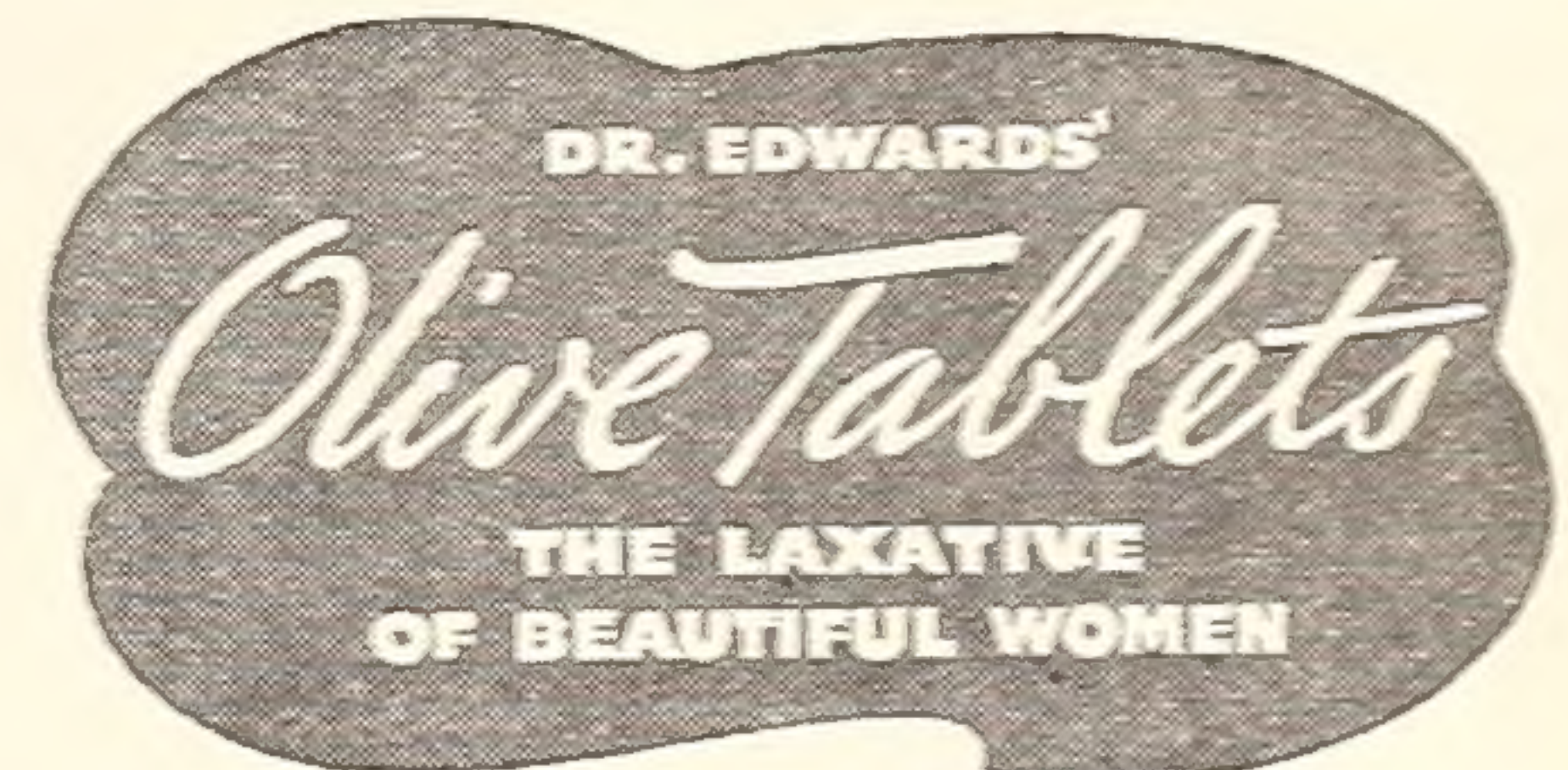
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Why Hawaii is popular. Just look how Bing Crosby's doing in this flash from "Waikiki Wedding." Bing's charming pals are Martha Raye and Shirley Ross.

GENE RAYMOND was very much startled and no little embarrassed a couple of months ago when a most attractive young girl rushed up to him as he was lunching at the Brown Derby and planted a kiss on his cheek, mumbling, "That's for Mary." She then rushed away, leaving Gene in complete confusion. The other day, Gene was presented to Suzanne Kaaren, who plays with Joe E. Brown in "When's Your Birthday." Gene recognized her at once. "Who in the dickens is Mary?" Gene wanted to know immediately after the introduction. "Why," Suzanne blushed, "Mary's my sister and I promised her when I left home if I ever saw you I'd give you a kiss for her!" And thata is thata!

WORKERS on the Warner lot found some excuse during the first day of production of "Public Wedding" to drop by the set and see just how things were going with Marie Wilson and her fiance, Nick Grinde. This romance has been hotter than hot for some time, but this is the first time Nick has ever had the opportunity to direct the light of his life. Workers were somewhat disappointed to find everything going along in a more than business-like manner.

WALTER BRENNAN, that grand actor, and Ray Jones, art supervisor at Universal, had a grand reunion while Ray posed Walter for still photographs for the first time since 1925. At that time, Walter was just a lad playing bits in pictures—and mostly tramps. There was one

time when the entire company, on location in Nevada, camped in pullman cars on the railroad tracks for twenty-six days and nights, walking a mile every evening to take a bath at the local hot springs. It was the first time the boys had met since the old days.

ARTHUR TREACHER, who's played many a butler on the screen, found himself playing the rôle in real life last week. Seems Arthur's house-boy was hurt in an automobile accident and refused to be separated from his master, so Arthur had him moved back to the house and installed in his own room to recuperate. Arthur's mother, who is visiting him, was also confined to her bed with the flu. For two days and nights, Arthur cared for the sick, carrying trays of orange juice back and forth, and wearing himself completely out. Finally, he borrowed his old maid, Bessie, for a couple of hours a day to relieve the tension. "Anyway," allows Arthur, "it's good practical training for my next part." Which is one way of looking at it.

GLORIA STUART feels she was decidedly taken in the other day, when she paid for a lengthy "collect" telegram only to find it was from a fan in the East which went on and on to say how much he admired her work and ended by stating: "Am stranded here. Please send what you can." Paul Muni had a letter from a young Japanese boy recently, also praising him for his work and adding: "Please send me transportation to your country so I can meet you."

CAROLE LOMBARD doesn't like termites, especially since they've practically eaten up her studio dressing-room she's clung to for so many years; but at least they've done her a good turn, in a way. What with Gary Cooper moving out of his quarters next door and going over to Goldwyn's, the studio has consented to knock down the partition between the two rooms to enlarge Carole's quarters to real star proportions.

FRED KEATING'S having the darnedest time with that huge Great Dane pup of his. The latest development is a \$200 perfume bill he's just been obliged to pay. Fred stopped by a drug store the other evening to buy a pack of cigarettes, with the dog in tow. The dog was curious, and started sniffing around, succeeding in knocking over a whole counter of perfume bottles with his tail en route.

JOAN BENNETT, looking more like a little girl than ever in the new short dresses, dancing at the Clover Club. Nancy Carroll, all in pale blue chiffon, dining at the same spot.

DOUGLAS FOWLEY, 20th Century's newest heavy, is proving to be one of the town's most popular Romeos. In a period of ten days, he'd beamed around Marsha Hunt, Rochelle Hudson, June Lang, Helen Wood, Mary Dillon (socialite) and Martha Raye. Incidentally, he thinks Martha Raye is too, too wonderful!

WHEN Marlene Dietrich returned from her recent trip to England, the first person to greet her as she stepped from the train was her make-up artist, Dot Ponedel. They've been great friends for years and Dot frantically arranged her work so she could get to the train to meet her favorite person. And Marlene was *that* pleased!

BILL GARGAN is building at Palm Springs, not only one but two houses. One will be a permanent vacation home for the family and the other will be reserved for guests. We'll come down and see you sometime, Bill!

I'LL be wedding bells, soon, I'm told, for Shirley Ross and Eddie Anderson—attractive assistant director and former air pilot.



June Lang has a new pet, and here he is, snuggling in the arms of his owner—one of the screen's prettiest young actresses.

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